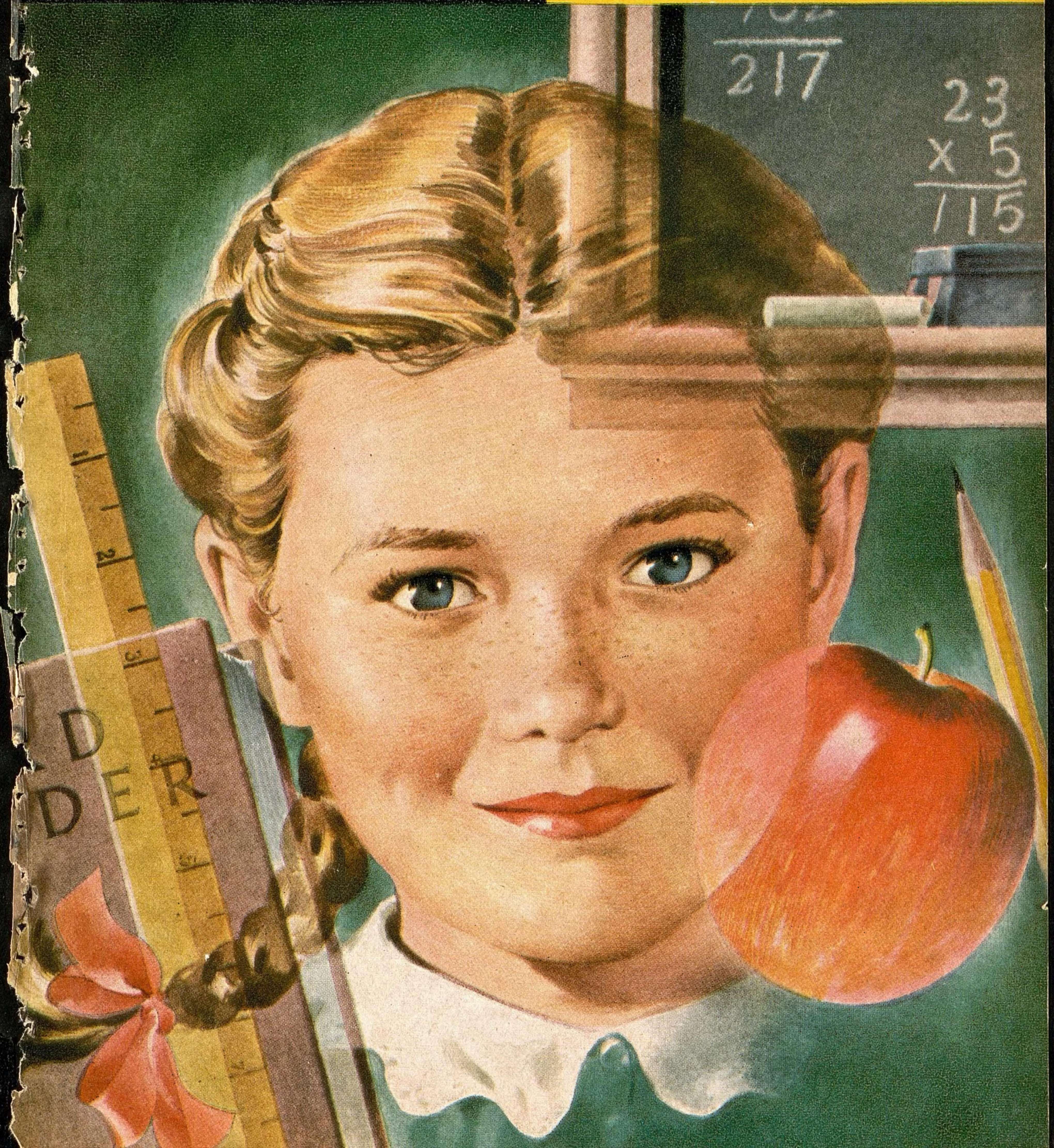
Liberty

TEN CENTS SEPTEMBER 1947

A new serial by **EDISON MARSHALL:**
THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Book: One woman's fight against insanity
BETWEEN US AND THE DARK

• HOW TO SELL YOURSELF •



TICONDEROGA BOY
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 No2
MADE IN U.S.A.
T

He can do his best work
with the indispensable pencil
of today and tomorrow,

DIXON
Ticonderoga
The famous pencil with green and yellow *plastips*

Says Mr. T.,
*"I take off my
plastic hat to the*
TICONDEROGA BOY"

PENCIL SALES DEPT. 10-J9, JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY 3, N. J.

Whose youngsters are going for a drive?

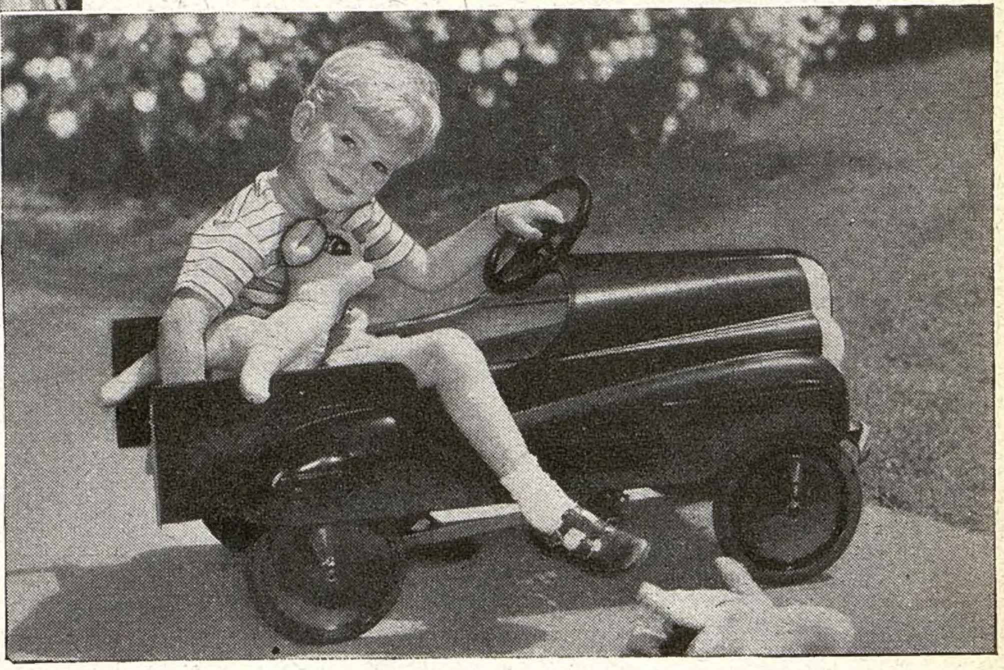
Here are the children of some well-known people... see if you can identify their parents.

1. Melinda and Stephanie are the daughters of a dark-haired screen beauty who was born in New Jersey, and first appeared on the stage with her father in a play called "Jarnegan." You probably remember her best for her roles in "Private Worlds," "The Woman in the Window" and "Scarlet Street." Her newest is "The Macomber Affair"—a Benedict Bogeaus production released through United Artists.

She now lives in Holmly Hills, Calif., with her daughters and famous producer husband, Walter Wanger. She drives a new, bright green convertible and always gets her gasoline at the "Ethyl" pump because, "If you expect your car to run its best, it's just common sense to use the best gasoline."

2. This bouncing baby girl is the pride and joy of a man who studied law, but became known to millions of radio listeners as the "Ole Professor" of the "College of Musical Knowledge." He is heard each Saturday over NBC—9:30 P.M. EDST.

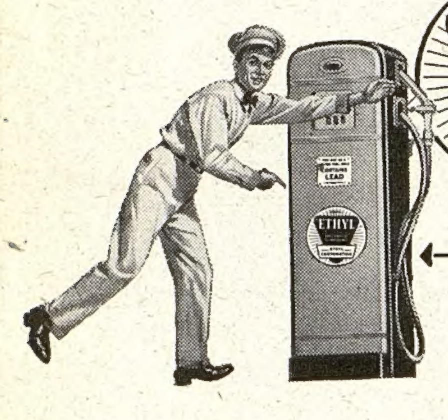
Born in Rocky Mount, N. C., he was cheerleader at the University of North Carolina. His present band of twenty-five members is a far cry from the small group that toured from town to town for eight years looking for a break. Now he lives in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, Calif., where you might see him driving his gray sedan 'most any day. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "I want my car to run in the groove."



3. Little Charlie's mother has made good in Hollywood by playing tough blondes in such pictures as "Murder, My Sweet," "Stagecoach" and "Johnny Angel." She started out as the leading lady of B pictures, but is now established as a top-flight A-picture star—and her newest is "Born to Kill," a feature production of RKO.

She dashes back and forth from her home in Hollywood to the studio in her car—managing to combine a successful career and motherhood. When asked if she uses "Ethyl" gasoline, she replied, "Is there any other kind? I've used 'Ethyl' so long and it runs my car so well I can't imagine using any other gasoline."

Read this to see who their famous parents are:



WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE-MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THE
"ETHYL"
TRADE-MARK

If you are able to correctly name even one of the people we're talking about, you are doing very well. Children rarely resemble their parents closely enough for positive identification . . . and certainly the knowledge that papa or mama drives a car and uses "Ethyl" gasoline is not much of a clue.

Today many people use "Ethyl" gasoline . . . among them the parents of the children shown. They are: 1. Joan Bennett 2. Kay Kyser 3. Claire Trevor.

These celebrities look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They want to get the most out of their cars.

So they watch for the yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem which oil companies place on pumps containing gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that improves performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York, N. Y.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Every few years we get the Ten Best craze. You know—What ten books would you like to take to a desert island? What ten films? What ten girls?

★ ★ ★ ★

The last time we had it was when "Mrs. Miniver" was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

★ ★ ★

Now we've got it again. We've seen M-G-M's "Song of Love" and we're going to tell you about it. In turn, when you've seen it, we want you to tell us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We want you to list the TEN BEST LOVE STORIES EVER PRODUCED. And then we want to see where you classify "Song of Love".

★ ★ ★ ★

To us, "Song of Love" is the ten most exciting love stories melted into one. It's almost the story of love itself—the kind of love that sings in the heart.

★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are in it. Katharine plays a gifted piano virtuosa; Paul and Robert are two young composers. For her ears both wrote immortal music; for her heart both would have given their lives.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M has caught the tenderness and the joy, the inspiration and the intimate details of their three-way friendship. Caught them, and set them to unforgettable music.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a wonderful supporting cast: Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarence Brown, who brightened your life with "National Velvet" and "The Yearling", is both director and producer. Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey did the screenplay.

★ ★ ★ ★

You're invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include "Song of Love" or not.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you will.

—Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your "Song of Love" started:

A Farewell to Arms
A Guy Named Joe
Camille
Cavalcade
Dark Victory
Flesh and the Devil
Gaslight
Gone With The Wind
It Happened One Night
Jane Eyre
Kitty Foyle
Mrs. Miniver
Random Harvest
Rebecca
San Francisco
Seventh Heaven
The Philadelphia Story
White Cliffs of Dover

Liberty

★ CONTENTS ★

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

The world today in fact, fiction, and pictures

David Brown, Editor

Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor*
Kathryn Bourne, *Associate Editor*
Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director*
Elsie Christie, *Books*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
John B. Danby, *Associate Editor*
Otto Kurth, *Art Associate*

★ Articles

Bullets of Wheat . . . . *Gaynor Maddox* 26
Will the Black Death Strike Again? . . . . *Constance J. Foster and David W. Wardell* 30
Hollywood Deb . . . . *Elizabeth Wilson* 34
How to Sell Yourself . . . . *Elmer Wheeler as told to John D. Murphy* 38

★ Stories

The Green-Eyed Idol—Part I . . . . *Edison Marshall* 23
The Sky Was Falling—Conclusion . . . . *Oliver Weld Bayer* 28
Beautiful but Smart . . . . *Newlin B. Wildes* 32
The Kiss—Short Short . . . . *Bernadine Kreis* 36

★ Pictures

EYE-INTEREST: Conquering Mount Rainier, 41; Palestine at Peace, 44; Movie Reviews, 47; Mr. Campus 1947, 50; Miscellany, 53; Air Condition Your Body, 54; Better Understanding, 56.

★ Book Condensation

Between Us and the Dark—*Lenore McCall's gripping story of a woman on the borderland of sanity—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 62

★ Features

Vox Pop 6
Washington Undercurrent *Robert S. Allen* 18
Middle-Brow Recordings *André Kostelanetz* 85
Crossword Puzzle 88

★ Editorial

Is Seeing Really Believing? . . . . *Paul Hunter* 102

Cover: Back to School
Painted by Lawrence Butcher

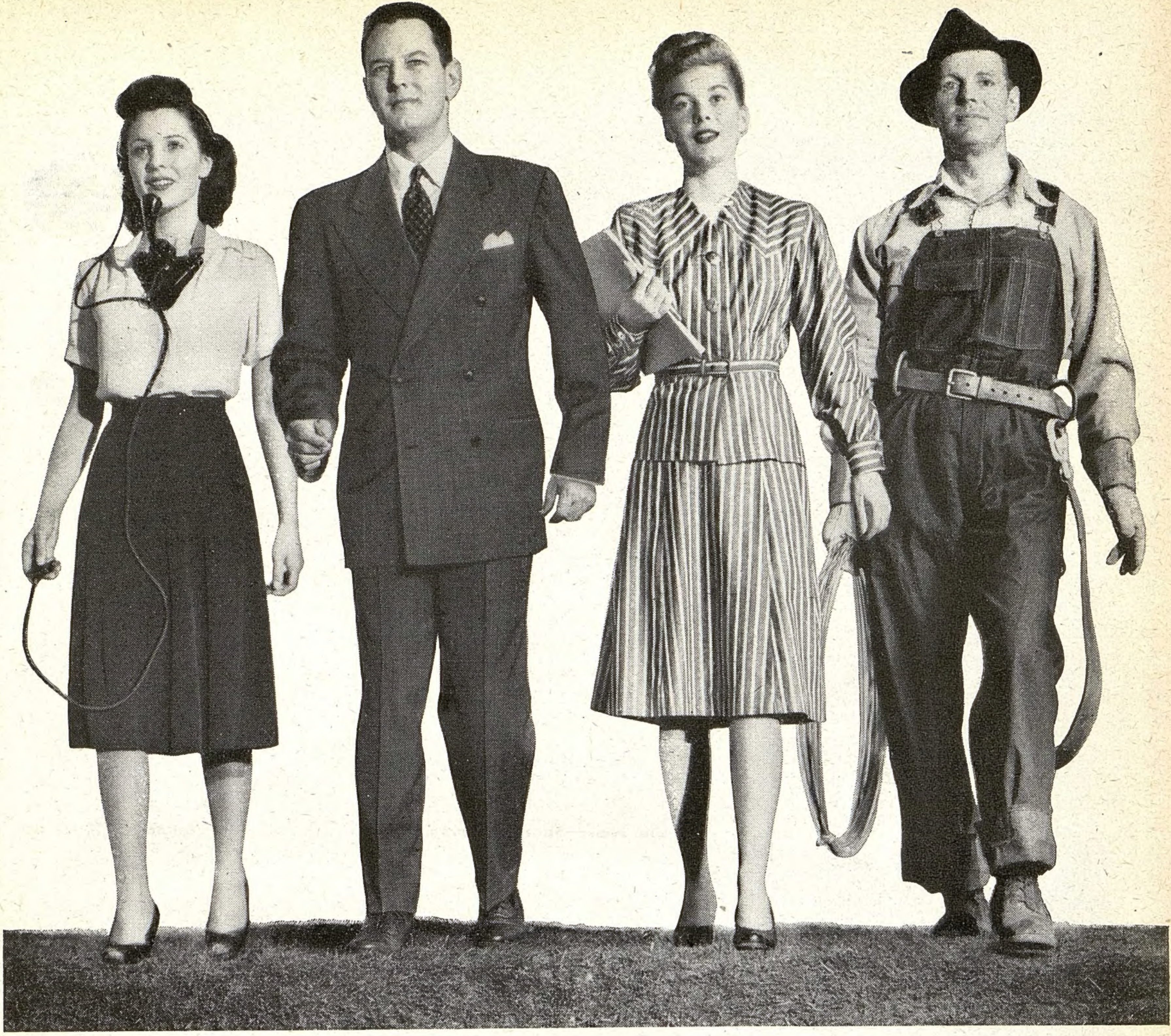
The next issue will appear Wednesday, September 17, 1947

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Paul Hunter; *Vice-President*, Lester Tunison; *Sec and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director*; Harold Ganz, *Business Manager*.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence. Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, September, 1947. Vol. 24, No. 18. Published monthly by Liberty Magazine. Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 4, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $2.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $3.00 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1947, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



Home Town Folks

Wherever there is a Bell telephone office, you will find it operated and managed mostly by home town people.

For the Bell System is made up of many hundreds of local units, each serving its own community. So the telephone company isn't something big and far away but close to your home and your interests.

This means compact, efficient operation and it also helps to keep a friendliness and a neighborliness in the conduct of the telephone business.

The Bell telephone people in your community aim to be good citizens in all things, in addition to giving you good and economical telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"...IF HE PLAYED his cards right, I'd be more than interested. But that hair! Looks uncombed, dried out, and—sure enough, loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd be a dummy not to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SAME MAN . . . BUT what a difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just use a few drops every day. Your scalp feels better . . . your hair looks better . . . stays neatly in place all day long. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is fine with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Expert Opinions

Franklin, Ind.—Your editorial on experts (July 19) impressed me. I, too, believe that we need plain ordinary hard-headed horse sense in regard to what is needed in our country today.

A lot of college professors, ministers, and other intellectuals spout on what to do about labor, industry, and world peace; but just get acquainted with one of them and you find they can't teach their own children decent table manners and plain rules of good conduct or do a good job of taking care of their furnace and basement.

Dr. Butler's description of an expert is certainly true, but I saw another one once on the wall in the office of an old second lieutenant during the war. He was a veteran of the first war, and had gotten back in somehow as a shavetail.

It went like this: "An expert is just another ordinary guy away from home."—*John K. Leary.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Allow me to congratulate you for your editorial entitled Get Rid of the Experts. Should the day come when the common man is not able to understand and judge the great issues of his time, on that day will democracy be dead.

Germany of modern times is the sorry example of a country turned over to "experts."—*Stanley Harwich.*

Dallas, Texas—Your Mr. Paul Hunter proposes to get rid of the experts who predict another war and another depression. His reasons for so doing sound silly to an old consumer, ex-schoolteacher, who has seen several wars and just as many depressions.

Mr. Eric Johnston, on the same subject, bases his conclusions on a great big catalogue of ifs. I have always found these ifs in the way.

If some way could be found to keep the big hogs out of the trough, the pigs would get their part of the slop, and there would be neither war nor depression.—*X. Carson.*

Rockford, Ill.—After reading your editorial, it was impossible for me to refrain from writing you, not with any idea of breaking into print, but just to say, "Nice going." The ideas expressed are in the minds of many of us who shut up and put up with the muddlings of the so-called experts.

It is said that the complex set-up under which living today is done is too much for the rank and file.

(Continued on page 8)

CONFUCIUS

SPINOZA

DARWIN

SCHOPENHAUER

EINSTEIN

PLATO

ARISTOTLE

ROUSSEAU

THOREAU

COPERNICUS

BACON

MONTAIGNE

EMERSON

NIETZSCHE

FREUD

THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

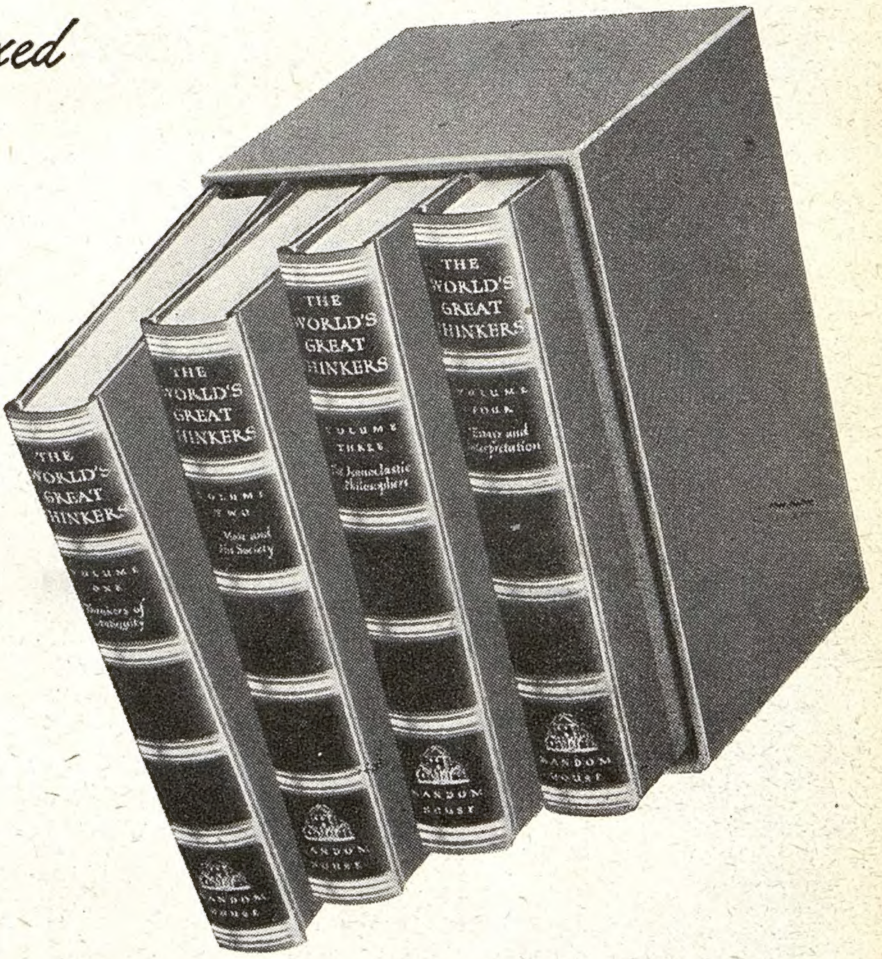
In Four Volumes · Boxed

Retail Price $10.00

Given Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB


THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
VOLUME ONE
Thinkers of Antiquity
THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
VOLUME TWO
Man and His Society
THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
VOLUME THREE
The Iconoclastic Philosophers
THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
VOLUME FOUR
Essays and Interpretation
RANDOM HOUSE

FROM the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day—here are philosophies that men live by. These careful selections offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance from over forty of the world's greatest thinkers, in writings as vitally important today as they ever were.

***Here*... IN FOUR HANDSOME VOLUMES, BOXED ... COMPLETELY INDEXED AND ANNOTATED ARE FORTY-THREE SELECTED MASTERPIECES OF THOUGHT THAT HAVE MADE AND INFLUENCED HISTORY**

Over 2000 pages!

You buy many books-of-the-month ANYWAY—why not get them from the Club, PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends

YOU do not pay any yearly subscription fee as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you may take as few as four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. The Club's judges are sure to choose at least four books each year you will be anxious not to miss reading.

Since the books you take from the Club *are only those you would buy anyway,* the saving is extraordinary. The amount you pay for the book-of-the-month is the regular retail price—frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) *Yet with every second book-of-the-month you take, you receive—free—one of the Club's book-dividends.* These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes two-or-three volume sets, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year, the retail value of the free books Club members received was close to $16,000,000—these were given, not sold!

This is how the system works: you receive a careful *pre-publication report* about each book-of-the-month, and at the same time reports about all other important new books. Whenever you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you may either specify any other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing next month."

Thus, you keep yourself well-informed *about all the new books,* you get only those you want, you often pay less for them, and —on top of that—on the average you get at least 50% more books for the money you spend than you otherwise would. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A849
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, the four-volume THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS. For every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

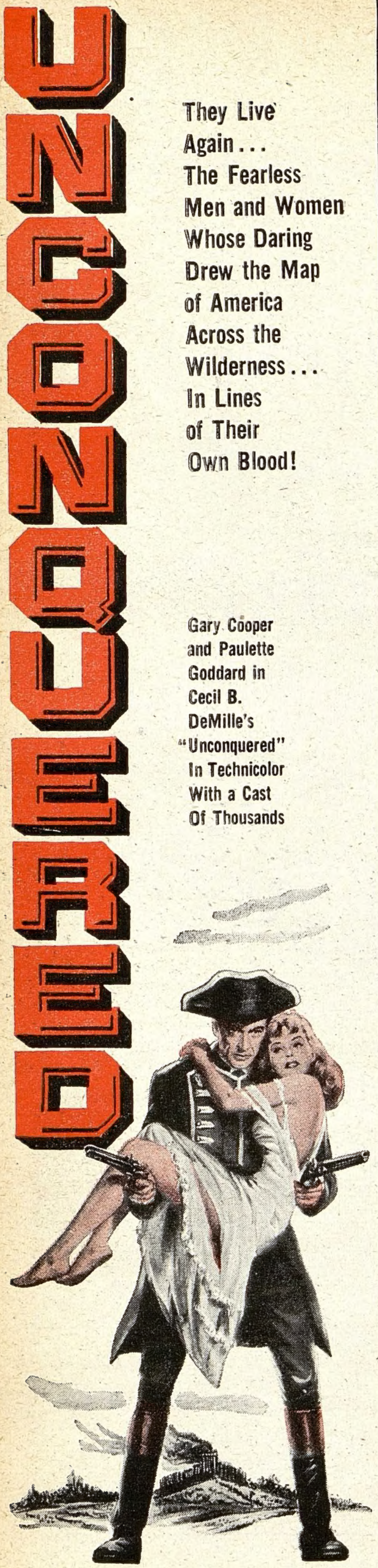
Name..
Please Print Plainly

Address..

City........................ Postal Zone No. (if any) ... *State*.......

☐**IMPORTANT:** Check here if you do NOT wish to begin your subscription with the current selection

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.


UNCONQUERED
They Live Again . . . The Fearless Men and Women Whose Daring Drew the Map of America Across the Wilderness . . . In Lines of Their Own Blood!
Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in Cecil B. DeMille's "Unconquered" In Technicolor With a Cast Of Thousands

★ VOX POP ★

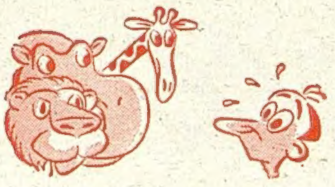
(*Continued from page 6*)

Granting that we deal with new machinery, new materials, new methods, doesn't that outmoded thing called horse sense fit in the picture somewhere?

Thank you and your associates who make it possible to read the thoughts which many of us, like myself, just think.—*R. A. MacFarlane.*

Ouch!

TRENTON, N. J.—Apropos of your "Blushing" story (Dangerous Legacy, July 19) may I submit the following?



"Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to."—*John B. Tripp, Jr.*

But Seriously—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article by Dickson Hartwell (July 5) arrested my attention.

It is deplorable that such things happen to defenseless children in this country of ours. The public should be aroused to action.

I, for one, should like to do my bit by writing a letter, and getting my friends to do the same, to our Congressman. How shall I proceed? What is the name of the bill which should be passed to bring about a change in these conditions?

I hate to think of the future if we are going to let our children down.—*Helen Peabody.*

NEWARK, N. J.—When I saw the article by Dickson Hartwell I felt a great satisfaction that some publication had at last taken up this very important topic.

We are teaching humanity and the rights of the individual all over the world. We are sticking our necks out for considerable deserved criticism. Did we not know that war babies were being born to extremely young mothers unfit for the job and not at all wanting it? That too-young fathers would be returning to find babies a burden they were not equipped for?

On a bus I remonstrated with a young mother for slapping her baby across the face and on the ears, repeatedly. As she got out, a young soldier from another part of the bus followed, and he said to me, "Thanks, that's my kid."

I firmly believe that a campaign should be begun to educate, train, or even bully parents in this country so that our growing generation will be representative of what we say our country is — not cowed, resentful, criminally inclined men and women. If a child is not given an even break at home, we should go over all precedents and see that it is. —*Elsie Holden Vigars.*

From Washington, Dickson Hartwell has wired: "Entire Child Labor program of Department of Labor abolished subsequent to my article. Tell readers to put pressure on Congress for centralized, financed Child Welfare agency in the federal government."—VOX POP EDITOR.

Tut for Tut-Tut!

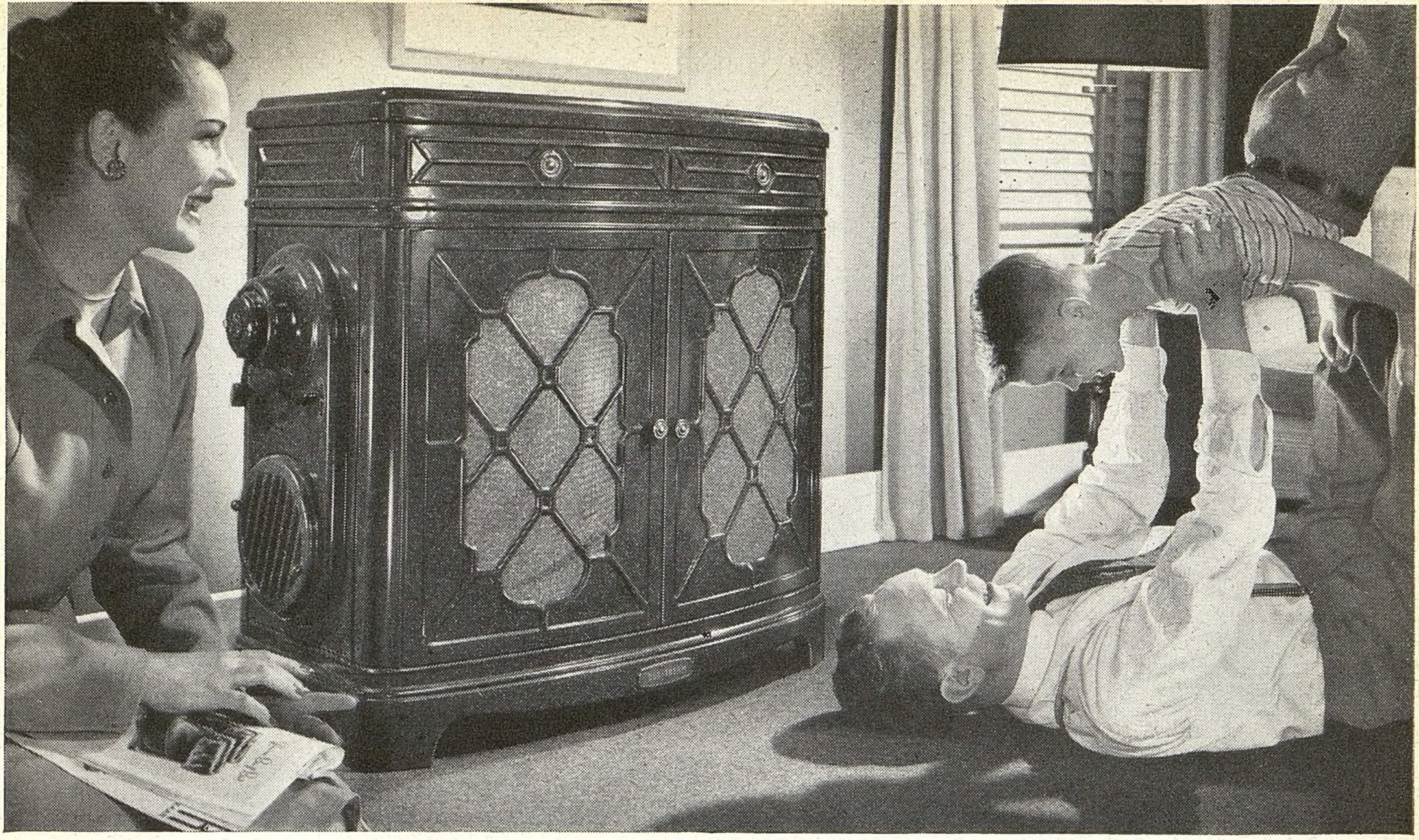
MONROEVILLE, N. J. — Mrs. Richard Best, under the heading Tut-Tut! (July 19 Vox Pop), states: "Green and blue do *not* go together!" Has she ever looked at nature? Has she seen the beautiful blue sky through the green foliage of trees? Has she seen blue flowers with green leaves and stems? If God says green and blue are to be used together, who is she to tell folks differently?—*Helen L. Lamson.*

Texas Tells Us

BEAUMONT, TEXAS — Since reading Haunted Pasture (December 14, 1946) I've been concerned about: "Muleshoe Creek flows north and south through the south pasture."

Our traffic flows in two directions and we are powerful

(*Continued on page 10*)



Heat your home without work or dirt as you Beautify your Living Room!

WONDERFUL is the word for Duo-Therm's smart new Hepplewhite (above) and Chippendale models in authentic furniture-styling!

And wonderful is the way you'll *feel*, as one of these handsome Duo-Therm fuel oil heaters keeps your family warm all winter

—without a lick of work!
—without a speck of dirt!

No coal to shovel! No ashes to haul out! Once you start your Duo-Therm (and that's simply a matter of lighting a match!) you can sit back and *tend the fire by turning a dial.*

Duo-Therm does all the work!

Its patented Dual Chamber Burner—a real "miracle" in economy and comfort—turns cheap fuel oil into gentle waves of clean, safe, silent heat.

And its patented Power-Air Blower *forces* that heat out through your home. Distributes it *evenly*. Gives you not only welcome floor-to-ceiling warmth but

—saves up to 25% on oil!

That's because power-driven heat means *lower cost* as well as greater comfort.

Remember—super-efficient Dual Chamber Burner (*it gets more heat from every drop of oil!*) and money-saving Power-Air are Duo-Therm *exclusives*.

So are Special Waste Stopper, Coordinated Controls and many other famous features that help give you *greater comfort at less cost.*

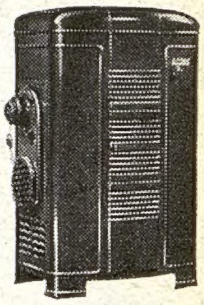
So why mess around with dirty coal and ashes any longer? Get a Duo-Therm! It keeps you warm without work, without dirt, and

—adds new beauty to your home!

Whether you choose a smart Radiant Circulator, Thrift or Royal Model (below) or a "period" furniture-style model (above) you get a heater so *truly beautiful* it looks like a million dollars in your living room.

Send the coupon!

Get the jump on winter *now* by getting the whole story of Duo-Therm fuel oil heaters—available in many sizes and models in a wide price range.



In Fuel Oil Heaters—It's

DUO-THERM

America's Largest Manufacturer of Fuel Oil Heating Appliances

Duo-Therm is a registered trade mark of Motor Wheel Corp., Copyright, 1947

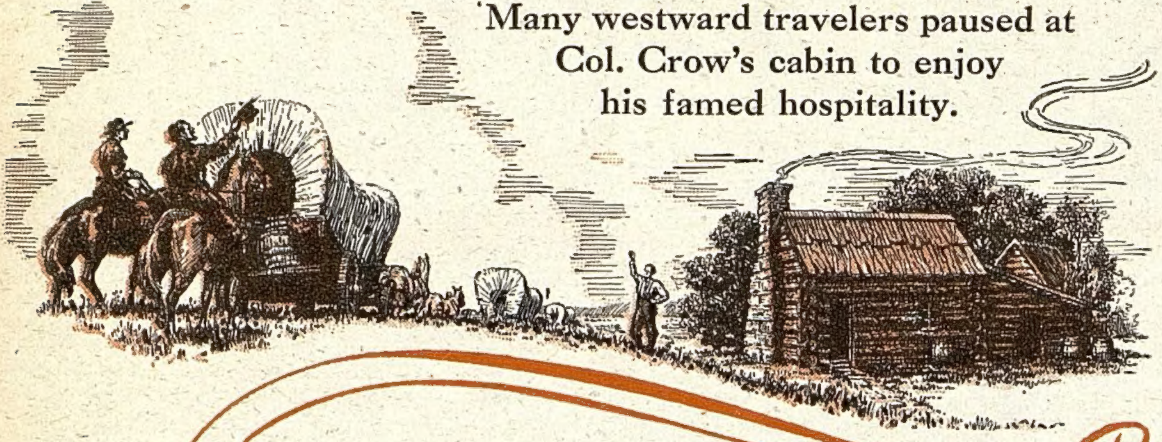
DUO-THERM Division of Motor Wheel Corporation
Dept. LY-S4, Lansing 3, Michigan

I would like to know more about ☐ Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Space Heaters; ☐ Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters. (Check one or both.) PLEASE PRINT.

Name
Address
City P.O. Zone County State

The covered wagons stopped...
rolled on and spread his fame

Many westward travelers paused at
Col. Crow's cabin to enjoy
his famed hospitality.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight
BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A.Gaines

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

★ VOX POP ★

(Continued from page 8)

proud of Texas, but I have yet to see a creek flowing in two ways at once.

In Washington Murder-Go-Round: "Now, in November, the eucalyptus trees were barren." Now, eucalyptus trees are semitropical, and even along our Gulf Coast experimental plantings all froze to the ground twenty years ago. I wonder if this is a new variety or if the author meant catalpa, ailanthus, or some other tree.—*Frank L. Bertschler.*

Cupid's Stand-In

Los Angeles, Calif.—In 1943 a copy of October 9 Liberty went to India. A soldier in India read a little letter to you in Vox Pop, which I had written.

Today we are happily married and have been for eighteen months. I should have written sooner, but wanted to be sure when I tell you that through Liberty magazine I met the most charming, intelligent, handsome, and home-loving husband on earth.—*Georgia H. Logan.*

Rage in Harvard

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Early in 1944 I encountered the Dan Merriman of Yale whom dragger captain Ellery Thompson fed hen lobsters for breakfast (Dragger-Artist, July 19).

I was then a schoolboy-soldier in the ASTP at Yale University, where Dan gave a course in comparative anatomy. After reveille we would mess, police our rooms, and then march higgledy-piggledy down the New Haven streets to our classroom.

Dan, a stocky man with crew haircut and a brilliant checkered sport coat and bow tie, walked in smoking a cigarette in a long holder. He smiled in an ear-splitting fash-

(Continued on page 12)

HERE'S THE

Biggest Book Buy

in DOLLAR BOOK CLUB HISTORY

As a special inducement to join the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now . . . take this amazing 2-in-1 bargain . . . this DOUBLE package of best-sellers . . .

Not One, but BOTH for $1!

THIS SIDE of INNOCENCE
A ROMANTIC NOVEL
IN A DARK GARDEN
FRANK G. SLAUGHTER

as your first books from THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

THINK of getting two of the best-selling novels today (you know what they cost in the publishers' editions at retail) for only $1—not one, but BOTH for $1! "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden"—what a package of reading enjoyment—and what a bargain! With it comes free membership in the Dollar Book Club—offering the greatest savings in the book world today! Read facts below.

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell

AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. Then these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* called this best-seller "a masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life." Soon to be seen as a $2,000,000 movie!

IN A DARK GARDEN

by Frank G. Slaughter

HERE is a story that will hold you transfixed as you plunge with Julian Chisholm into the furious War between the States. Fascinating characters, including Lucy, intoxicating Southern belle, who gave her body recklessly but refused Julian's offer of honorable marriage. . . . Brave, lovely Jane, a mid-century Mata Hari, who would stop at nothing to gain her ends, yet whose coldly planned wedding became a thrilling romance. . . . If you liked "Gone With the Wind," you'll *love* this great new novel!

Every DOLLAR BOOK CLUB Selection Saves You 60% to 75%!

NO other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. No other book club saves you 60 to 75 per cent from the usual retail prices of books!

Yet membership in the Dollar Book Club is free and requires no dues or fees of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year keeps your membership in full force. In fact, for convenience most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

More Than Half a Million Families Buy Books This Money-Saving Way!

Think of it! With book-manufacturing costs at an all-time high; with most popular current fiction selling for $2.75 and $3.00 in the publishers' editions at retail, the Dollar Book Club continues to bring its members the cream of the books for only $1.00 each! And in distinctive, full-size library editions bound in a format exclusively for members! The Club's huge membership makes such savings possible.

Famous Authors—Top Best-Sellers!

Outstanding fiction hits by such popular writers as W. Somerset Maugham, Kenneth Roberts, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and many others have been received by members for $1.00 each, while the public was paying up to $3.00 for the same books in the publishers' edition, at retail.

Start Enjoying Membership Now

You need send no money now. Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will immediately be sent the Double Book Package consisting of "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden." As a new member, you will be billed a total of only $1.00 for BOTH books.

Then, every other month, you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. Or, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. The bargains are there—but only if you want them!

Join Now—Send No Money

When you receive "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden" and consider that these are typical of the values you are privileged to buy for only $1.00 each, you will be more than happy to have joined the club. Mail the coupon today.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

"This Side of Innocence"
"In a Dark Garden" } **BOTH FOR $1**

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club,
Dept. 9L, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me my two introductory membership books, "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden"—both for $1.00.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for $1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

PLEASE PRINT

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss

Street and No. ....

City & Zone ....

State ....

Occupation .... If under 21, Age, please....

*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2.

He's "sitting pretty" ... he's got P.A.*

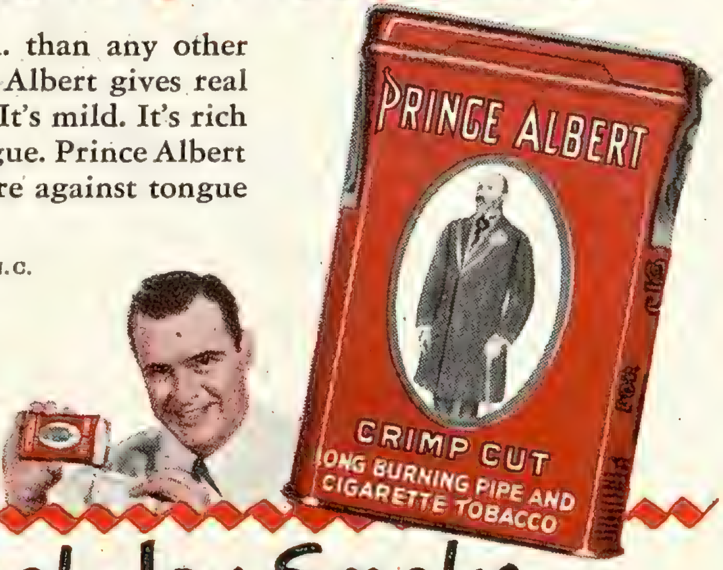
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

A pipe *does* something for a man—adds a masculine touch that appeals to women. And a pipe filled with Prince Albert has real appeal to any pipe smoker!

means Prince Albert

● More pipes smoke P.A. than any other tobacco . . . because Prince Albert gives real smoking joy and comfort. It's mild. It's rich tasting. It's easy on the tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try P.A. today!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



CIGARETTES ROLL UP FAST AND NEAT—WHEN YOU USE CRIMP CUT P.A.

The National Joy Smoke

★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 10*)

ion, and after placing several volumes on the lecturer's desk, he opened all the windows (it was bitter February) and took off his jacket. We put on our winter coats and gloves and attempted to take notes.

The next hour passed quickly. Dan didn't pause during a lecture. He took one breath before it and one after. Between breaths, he talked.

I regret to say that my notes were later borrowed by a Yale man who subsequently went to Harvard. Undoubtedly he was killed in the resulting explosion, as I have not heard from him since.—*Leonard Elkins.*

Leading Questions

AKRON, OHIO—I enjoyed reading Mr. Bates' letter to Philip Murray (May 24), but what I would really like to know is—did Philip Murray ever answer?—*L. H. Chenoweth.*

CATSKILL, N. Y.—The page of Sun Worshipers by Bucky McDonnell (July 19) really is on the ball. Where was the picture taken of the gal on the rock? Why don't you print more work of this type?—*Norman Jeune.*

Due Credit

TOLEDO, OHIO—The National Bowling Council is composed of the national entities that make up "Bowlingdom": the American Bowling Congress, the Women's International Bowling Congress, the National Duck Pin Congress, and the Candle Pin Association, these representing the bowlers of all pin games, the Billiard & Bowling Institute of America and the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., which, combined, represent practically every manufacturer of everything that goes into bowling;

(*Continued on page 15*)

Free ...this Newest, Most Tantalizing of all Perry Mason Mysteries

To New Members

Why is the Great Detective Spying on This Gorgeous Girl?—Read All About It in—

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE

IT'S one thirty a.m. and Perry Mason—his eye to a crack in the hotel-room door—is drawing up a *time-table for murder!*

In the next two hours, a whole parade of mysterious visitors sneaks past that door and into Room 511. And *every* one of them is a candidate for the noose! For, lying flat on his back in a pool of gore, lies the room's very-dead occupant, complete with a razor-edge sword in his chest!

Up to that point, it had been a simple case of lost property. Perry and Della Street found it in a wrecked jalopy—a complete fan dancer's wardrobe, consisting of two feather fans and a pair of white slippers. But when the gorgeous Cheri Chi-Chi shows up to claim her property, she seems to think she has lost a *wounded saddle horse!*

Perry's bewilderment hits bottom when his shapely client steals his car and disappears—and later is found burying a *bloody fan!* Finally, comes the courtroom scene where you catch your first breath—as Perry ties the D.A. in knots, dazzles the jury with his logic, and pins the crime on the *real culprit!*

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE
A PERRY MASON STORY

"UNDISPUTED KING OF MYSTERY WRITERS!"

Says the Saturday Evening Post of

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Read this Acclaim for His Latest Perry Mason Mystery!

"Ring out, wild bells, the glad news that we have a new exciting Perry Mason story! Get this book in a hurry! It's the cream of the crop and you won't lift your eyes from the page!"—**Cleveland News.**

"No fan of Erle Stanley Gardner will want to miss this latest 'case'!" — **Phila. Inquirer.**

Why We Want to Give You This Book *FREE*

"THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE" is Erle Stanley Gardner's very latest Perry Mason thriller-diller. It's selling everywhere right now for $2.50. But we want to give you a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE—to introduce you to the advantages of belonging to the Detective Book Club.

Every month the Detective Book Club selects—from advance proofs and advance copies of the new detective novels—three BRAND-NEW mystery books. These three new books—complete and unabridged—are then published in one handsome volume, and offered to our members for the usual price of only ONE!

How This Club Brings You The Best NEW Mysteries

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Agatha Christie, Mignon G. Eberhart, Ellery Queen or Carter Dickson is sure to be good! ALL OF THESE, and many other famous writers, have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

The selections of the Club are ALL NEWLY-PUBLISHED BOOKS—selling everywhere at $2.00 to $2.50 each. As a member you get three of them in one volume (*at least* a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume every month—you may accept as few as four during the year and still save two-thirds of the usual price.

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest BRAND-NEW detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly triple-volume selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) You will receive volumes so well printed, so handsomely bound, that month by month they will grow into an attractive lifetime library of modern detective masterpieces you'll be proud to own.

Mail Coupon NOW for YOUR Free Book

Accept your FREE COPY of THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE now! Your acceptance of this book, as a membership gift from the Club, will not obligate you to take every month's three-in-one selection. You may take as few as four each year you are a member. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's triple selection will be sent to you before-hand each month, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon promptly and receive your membership gift book FREE—and receive in addition, the current triple-volume containing three complete new detective books! Address the coupon NOW to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

FREE—THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE

Walter J. Black, President U
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, *The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse,* by Erle Stanley Gardner. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, containing three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple-volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send only $1.89, plus a few cents mailing charges, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Mr.
Mrs. } ______________________________
Miss *Please Print Plainly*

Address______________________________

City____________ Zone No. (if any)____ State________

Here's your new 1947 EVANS

America's Most Beautiful

OIL-BURNING

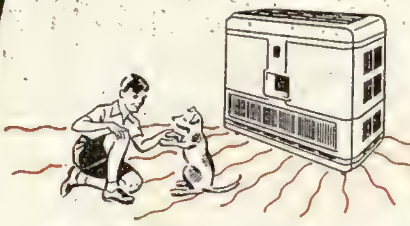
HOME HEATER

TO FIT ALL SURROUNDINGS

EXCLUSIVE . . . **Beauty—**

Designed by Walter Dorwin Teague

Only EVANS offers a home heater styled by this world-famous designer. Look at its beauty. See how it fits into all surroundings. Admire the gleaming perfection of its fine furniture finish.



EXCLUSIVE . . .

All-Directional Fan-Forced Floor Level Heat

Only in an EVANS with its efficient "Down-Flo" action and powerful "Heat-Wave" blower do you get a carpet of comfortable warmth pouring out in all directions throughout your home.

EXCLUSIVE . . .

Double-Length U-Shape Golden Flame

Here is another exclusive EVANS feature that makes this Home Heater out of the ordinary in heating efficiency and operating economy. The long flame travel means *more* heat from every drop of oil you burn.

You will always be glad you chose an EVANS Oil-Burning Home Heater because *all* the things you want most in a heater have been built into the new 1947 EVANS. It's beautiful—so you'll be proud of it. It uses low-cost fuel oil—so you'll save money. It has simple Finger-Tip controls—so you'll find it easy to regulate to just the heat you want. It pours out abundant fan-forced heat at floor level so you'll be really comfortable. It is staunchly built, precision engineered for long life.

See EVANS *at Westinghouse*
and leading independent
appliance dealers now!

MODEL 156-D
65,000 B.T.U.

MODEL 146-D
46,000 B.T.U.

MODEL 156-S
50,000 B.T.U.

MODEL 136-S
31,000 B.T.U.

EVANS PRODUCTS COMPANY
Heating and Appliance Division
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

★ VOX POP ★

(Continued from page 12) and, third, the Proprietors, represented by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America.

Particularly of interest to us were the paragraphs in America's Bruised and Beaten Children (July 5) dealing with the conditions in which children worked as pin-setters, in open violation of various laws.

Among other things, this Council is dedicated to the eradication of such conditions and the bringing to task of proprietors or other employers who foster them. Such conditions are not general, but are absolutely at a minimum. It would be unfair to the vast majority of bowling establishment operators to allow America to think they are not fighting tooth and nail, through their Association, to eliminate such places.

We shall be glad at any time in the future to assist Liberty or its writers in a further uncovering of conditions in an effort to terminate them.—*John Canelli, Secretary, National Bowling Council.*

Glory Road

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—If I Ever Get to Springfield (July 19) brought back memories. How often this reader, a former buck sergeant, has thought of "looking up that second louie." Who knows, that poor guy who was in his glory may this very minute be making his way through life as a street sweeper.—*Bradley W. Vaughan.*

Action Wanted

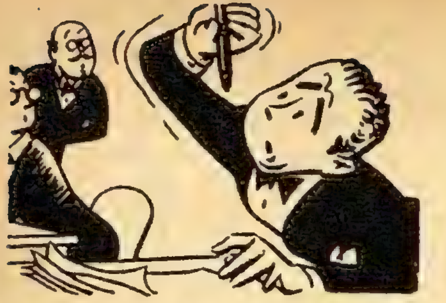
GALVESTON, TEXAS—When hordes of people in America cannot find even a "humble" home, there is something seriously wrong. Let's start a home-building campaign *now!* —*H. Hendrick Burns.*

Are YOU a MITTY?

CAN you, like **Danny Kaye,** daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your daydreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like **Virginia Mayo?** How would you like to be frightened by **Boris Karloff,** hen-pecked by **Fay Bainter,** pursued by **Ann Rutherford,** and adored by the gorgeous **Goldwyn Girls?** You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! **Samuel Goldwyn,** who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in **"The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty,"** photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with lilting, matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner

"Private Life of Victor Borge"



Flunked!

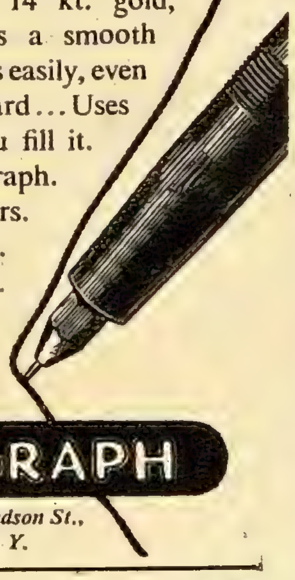
Just because his pen ran dry . . . one of those you have to send away for a refill! Prof said anybody who took exams without a dependable pen was too dumb to pass!

Dependable is a word that fits Inkograph to a crossed t . . . So rugged it remains operational regardless of rough going . . . No nib, but a rounded cylindrical point of 14 kt. gold, extra durable. Gives a smooth performance . . . writes easily, even when answers come hard . . . Uses ordinary ink, and you fill it.
Get smart, get Inkograph.
In the old college colors.
At all good stores.
Priced without pain . . .

only $2

INKOGRAPH

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13, N. Y.



To Make Hot Dogs a Treat!

Spread frankfurters generously with
Heinz
Prepared Brown
Mustard
before roasting over fire!

● You'll find there's a world of zestful tang in Heinz Prepared Mustard . . . both Brown (hot) and Yellow (mild).

Also try

57
HEINZ MUSTARD BROWN
HEINZ 57 SAUCE
HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

to give a new, unusual flair to chops, steaks, fish dishes and eggs!

Liberty ★ JUST BETWEEN ★ OURSELVES

WE could break it gently, but we won't. Liberty goes *monthly* with this issue. You'll fume about it the way you did when we went every-two-weeks last February. We hope that you will like us as much after this change as you did after the last one.

Nevertheless, we owe you an explanation. No group of magazine readers is as faithful and loyal as you. We like to think that no group of magazine editors is as attentive to its readers' wishes as we are.

The reason for Liberty going bi-weekly and then monthly is the rising cost of living for magazines. The magazine you now hold in your hands costs almost twice as much as the same product before the war.

There will be no change in Liberty's present editorial policy. A rise of more than 60 per cent in Liberty's newsstand sales during the past five months indicates you like the present editorial policy.

Eye-Interest, Robert S. Allen's Washington column, Ted Shane's provocative Cockeyed Crossword, Vox Pop, and all the other popular features of this magazine continue in the monthly Liberty. Moreover, important new features will be added from time to time.

IT has long seemed to us that politics, economics, religion, and other realms of intellectual activity are obscured by needless mumbo-jumbo and pontificating.

The world is not nearly so complex as its experts would have us believe. Take the very controversial subject of our economic system. On page 56 you will find an unusual presentation of the facts about the American Capitalistic Competitive System.

We believe this is the first time any magazine of general circulation has attempted to present an economic article in this highly graphic and lucid fashion —albeit unconventional.

Its author, Frederic Overesch, is one of this country's outstanding champions of the American way of doing business. He believes in laying it on the line, disliking such hackneyed phrases as "free enterprise," "free economy," or any of the other glowing terms used by professional propagandists.

"Why not call it what it is," says Mr. Overesch, "the American Capitalistic Competitive System?"

Mr. Overesch feels that by camouflaging or failing to use the word capitalism, we make it a weapon for the enemies of our way of doing business. There is, he believes, no reason why capitalism should be an unmentionable word, and words descriptive of other economic systems should become symbols of unselfishness and progress in the eyes of misguided citizens.

THE October issue presents an all-star line-up of articles, fiction, and pictures. There's a timely piece by Eugene Lyons titled HOW WE CAN PREVENT WORLD WAR THREE. There's also a bright close-up of luscious Dolores Moran by Elizabeth Wilson. Ever wondered about Arthur Godfrey, the buzz-bomb of radio? Ted Shane's article will throw light on the subject—as only Shane can! On the fiction front, you'll like the hilarious fishing story by Ruth Hamilton titled THE LURE. Women will like it especially. HATE, a powerful story by James Robert, will surprise—and shock—you. The short short story, SCARED TO LIFE, will charm you. And for the baseball rooters, watch for THIS IS MANUELO BROADCASTING, a tale of the wackiest World Series game ever heard. The book condensation is Robert Lewis Taylor's absorbing ADRIFT IN A BONEYARD. And of course there will be pictures galore—all adding up to the usual biggest dime's worth on the newsstand.

Reserve your copy of the October Liberty, on sale September 17.—*D. B.*

Going places . . .

It's A REAL PLEASURE to go places with Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline in your car.

Because Fire-Chief is always ready with a full flow of surging power . . . the instant you need it.

Because Fire-Chief gives you *smoo-ooth* cruising power on the highway.

Because you can always depend on Fire-Chief to start fast . . . warm up fast.

Fire-Chief's superior *Fire-Power* makes it possible. Fill 'er up with Fire-Chief . . . at Texaco Dealers.

TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE

THE TEXAS COMPANY

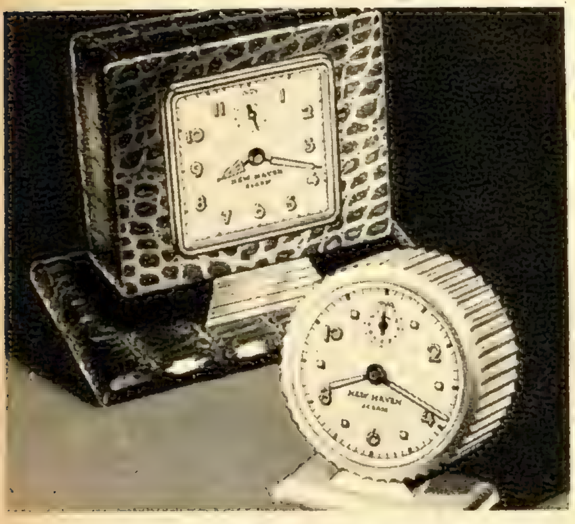
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TEXACO
T
REG. T.M.

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

Your best buy...
NEW HAVEN!

New Haven Wrist and Pocket Watches are traditional good values — wonderful all-purpose timepieces, with exclusive Vital Nerve Center*. *Pocket Watch* — sturdy, dependable, nickel-plated — $2.50 plus tax. *Wrist Watch* —smart, rugged, chrome-plated top and stainless-steel back — $7.50 plus tax.



New Haven's Exquisite Alarm Clocks have 30-hour spring-wind movements, exclusive Vital Nerve Center*, luminous dials. *New Haven "Warwick" Alarm Clock* (upper) in simulated alligator, pebble-grain and light color reptile — $8.95 plus tax. *New Haven "Halo" Alarm Clock* (lower) in beautiful ivory and gold finish — $7.95 plus tax.

New Haven Exclusive!
THE *VITAL NERVE CENTER

is famous New Haven compensating hair spring which makes New Haven watches and clocks keep better time through wide variations in temperature which affect ordinary steel hair springs. No other watch or clock in low price field can offer this remarkable compensating hair spring: it is a patented exclusive New Haven feature. Result: New Haven clocks and watches are more accurate, day in, day out.

THE NEW HAVEN
CLOCK AND WATCH
COMPANY

THE RIGHT TIME SINCE 1817

NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

HIROHITO COMING HERE?

JAP VISIT • What would you think of Emperor Hirohito making a visit to the United States?

Amazing idea! Raises a lot of questions. Could we take it? Or should we take it? Can he take it? Or should he?

Extraordinary as the idea may be, and despite all the question marks, the proposal has been secretly discussed in Tokyo. Visiting U. S. business men and publishers have been quietly felt out on the matter. Apparently, the thought is such a junket would do much to strengthen both slowly budding democracy in Japan and anti-Soviet ties in the Pacific.

Hirohito, of course, would not do his tripping until a Jap peace treaty has been signed. But after that, he could be brought over.

Aftermath • Inner Democratic councils are very uneasy over what's going on in Colorado since the recent explosive Denver mayoralty election. Quigg Newton, 35-year-old veteran and militant New Dealer, resoundingly defeated 77-year-old Mayor Ben Stapleton and Democratic boss Tom Morrissey. This defeat, coming on top of last year's victory of Representative John A. Carroll, another New Dealer, has played hob with the state's old-line Democratic leadership.

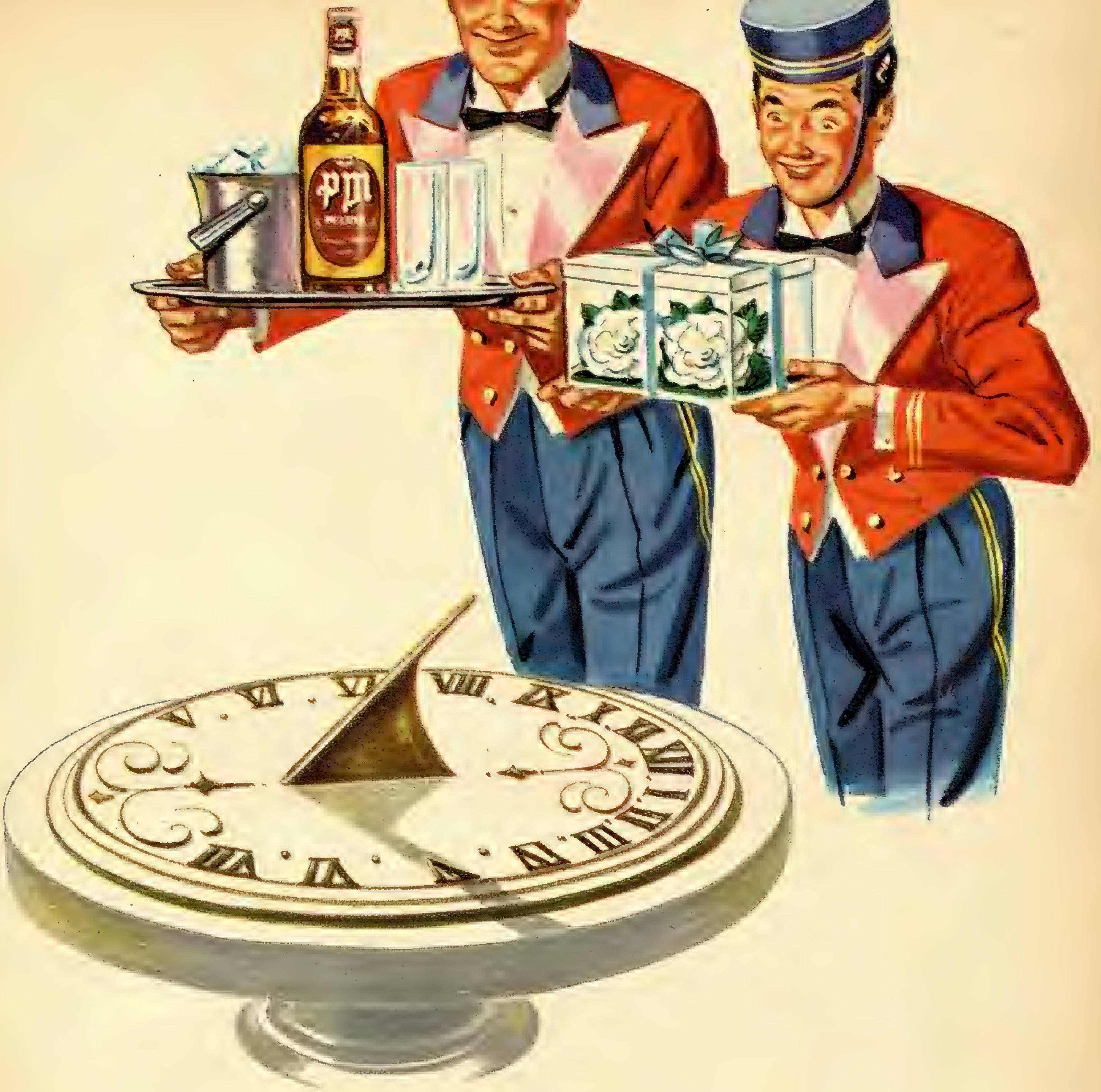
With national Democratic strategy for 1948 pivoted strongly on the West, New Deal control of the Colorado party machinery may prove very discomfiting. And that is exactly what Carroll, Newton, and their group are after. With Morrissey eliminated as party leader, they are after control of the state organization—which could mean plenty of trouble for the Truman ticket next year.

New Technique • The C.I.O. started something last winter when it staged an elaborate luncheon for Washington newsmen to release its hotly controversial Nathan report on corporation profits. The idea proved so successful it has established a new technique in capital press relations.

Now, if an organization wants to ensure a big press turnout, it uses the lure of a free meal and cocktails at a swanky hotel. It hasn't failed yet. The National Association of Manufacturers used the stratagem to good effect to uncork an answer to the Nathan report. So did the liberal Americans for Democratic Action for a nation-wide publicity splash on its recent anti-depression program.

A.D.A. added a new wrinkle to the technique. It craftily worded its invitations to give newsmen the impression they were a select, hand-picked group. The dodge proved very effective. More than 50 of Washington's top correspondents showed up.

Around the Circuit • Veterans who haven't applied for their terminal leave pay better do so at once. August 31 is the final deadline. . . . It is possible to place a bookie bet or buy a numbers ticket in practically every government building in Washington—including the Justice Department. . . . The lovely weeping-willow trees fringing the capital's beautiful Tidal Basin grew from slips brought to the United States in 1840 from a tree that stood by Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. . . . California's Representative Charles Fletcher is the tallest man in Congress, standing 6 feet 3 in his stocking feet. His son "Kim," university student, already is 6 feet 4. . . . Since 1847, when the first U. S. stamps were issued, the Post Office Department has sold more than 750 billion. Stamps now are selling at the rate of 19 billion a year. . . . The British Embassy has the largest staff in Washington, including the Ambassador, 6 Ministers, and 11 Counselors. Luxembourg has the smallest staff, consisting only of Minister Le Gallais. . . . The Commerce Department *(Continued on page 20)*



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—"Let others tell
of storms and showers—
PM foretells your happy hours!"
For Perfectly Marvelous mellowness, for
Positively Matchless taste—
Just dial PM 5-6-7-8, and get set for a sunny evening!

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

HOW'S
YOUR
POST-WAR PROGRESS?

• Remember when you were going to prepare for the period of post-war opportunities? *This is it!* New industries are coming into being, established industries are expanding . . . there are openings for *trained* men in all lines.

• If you failed to get ready for them, it still isn't too late. The International Correspondence Schools can help you to catch up with the procession.

• But don't delay! Mail the coupon *today* for full information on I. C. S. training in the field of your interests. Thousands of leaders in business and industry started just that way. It can be the beginning of *your* climb to higher pay and a more responsible position.

Special tuition rates to members of the Armed Forces. Enrollment under G.I. Bill of Rights approved for War II Veterans.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 8475-P, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Explain fully about your course marked X:

Business and Academic Courses
☐ Accounting ☐ Advertising
☐ Arithmetic ☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Business Management
☐ Certified Public Accounting
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ Federal Tax ☐ Foremanship
☐ French ☐ Good English
☐ High School ☐ Illustrating
☐ Postal Service
☐ Salesmanship ☐ Secretarial
☐ Spanish ☐ Stenography
☐ Traffic Management
Air Conditioning and Plumbing Courses
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Heating ☐ Plumbing
☐ Refrigera'n ☐ Steam Fitting
Chemistry Courses
☐ Chemical Engineering
☐ Chemistry, Analytical
☐ Chemistry, Industrial
☐ Petroleum Ref'g ☐ Plastics
☐ Pulp and Paper Making
Civil Engineering, Architectural and Mining Courses
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Architecture
☐ Civil Engin'g ☐ Coal Min'g
☐ Contracting and Building
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ Reading Structural Blueprints
☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
Communications Courses
☐ Electronics
☐ Practical Telephony
☐ Radio, Gen'l ☐ Radio Oper'g
☐ Radio Servicing
Electrical Courses
☐ Electrical Drafting
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Light & Power
☐ Practical Electrician
☐ Power House Electric
☐ Ship Electrician
Internal Combustion Engines Courses
☐ Automobile
☐ Aviation ☐ Diesel-Electric
☐ Diesel Engines
Mechanical Courses
☐ Aeronautical Engineering
☐ Aircraft Drafting
☐ Foundry Work
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Industrial Engineering
☐ Industrial Metallurgy
☐ Machine Shop
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Mold-Loft Work
☐ Patternmaking
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Sheet-Metal Drafting
☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
☐ Ship Draft'g ☐ Toolmak'g
☐ Welding—Gas & Electric
Railroad Courses
☐ Air Brake ☐ Car Inspector
☐ Diesel Locomotive
☐ Locomotive Engineer
☐ Locomotive Fireman
Steam Engineering Courses
☐ Marine Engineering
☐ Steam Electric
☐ Steam Engines
Textile Courses
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Rayon Weaving
☐ Textile Designing
☐ Woolen Manufacturing

*Name*____________________*Age*_____

*Home Address*____________________

*City*____________*State*____________

*Present Position*__________*Working Hours*____*A.M. to*____*P.M.*

Length of Service in World War II______

Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

Continued

estimates Americans are now spending $70,000,000 a day on vacationing. . . . As president of Columbia University, General Eisenhower will continue to draw his $15,000 a year as a retired five-star general.

Secret General Staff **• A new and high-powered body is quietly functioning in the conduct of U. S. foreign affairs. It is a personal General Staff that Secretary Marshall has set up in the State Department.**

It consists of five ace "career men" whose primary function is to plan and advise on policy matters. The group operates in a special telephoneless chamber adjoining Marshall's private office and furnished only with a long table and eight chairs. No papers or documents are ever left in the room overnight. Members of this crack "think" staff are:

George Keenan, 43, who has had 21 years' State Department service in Russia, Germany, and Asia.

Joseph E. Johnson, 40, authority on the United Nations and an expert on American history.

Ware Adams, 40, veteran of 17 years' diplomatic service, who served on General Eisenhower's staff at SHAEF and General Clark's staff in Vienna.

Jacques J. Reinstein, 45, economist and former assistant chief of the Foreign Funds Control and adviser to the Council of Foreign Ministers.

Carlton Savage, 44, veteran of 20 years' State Department service, who was an intimate adviser of former Secretary Cordell Hull.

John P. Davies, 38, former First Secretary of the U. S. embassies in Moscow and Chungking.

"Ferdinand" • The private car used by the President of the United States when he travels by rail is no ordinary vehicle. It is an especially made compact but luxurious suite on wheels. Built expressly for this purpose by the Association of American Railroads in 1942, the car weighs 285,000 pounds, is armor-plated, has three-inch bullet-proof windows, four bedrooms, a 12-place dining room, and a galley for the preparation of meals.

Official name of the car is "Ferdinand Magellan," after the famous Portuguese discoverer. The President's bedroom is equipped with a regular bed. The other bedrooms have the usual railroad bunks. The car also has a handsome lounge, a special rear platform for speaking purposes, radio equipment and telephone connections.

Major domo of the car is a veteran former Pullman porter, Samuel Mitchell. "Mitch" has been traveling on Presidential trains since the days of Calvin Coolidge.

A Presidential train is always a special, usually consisting of 10 or 12 cars. The Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads alternate in getting up a White House train. This was a frequent occurrence in the Roosevelt administration. The late President made 399 rail trips during his 12 years in office. So far, Truman has made only 12. Most of his traveling has been by plane.

Out on a Limb **• James O'Neill, New Hampshire, will be the next National Commander of the American Legion. . . . The price of gold will NOT be increased—despite the numerous reports to the contrary. . . . Also, White House adviser Clark Clifford will not resign this year. . . . There will be a special session of Congress in November to deal with foreign affairs. . . . The final tally will show 250,000 government employees were trimmed from the payroll as the result of Congressional budget cutting. . . . Allan Kline, Iowa, will be elected the new head of the American Farm Bureau Federation. . . . Ex-Hungarian Premier Nagy will not set up an exile regime in the United States. . . . U. S. export of wheat to Europe will be closer to 200,000,000 bushels than the 400,000,000 widely predicted. . . . Henry Wallace will resume his nationwide stumping after Labor Day.**

The "Bottle Bacillus"
(Pityrosporum ovale)
LISTERINE
It's a "MUST" with us
... Every Week!

Why thousands make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair washing:

THEY know that infectious dandruff is so common, so contagious, so troublesome, and so hard to get rid of . . . and that Listerine Antiseptic and massage is a jim-dandy precaution as well as a splendid twice-a-day treatment.

Why not guard against this objectionable condition with its ugly flakes and scales? Why not make Listerine Antiseptic a part of your regular hair-washing routine? It's easy and it's fun. So cooling, so cleansing, so refreshing . . . and it's such an effective germ-killer!

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a real antiseptic bath . . . kills the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) by millions. This ugly little customer which, many dermatologists say, is a causative agent of infectious dandruff, can't be licked by messy lotions and liquids devoid of germ-killing power.

For the sake of your scalp and the looks of your hair join the army of men and women who make Listerine Antiseptic a delightful part of their regular hair hygiene. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

A New Kind of Radio-Phonograph Console

a sensational value at $129.95*

It's new for 1948 . . . an amazing value in style, tone, performance. A stunning console cabinet of classic design in Walnut or Mahogany. Plays records with that famous Philco quick, easy-to-operate mechanism. Gives you powerful, sensitive radio reception. Rich, full tone on radio or records. Yes, it's sensational. See the Philco 1260 now at your Philco dealer.

Amazing new way to play records!

PHILCO

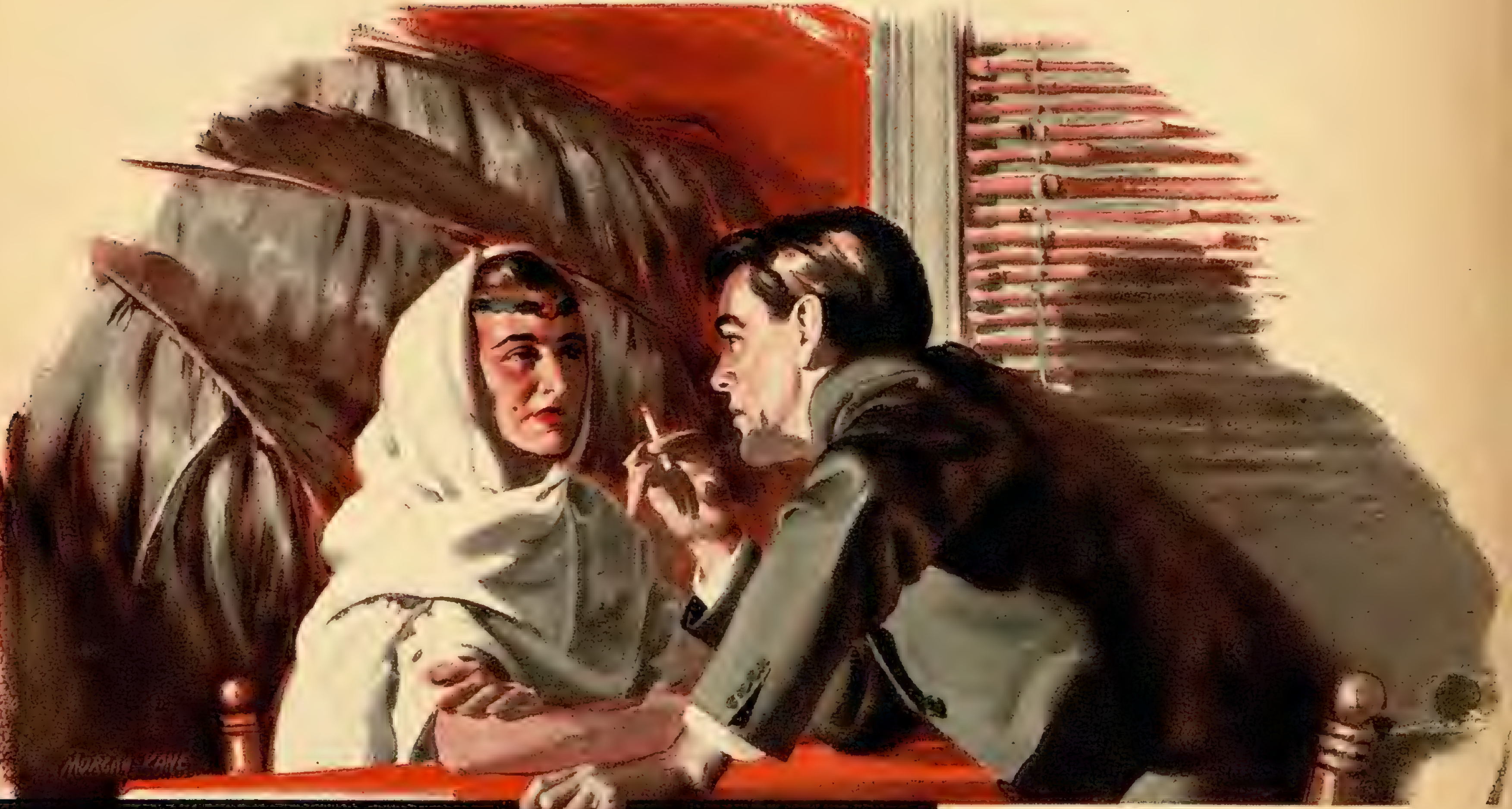
Famous for Quality the World Over

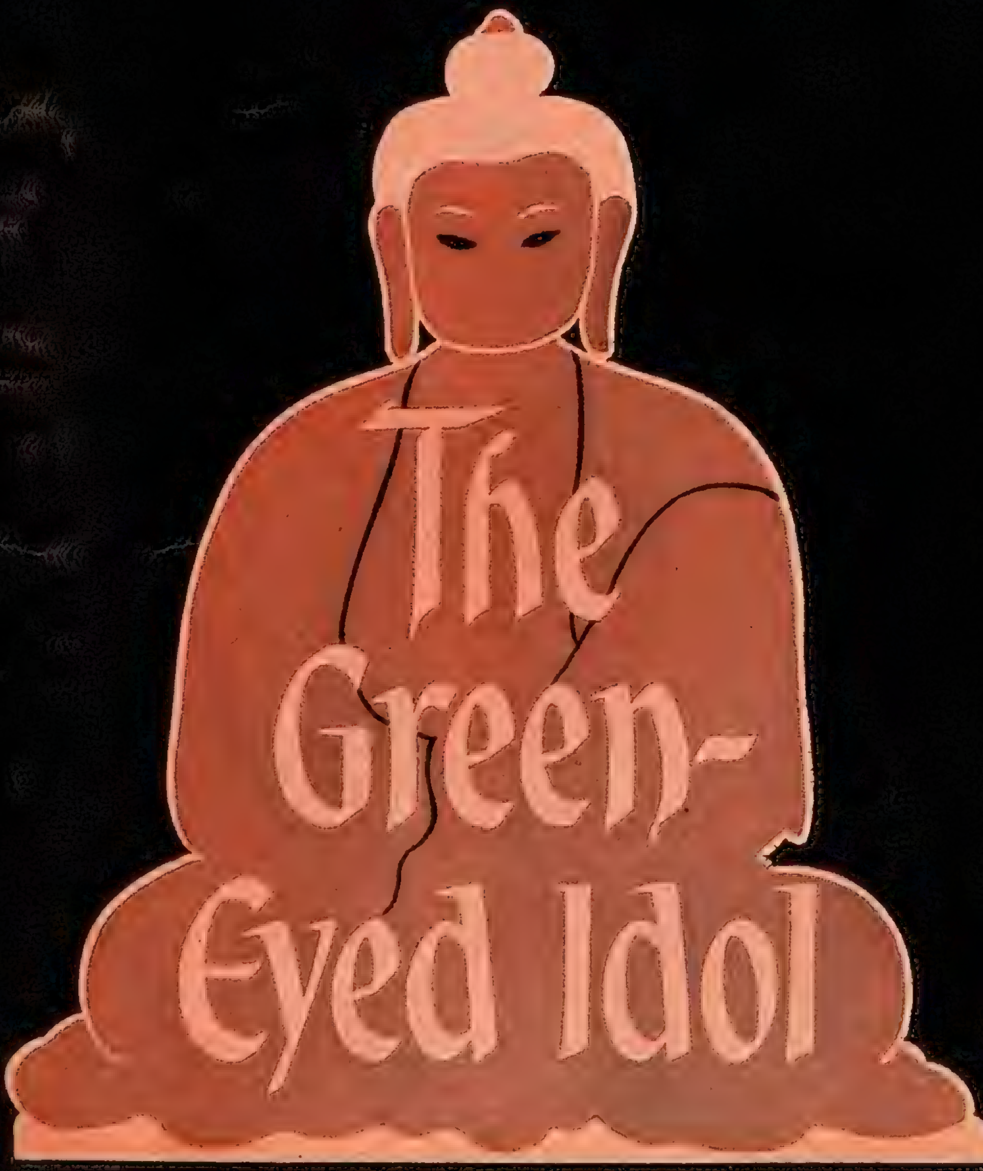
*Prices slightly higher Denver and West.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Beginning a breath-taking drama of love and revenge
against a setting of death-shadowed jungles
and the swirling black smoke of opium pipes

By
Edison
Marshall





The Green-Eyed Idol

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE

MANY times, as a boy, Charley Davis had had bad dreams, and fought out of them to a bright and hopeful reality. Last night his dreams had been exquisite, but he was returning from them now to a bitter wakening. His foul-tasting mouth and dry tongue were nothing compared to the thousand prickling thorns of his shame and self-hatred. He felt their slow, persistent torture without yet remembering their cause.

Suddenly he came wide awake. He had not the slightest doubt where he was. That faintly sweet, sickening smell alone would identify the scene. So would the carved teakwood screen, long begrimed with smoke, and the ragged faded curtains, remnant from the days that Ch'u Cheng's Smoke Palace had been a first-chop resort.

Puran, a Madrasi attendant, shuffled through the room. "Boy!" Charley called.

"Sahib!"

Sahib! What a ghastly joke, Charley thought. "What time is it?" he asked in Hindustani.

"One P.M., sahib."

"What day is it?" Charley continued his questioning.

"Monday, sahib."

From 5 P.M. Saturday until 1 P.M. Monday was forty-four hours.

"Is my money gone?"

"The sum sahib left with Mister Cheng is used up, sahib."

That meant sixty-some pipes. A heavy smoker would smoke that many every day. But Charley was not a "regular" and he was young.

"Isn't there enough left for a cup of coffee?"

"No, sahib, but Mister Cheng will send you a pot of strong tea."

Charley did not attempt to get up until the tea had taken hold. Puran helped him into his coat. The next booth was empty, Charley noticed. What was there about this particular booth? It was all-important that he remember. A woman had been in there, and during the night she had said something to someone. It had shaken him out of his dream.

May de Castro! That was the woman. A half-caste, with plenty of money, whom Charley had seen here several times, and talked to. But he could not remember what he had overheard. It might never come back until again he floated away on the Black Smoke cloud.

"WAS May de Castro in that booth last night?" he asked Puran.

"Not last night, sahib. Maybe the night before last."

Charley put on his helmet and walked out into the blazing Calcutta sunlight. The cheap hotel where he lived was only a few blocks. He met no one whom he had known before the war. As he took his key, the Eurasian clerk gave him a smile of ill-concealed contempt.

What was the use of getting angry? But he stopped, dizzy, on his way to the stairs. He had felt proud, healthy anger only the night before last. It had seized him in the profound self-oblivion and warm peace of the Black Smoke. He wanted to let it lie—for it was troublesome and dangerous. . . .

But he could not. He *must* remember. . . .

If he mused on something else, perhaps it would come into his conscious mind through a side door. He went into the hall bathroom to shave. The line was deep from nostril to lip corner, the brand of a heavy smoker; the skin yellow, with dark rings under the eyes; the pupils were pin-point.

He looked at least forty, yet tomorrow could again pass for his own age, twenty-eight. The Black Smoke smothered a man slowly; its effect on the mind—especially a white man's—was fiendish. It began by destroying his self-respect—and went on from there.

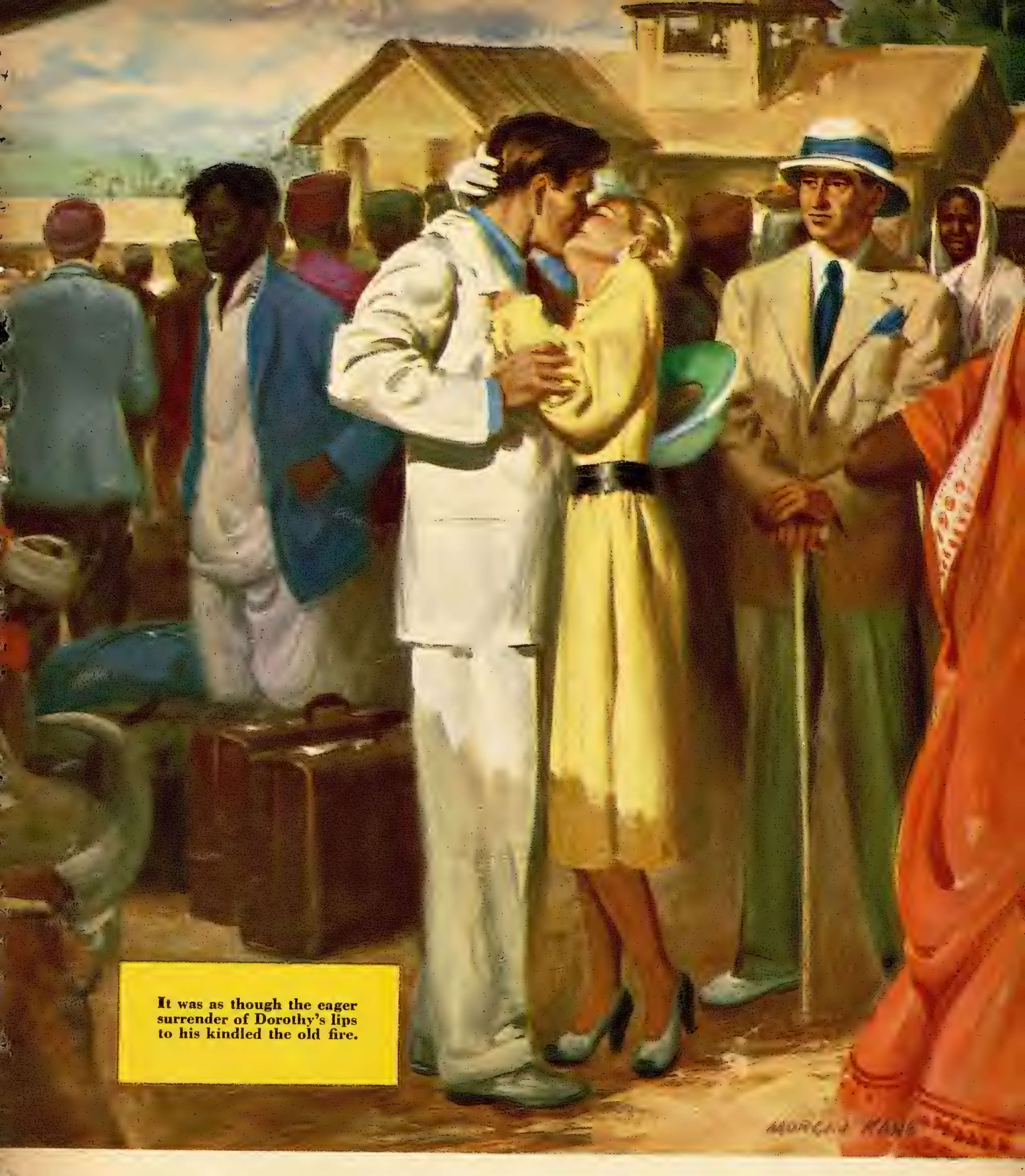
Charley had smoked his first pipe of smuggled chandoo in a Burma hospital three years before. But his wound had healed and he no longer had the excuse of pain.

Maybe he had wanted to drop out. He had hated himself for not being able to hold Dorothy. . . . Suddenly the flow of his thoughts checked—there was a voice in his inner ear.

"Every pipe smoked in eastern India . . ." May de Castro's voice!

Yet it had something to do with Dorothy, whom he had loved and lost. Since then he had lost all the rest—his place as Howard Davis' son; one job after another; the mere nerve to enter the lobby of the Great Eastern Hotel lest he meet someone from the Duars! He even looked like Howard Davis—solidly built, with a square ruddy face and good gray eyes and Welsh warmth in his sorrel hair.

Maybe if Dorothy had never met—His heart stopped beating, for again



It was as though the eager surrender of Dorothy's lips to his kindled the old fire.

May de Castro was speaking to some unknown visitor in her booth.

"Every pipe smoked in eastern India puts another anna in the pocket of John Warwick."

CHARLEY bathed, then donned a worn but decently patched and clean suit of linen and newly washed shirt and underclothes. Among his ties was one with the colors of a small but honorable public school in England. He put it on.

With some money put away before his flight to Ch'u Cheng's, he took a taxi to the hotel where May de Castro lived. She had once invited him to call. She was a tall handsome woman, somewhere on the other side of fifty, and she had smoked forty or fifty pipes a day for as long as Ch'u Cheng's oldest customers could remember.

She led him to a secluded wall table in the tearoom. Ordering a rare brand of tea for herself, she had the waiter bring Charley a glass of hot milk.

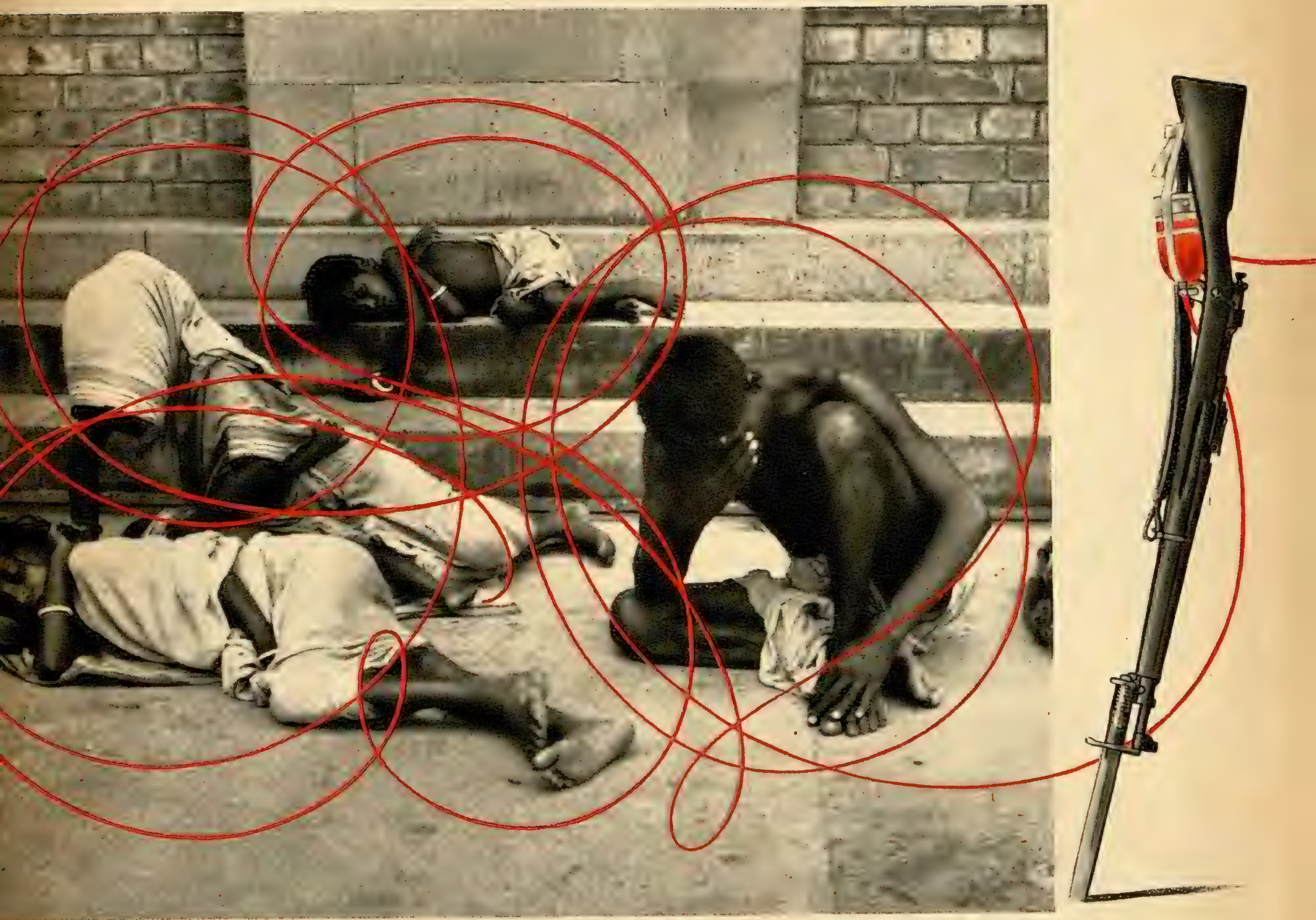
"You're not hungry, I know," she told him, "but you'll come out of it sooner with something in your stomach."

"I'm going to get down to cases," he said. "The night before last I heard you say something in your booth. You said, 'Every pipe smoked in eastern India puts another anna in the pocket of John Warwick.'"

May de Castro looked startled and amused. "You know, Charles, that's one of the queerest I ever heard."

(*Continued on page 76*)

BULLETS OF WHEAT



By GAYNOR MADDOX

READING TIME•8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

TODAY, democracy is actively fighting the spread of Communism throughout the world. This World War III is being fought with food, not bullets. Again, as in World War II, the United States is the arsenal of democracy. We have the largest wheat crop in our history, well over a billion bushels. And wheat is the greatest single factor in the battle to stop Red ideologies from spreading in Germany, the Balkans, and in Asia.

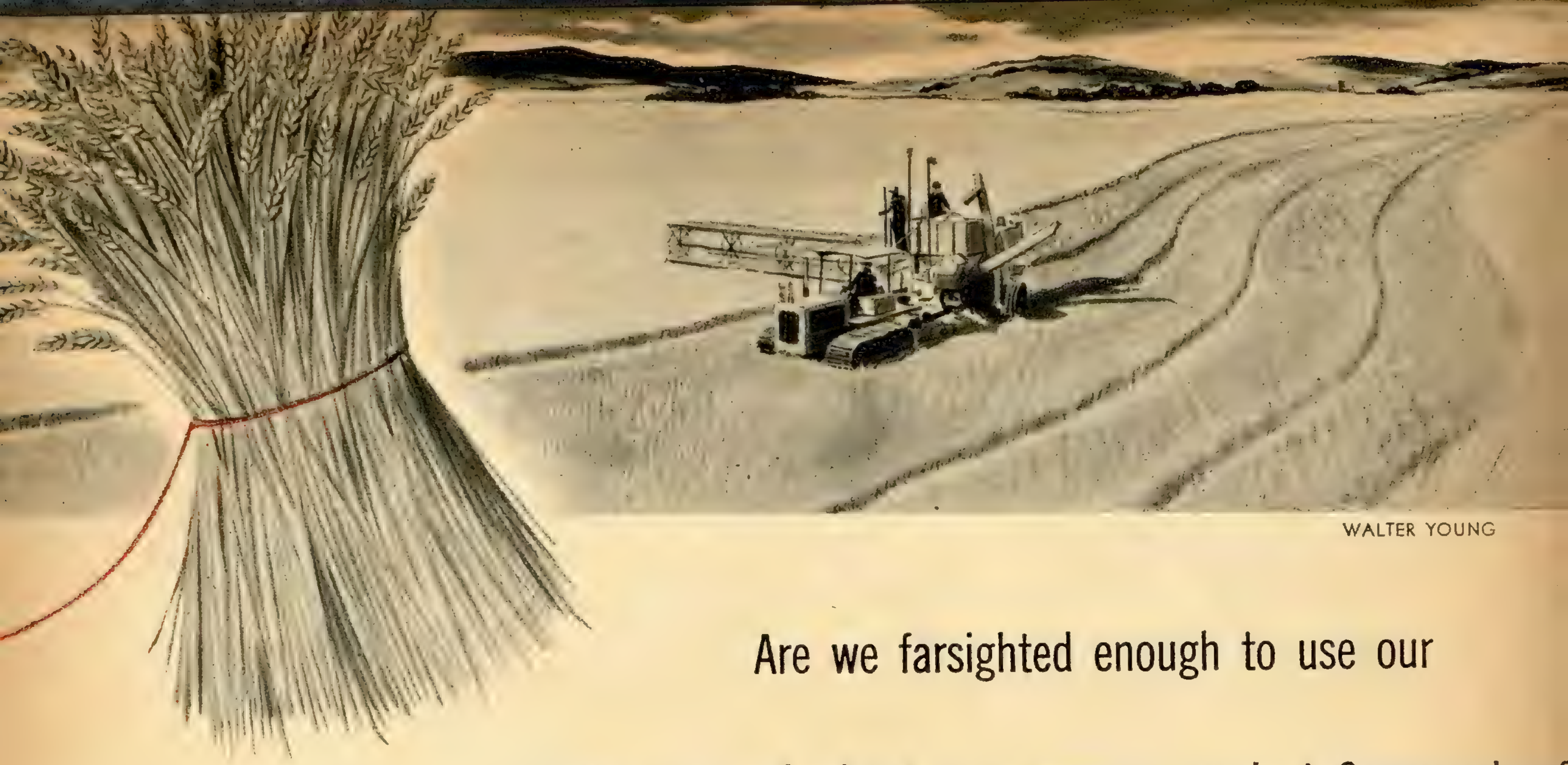
That is the simple statement of a very complicated fact. One of the complications which weakens our offensive is our fear that if we ship more food to Communist-threatened peoples, we may upset our own economy. Another factor in favor of the Reds is that throughout the entire world, transportation systems have deteriorated. To get food from surplus areas to tottering pro-democratic governments becomes a major problem.

But the most vicious of these complications is our blindness to the terrific world tension over food. We use the phrase "the iron curtain" to symbolize Red power to isolate men's minds. But there is another curtain more sinister than Russia's. It hangs around our borders and creates an optical illusion of security, although beyond our windows lie the war-made slums of Europe and Asia, with Russia crouched on the edges.

We shut out the unwelcome fact that the American way of life is in danger, not because we have too little, but too much. We must use that surplus politically. In Europe and in Asia we must get men to resist the growing lure of Communism. But men can't resist without food, and governments cannot stand unless their people are fed.

In Washington, Colonel Stanley Andrews of International Food Supply Programs, U. S. Department of Agriculture, told me there are 61 countries begging for permission to buy anything, from 100 pounds of grits to 200 or 300 tons of wheat. Not all of them are starving, but all of them are underfed. Their governments know that people have to eat to work, and if they can't work, they revolt.

The cheapest food which countries with low dollar exchange can buy is wheat or flour. It is the cheapest source of energy per dollar unit. Other grains such as corn are in this same group. We have shipped large amounts of corn. But wheat is the pin-up girl of grains in every corner of the half-starved world. People know how to use it. They like it.



WALTER YOUNG

Are we farsighted enough to use our bumper crop of wheat as a weapon against Communism

Using less bread today could mean less blood and tears tomorrow

However, the strain on world wheat supplies has become dangerous because so much of the food-producing area in China and Burma and the Philippines—once an abundant source of sugar, rice, fats, and oils—was destroyed by war.

The calories in the rice, fats, oils, and sugar not available to famine-threatened people must come out of the world's available wheat crop. That one fact alone takes much rosy significance out of our all-time high American wheat crop. Add to it the prediction by one expert that the wheat harvest will be 100,000,000 bushels short in France, 50,000,000 short in Italy, 40,000,000 in India, and 25,000,000 in England, and you have a fair idea of the situation.

So it is a race between calories and Communism, and we alone have the calories. But to get them to the front is a far different matter from counting them against the beautiful backdrop of our golden curtain. Before more of our wheat can move into battle, we face a domestic political crisis plus the prospect of some upset to our economy. Is the risk worth the price? Almost every leader in the wheat and flour industry whom I asked replied emphatically that our biggest political job today is to check the spread of Communism with food before we have to send our men and arms to do the job.

Henry Cate, executive vice-president of the Tex-O-Kan Flour Mills in Dallas, Texas, is rated as one of the three men best informed on the international significance of wheat and flour. His is a powerful voice in the industry. "Despite strong criticism, we should go right on shipping increasing amounts of food to Turkey and Greece and other parts of the world," he said. "All we can spare—yes; send it even at the expense of local shortages and higher prices. America's biggest job today is to get away from riots and revolutions and stop the spread of Communism by relieving starvation."

In Minneapolis, Harry A. Bullis, president of General Mills, believes America has entered Europe for keeps and we have to face up to the fact and pay the price for checking Red theories. "And the quicker we realize the cost and adjust to it, the sounder we'll be politically and economically," he stressed. "It is going to cost us money. I think it much wiser to warn the public of that fact and tell them the reasons than to let them go on dreaming."

We are dreaming. Far too happily. The golden curtain shuts out not only the nightmare of Europe and Asia—it is also soundproof. Too many Americans don't hear the warnings of men who know what must be done to buttress democracy in a wavering world.

IN Chicago I spent days at the Board of Trade Building—the home of the world's largest wheat exchange, in tall office buildings where crops and prices and international policy are all men talk of. Practically every important man I interviewed agreed we must fight the spread of Communism. And they are alarmed that so few Americans have snapped out of their dreaming. Here's the way they put it: Some people have faced up to the fact that we've got to fight with food. But dangerously few take time to figure the cost to themselves in terms of their own family budgets and their passion for "free enterprise."

I went out into the street to test their fear. Bill Jackson, veteran, Chicago taxi driver, was typical of those who hate Communism but think we can fight it "on the house." I asked him did he think the United States should send more wheat and flour to bolster European and Asiatic governments against Communism. "Hell, yes," he said. "Feed those hungry guys in Greece and Turkey and every other place. Then they won't fall for Red talk."

I explained what Henry Cate and Harry A. Bullis said about the cost. He disagreed angrily. "That's a lot of baloney. The newspapers say we have the biggest wheat crop in history. That adds up to a surplus, doesn't it? Send that overseas. Why should I have to pay any more for bread or pay higher taxes to fight Communism?"

Bill is confused, like millions of other Americans. They may stand behind the government's policy of fighting Communism with bread instead of bullets, but they don't realize they must pay for it through their stomachs.

Last year's crop was only a little under this year's. But over at the headquarters of the Millers National Federation, Herman Steen, vice-president and executive secretary, explained why that billion-bushel crop had almost disappeared before the new harvest started this June. Add up our own domestic need for flour, not overlooking increase in

(*Continued on page 85*)

By OLIVER WELD BAYER

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

I AM Walter Rowen. I am sitting in my room at Mrs. Foley's roominghouse, while across the hall is that menacing stranger who has just moved in. He calls himself Alvin Brace, but that is not his name. I know. He is the one who was in love with Lucille—ex-Marine Sergeant George Wyler. I recognize him from that snapshot she had. He has followed me and I am trapped. *Lucille must have told him everything* the afternoon before she died. If I should try to explain about Lucille—and the others—he'd never listen. That's why I'm writing it all down—how Lucille walked into my drab life at the museum, broke up my self-imposed exile from human companionship, and how I fell in love and married her.

From the first she made me think of my mother, who protected and comforted me as a child and read, over and over again, when I insisted, the story of Chicken Little and its shivery, terrible, delightful threat of "the sky is falling." Lucille was compassionate and understanding, too, when I confessed to her how Costy Ganger died, and my brother Gerald, and Paul, who had taken Ruth away from me. . . .

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

HER little finger rigidly crooked, Lucille picked up her cup and took a deep swallow.

"This is wonderful coffee," she said.

Hadn't she been listening? I said again, "I killed Paul."

Her clear white brow wrinkled. "You must have felt terrible, losing your best friend like that. No wonder seeing those boys playing football this afternoon upset you so much."

She held a cigarette, waiting for me to light it.

"You don't understand, do you?" I asked roughly.

She smiled. "Aren't you making something out of nothing? Everyone else said it was an accident, and here you are, after all these years, insisting you did it. You must want to suffer."

As I held the flame to her cigarette my heart felt as light as a gas-filled balloon, my hand was steady.

"Really, Walter, you've got to stop blaming yourself for accidents like that," Lucille scolded.

ONE evening not long after that, I asked Lucille about Dellwood Beach, the name stenciled on the pink pillow on her couch.

"It's an amusement park," (*Continued on page 86*)

Steadily, tension grows between Lucille and Walter as the past continues to blight their lives and foreshadows the inevitable

THE SKY WAS FALLING

HERMAN GEISEN

WILL THE BLACK DEATH STRIKE AGAIN?

Riding in the fur of rodents as far east as Kansas, bubonic plague-bearing fleas are bringing the scourge of the Middle Ages into American homes

By CONSTANCE J. FOSTER and DAVID W. WARDELL

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"THERE died about ten thousand a week for all those weeks, and the confusion among the people was inexpressible; the terror was so great that at last the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died and dropped down where they had been carrying the bodies, even at the pit-side."

In these horror-inspiring words Daniel Defoe tells of the Black Plague in London in 1665. The average reader feels comfortably removed in time and space from such ancient terrors.

It can't happen here, he thinks complacently.

But can't it? Epidemiologists wish they were sure. For years now they have watched the threat of bubonic plague creep slowly from the West Coast eastward across the United States. Public Health Service doctors admit that the Black Death is already here, established in what they call its "sylvatic" form. By that, they mean that wild rodents infected with the plague have already been found as far east as Kansas and Texas.

Here's how it happened: Between 1892 and 1902, bubonic plague, raging in China and India, killed some 12,000,000 people.

Ship-borne rats brought the disease into San Francisco in 1900, where it caused 118 known deaths

KREIS

in the next four years, and probably a great many more.

Californians congratulated themselves on having gotten rid of the plague when there were no new deaths in 1905. But in 1907, following the earthquake, more cases broke out, with 156 reported deaths. The next year a horrifying discovery was made: The flea-borne infection had become established in such wild rodents as rabbits and ground squirrels in the San Francisco Bay area.

Animals have a way of exchanging their fleas. It is this fact which accounts for our present danger. It is suspected that the fleas which carry the bacteria of the Black Death — *Pasteurella pestis* — have gradually been moving eastward from one infected rodent to another until the bacillus has become too firmly entrenched to be stamped out.

Animals infected with the common rat flea, *Xenopsylla cheopis,* have now been found in 17 states of the United States. Diseased rodents were discovered in New Mexico and Wyoming in 1934, in Nevada in 1936, in Arizona in 1938, Colorado and North Dakota in 1941, Kansas in 1945, and only last year in Texas. Admitted one U. S. Public Health Service doctor frankly: "There is no reason to assume that the infection will not spread to the rodents of the Great Plains and into the Mississippi Valley and eastern United States."

That there have been comparatively few human cases of the plague is due to the fact that, *so far,* it has been confined to the great open spaces of the West where only an occasional hunter, trapper, or camper comes in contact with a carrier.

What epidemiologists are frankly afraid of is that the wild rodents may pass the disease along to domestic rats and mice. If this ever occurred on a large scale in the vicinity of our larger towns and cities, conditions would be exceptionally ripe for a red-hot epidemic among human beings.

Can it happen here? Will the Black Death strike again? Epidemiologists believe that we will never have another outbreak like those which ravaged Europe from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries, killing half the population of England, and wiping out at least a fourth of the people on the continent.

That doesn't mean there couldn't be thousands of deaths and considerable panic before control measures got under way.

In human beings the disease takes three forms—bubonic plague, affecting the lymphatic glands and characterized by dark swelling, called bubo, of the groin or armpits; septicemic plague, which affects the circulatory system and produces skin carbuncles; and pneumonic plague, affecting the lungs. Both the septicemic and pneumonic forms are extremely difficult to diagnose.

Though an anti-plague vaccine has been developed, it gives imperfect protection and wears off in about six months.

The preferred treatment at present for plague sufferers is sulfadiazine combined with the use of antiserum, which has reduced fatalities tremendously if used promptly after a swift diagnosis. The latest good news is that streptomycin, the new antibiotic, promises to be the miracle drug in the fight against plague.

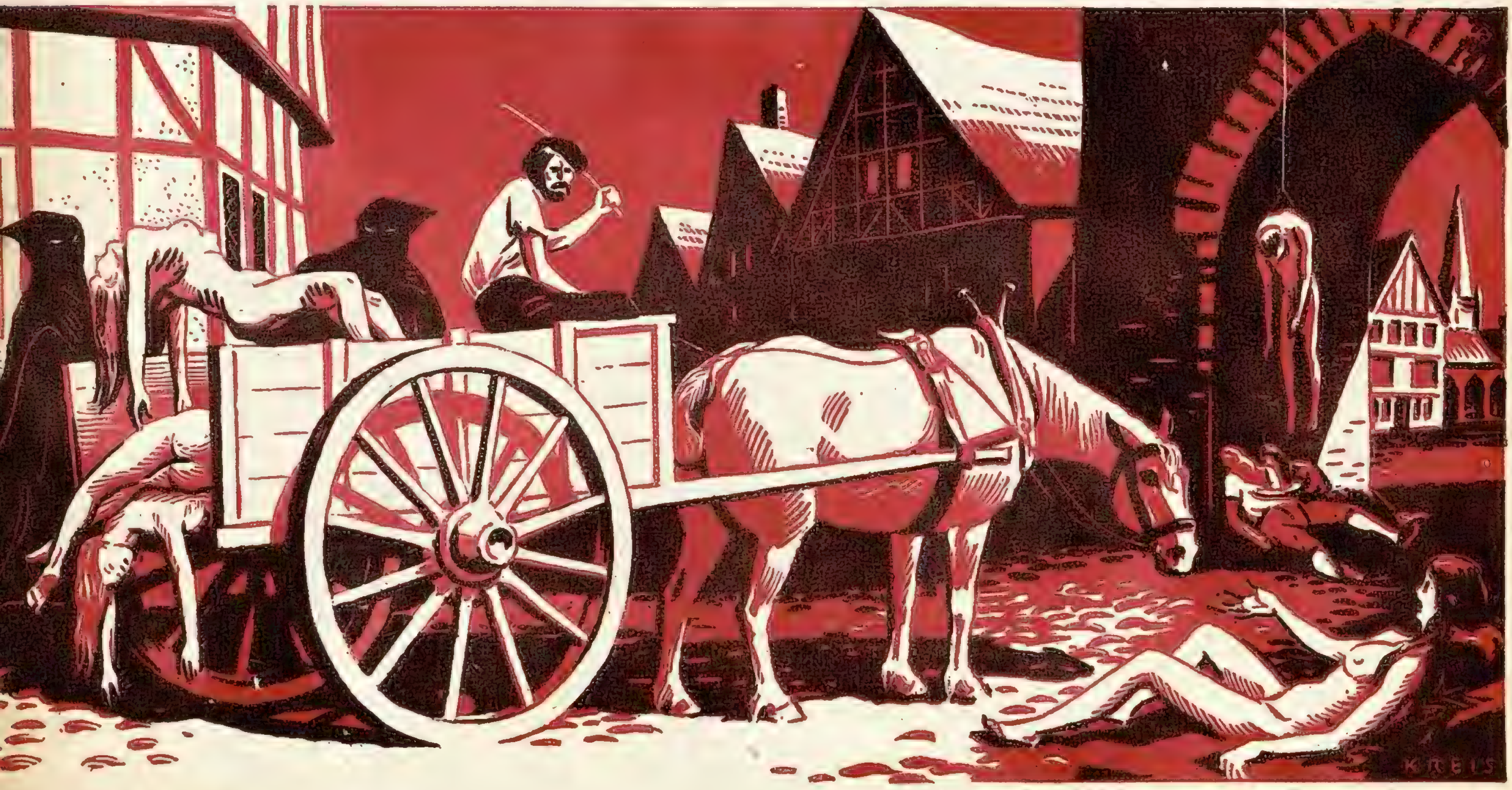
It is encouraging to know the sulfonamides are also proving valuable in preventing persons who have come in contact with pneumonic plague from contracting it. This form of plague is particularly dangerous, since it can be transmitted directly from one individual to another by sneezing, without the agency of fleas.

We can no longer think of the Black Death as an Oriental disease, or one confined to history books. At this very moment *Pasteurella pestis* is riding the backs of thousands of flea-infested animals right here in twentieth-century America.

The rat is the filthiest and most destructive creature in the world. Furthermore, he is a prolific breeder. He breeds six to ten times a year and produces an average of ten young to a litter.

But Dr. Karl F. Meyer, chief federal plague expert, stresses the fact that anti-flea measures should precede the extermination of rats, since fleas leaving dead rats constitute the greatest hazard.

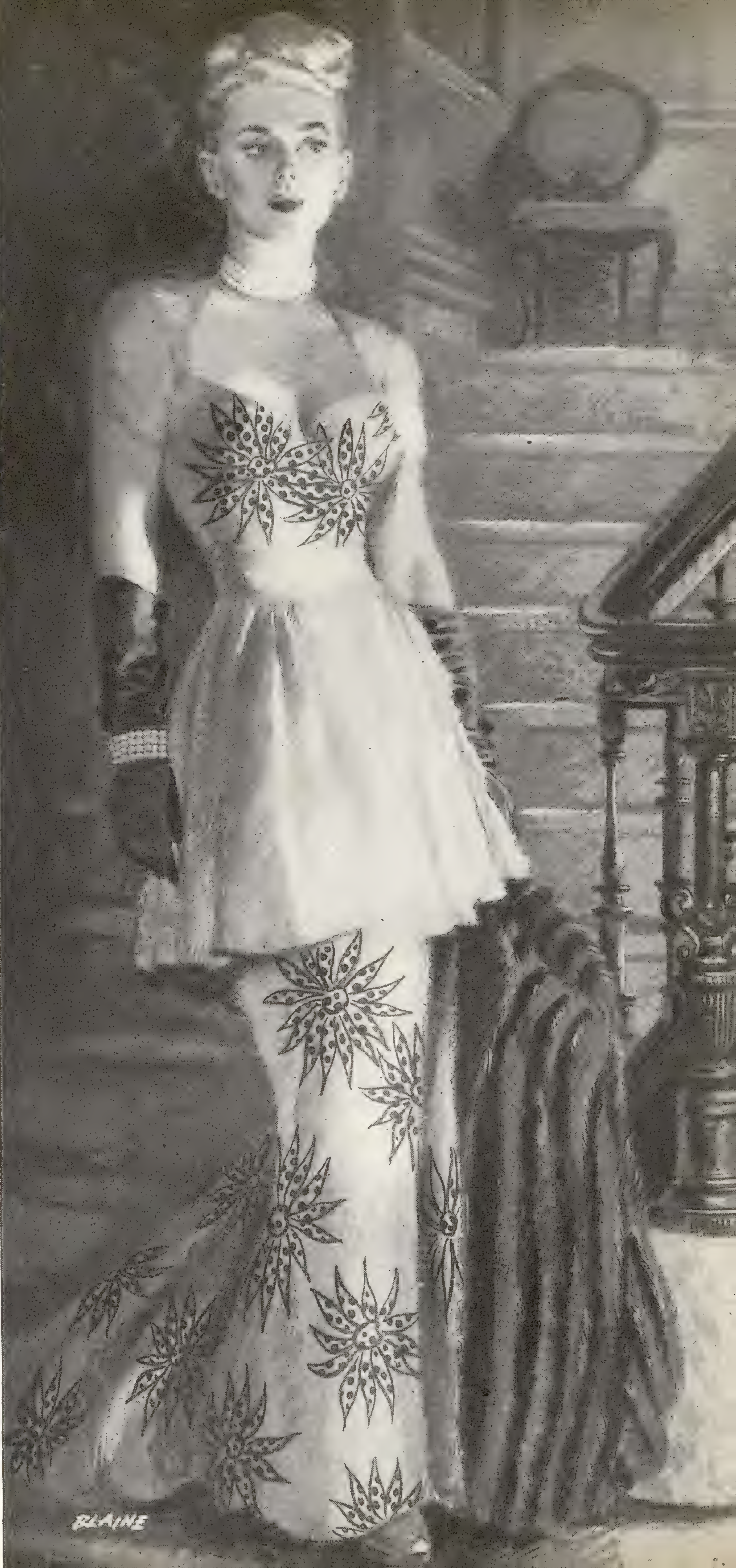
THE END



"There died about ten thousand a week . . . dead-carts . . . full of bodies . . . bodies let down out of balconies . . ."

BEAUTIFUL BUT SMART

She was a shimmering blonde knockout with cold blue eyes — and heart to match.



READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

By NEWLIN B. WILDES

WE closed the deal at about eight o'clock. We shook hands all around. It was a good deal. It meant a lot of money. For me it meant—well, you've had dreams, haven't you, about what you'd do if you hit it right? I took my dreams and went out onto Fifty-second Street. People were going places. I walked east. With my dreams. A big car swung off Madison.

It was a town car, chauffeur-driven. The chauffeur was young. He had a nasty look and he drove slowly, with his head half turned back to the girl in the back seat.

". . . and I wouldn't work for you anyway," the chauffeur was saying. "You can take this job. In my book you're—"

The car had stopped by now. It was just about ten feet ahead of me. Three steps. You do those things on impulse. I pulled the front door open.

"On your way, my friend," I said. I helped him out. Everything was breaking tonight. The chauffeur backed away. I got into the driver's seat.

"Where to, lady?" I said happily. She was really a very beautiful girl. Her cheeks were flat and white and high boned. She was made up perfectly and expensively. Her eyes were blue, and the hair that you could see was shimmering gold-blonde. Her mouth and chin were strong. Very mad at the moment. She looked at me. I looked at her.

"Well!" she said. It was a gasp. She sank back on the cushions. She gave up suddenly. She gave me a number. Park Avenue. I put the car in gear and we rolled. I caught the number.

"Good evening, Miss Vardon," the doorman said. He saw me and blinked. Miss Vardon got out.

"Arthur will take the car," she said to me. I got out. I grinned at her. "You'll come up for a cocktail," she said.

The apartment was a place. A place that you gasped at. Only one trouble: Nobody *lived* in it. The place had all the charm of a store window. The girl came back from powdering. Her dress was gray, a touch of red. It was a creation.

"I've dreamed of spots like this," I said. The girl lit a cigarette.

"Army?" she said. Her eyes were a very light blue with dark lashes.

"Marines," I said briefly. After a minute she said, "I suppose you're wondering about my chauffeur." Her face went very hard and stern. It wasn't becoming.

"I was discharging him," she said. "He was late and he hadn't cleaned the floor carpet."

One of my eyebrows went up. "That was bad," I said dryly.

"It was," she said. "He was hired to be on time—to do certain things. If he won't, he's no good to me."

I got up. "Look," I said. "My name is Jim Harper. I'm twenty-eight. I come from Kansas and I want to celebrate. I've had a big day. Will you have dinner with me—and do the town a little?"

The girl considered me. Some of the sternness faded.

"You know," she said, "I think I will. I'm Peggy Vardon," she said. It was almost an announcement. I was supposed to know. If I didn't, I was supposed to ask. So—I didn't ask her.

"I'll change," she said.

"I won't," I said cheerfully. "I'm doing my best right now. Clothes are hard to find."

SHE disappeared. I waited for an hour. It was worth it. She had on a white dinner dress, gold slippers, and a fur wrap.

"Wait up for me, Norma," she said to the maid. The maid nodded.

"We might be pretty late," I said, thinking of the maid. The girl shrugged. "She's paid to wait up." We went to a place that she chose. There was a crowd waiting.

"Stay here a second," I said. I edged up through the crowd to the headwaiter. He saw the ten dollars in my palm. "A table for two," I said. "Harper's the name." He palmed the ten. "In a few minutes," he said.

I got back to the girl. "We'll be all right," I said. We were all right, too. The crowd opened. The headwaiter came down. He actually smiled.

"I didn't see you, Miss Vardon," he said. "Your table is ready. Two?" I felt my neck getting red.

"What about my table?" I asked.

"Aren't you with Miss Vardon?" he said.

"Miss Vardon is with me," I told him. There was a hand on my arm. "Jim," she said. We went through the crowd.

We had the best table in the place. I didn't like it. It was her table, not mine. The lights were very low and she leaned toward me. "What was this big day that you've just had," she asked, "if you can tell me?"

"Well," I said, marking with a fork, "I was an engineer before the war. I got some ideas about improving heavy machinery—tractor bulldozers. I worked them out, patented them. Today I sold them. And with a job in it for me. A damn big job."

(*Continued on page 95*)

He was nice, poor fellow

Red-haired, green-eyed Deborah Kerr became a star the way it happens in the movies

Hollywood Deb

By ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

THEY'RE making a great deal of fuss out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios these days over a demure twenty-five-year-old Scottish-born actress named Deborah Kerr (pronounced "Car"). Even Louis B. Mayer, the big boss, is excited. So excited, that he has bet $3,000,000 that the red-haired, green-eyed British beauty will be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood.

Some months back Mr. Mayer and his top-drawer executives were gathered in his private projection room to see Vacation from Marriage, a pleasant little English film the studio was releasing. Toward the end of the film Mr. Mayer pointed dramatically at Deborah Kerr and said, "That girl is a star." The executives heartily agreed. Miss Kerr must be signed by Metro at once.

It wasn't so easy. She had been appearing in English films for seven years and her contract was in a worse tangle than a Balkan peace treaty. But Metro gold has a way of untangling the most difficult legal knots. Her British contract was bought off and a new one whipped up—rather fabulous, even for Hollywood. Metro will pay Deborah Kerr $3,000 a week, 52 weeks a year, for seven years, with no options. But remember, she'll have to kick a lot of it back to the U. S. government.

Mr. Mayer had a part waiting—the role of Kay in The Hucksters. This picture, adapted from Frederic Wakeman's best seller, is supposed to put Clark Gable right back up there on top of the heap, and undo the evil done him in his first postwar film, Adventure. As Kay, Deborah has to be sexy, but at the same time definitely a lady.

Mr. Mayer has always had a weakness for ladies on the screen. That well-bred strain, plus a touch of implied spirituality, pays off handsomely at the box office. He picked Greer Garson for her womanly womanliness, and she became Metro's ace drawing card. After he saw Deborah gracefully rebuff Gable's verbal pass—the first scene they shot in The Hucksters—Mr. Mayer knew he had done it again.

Deborah Kerr was born in Helensburgh, Scotland, September 30, 1921, the daughter of Arthur Kerr-Trimmer, a civil engineer. She didn't like school. "I was perfectly utterly frightful in math. If you've an artistic temperament, there's nothing in the world that will make you understand figgers." (Mr. Mayer, however, discovered her to be pretty bright at "figgers" when they discussed contracts.) She yearned to be a dancer, or an actress.

Her father died when she was 14, and she moved with her mother and brother to Alford, Sussex, and continued her education at Northumberland House School, Bristol. Her aunt, Phyllis Smale, conducted a dramatic school in Bristol, and Deborah was given two years of training there. She won a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. But when, after a year, she found herself a head taller than the other pupils (she is five feet seven inches), she decided that the ballet was not for her. At 18 she left home for London to look for an acting job.

She was lunching at the Mayfair with a girl friend one day in 1940 when producer Gabriel Pascal noticed her "spiritual" face. "He said, 'Recede sumpsing to me, sweet lady,' " says Deborah, imitating his Hungarian accent, "and I recited the first thing I could think of, which was the Lord's Prayer." Pascal promptly cast her as Jenny, the Salvation Army girl, in Major Barbara. That was her first, and last, picture for Pascal. He loaned her out to other producers for eight pictures, including Black Narcissus, the last film she did in England before taking a boat to America.

In January of 1945 Deborah joined a company in which she played opposite Stewart Granger in Gaslight, to entertain the troops in Europe.

While they were in Brussels she met Squadron Leader Anthony Charles Bartley, D.F.C., the eldest son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley.

Their marriage in November, 1945, at the fashionable St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, was a full-dress affair and drew a big house.

When they arrived in crowded Hollywood last November, the Bartleys took an eighteen months' lease on producer-writer Casey Robinson's house in a secluded canyon near Pacific Palisades. Deborah was thrilled as any suburban housewife over the washing machine, mechanical refrigerator, deep freeze, and electric stove. One of her first purchases in Hollywood was a cookbook.

DEBORAH and Gable hit it off beautifully from the start. Between takes he helped with her interminable crossword puzzles.

The Hucksters was hardly stacked away before Metro had Deborah rehearsing for If Winter Comes, opposite Walter Pidgeon. This picture is scheduled to be completed in the fall.

Deborah doesn't mind this rushing from one picture to the next. "I like acting," she says. "It's my life. And I expect to keep on acting until I drop from old age. I don't expect to be any good until I'm thirty-five. By that time I hope they will allow me to play character parts."

At first Deborah found Hollywood and its ways rather baffling. But she's getting the hang of things now. Soon after she and Tony arrived, they were invited to their first party by producer Nunnally Johnson. They walked in at the time designated on the invitation. An hour or so later the other guests arrived.

THE END

LIBERTY'S SHORT, SHORT STORY By BERNADINE KREIS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY the time he was seventeen his limp was slight, a fleeting halt in rhythm. And yet he always walked slowly, self-consciously. More from habit than necessity. There were hardly any sports he couldn't take part in now, but he felt awkward about such things.

He felt awkward at the school dances, too, afraid that his friends might suddenly feel a separating difference—might notice that girls just didn't take to "lame ducks." Even those who had learned all the steps.

But he'd gone anyway week after week because of the expression in his mother's eyes. He knew the look well—the way she suffered with each hurdle he had to take alone. "You're a good dancer, Steve," she'd said. "All you need is confidence." And he knew she was talking of more than dancing.

THERE were so many girls at the dances, and for a long time, to him, they were shadows in a magic world for which he had no key. Until one evening, as he stood on the stag line, Jeanne Travis came into deep, sharp focus. A graceful figure in a simple crisp blue dress. He knew her only slightly—a small girl, dark haired; curved, with a tiny waist and pretty legs. Fascinated, he watched her—and for weeks that was all there was to it, except the way thoughts of her flashed across his mind, no matter where he was—

The first sign of the unusual came one afternoon when he received a note from her. He found it on the hall table, neatly stamped, her name and return address written in a round-lettered hand. His heart jumped. He took the letter to his room, sat down on his bed opposite the full-length mirror to read it:

Dear Steve: The committee has assigned you as my escort next Saturday. Sounds like fun to me—does it to you?

JEANNE TRAVIS.

P.S.: I'm on the committee. You just never would cut in!

Laughing, he glanced up, and in the mirror saw something in his face that made him stop laughing and sit quite still, wondering. "Can I?" he asked himself. And laughed again, a little frightened, knowing he would go. . . .

BY Saturday night he was actually sick with fear. And yet he went anyway, forcing himself into each dreaded moment. Then suddenly, once on the dance floor, holding her, he forgot to think of the music, or that he was dancing at all.

After that first time, they fell into a pattern. He would call her and say, "This is Steve. I'm stuck with you again, I see."

"Isn't it sickening?" she would answer, her voice smiling.

They'd talk, sometimes for more than an hour, and Steve would wind up lying on his back, the receiver by his ear, grinning at the ceiling. And when he hung up, he'd walk away from the phone, tingling, wanting terribly to tell someone all about it. Sometimes he'd walk into the living room and his mother would ask, "Who on earth have you been talking to all this time?"

"Girl," he'd sigh, throwing himself on the couch.

"That's very enlightening. Not Jeanne, of course."

"Uh-uh." He'd shake his head. "Course not." He couldn't talk about it, not to anyone. Not yet.

The next weeks passed so smoothly he had scarcely any memory of them. He called her every night. Each time before he called he would be nervous, his heart hammering uncontrollably, and then, as he heard her voice, he grew calm. When the conversation was over, he would say good night almost in a whisper, and he would wait to hear the click of her phone before hanging up.

He never tried to kiss Jeanne, though he spent most of his waking hours picturing the possibility. Imagining the moment when he'd dare take her in his arms and feel the warm curve of her lips on his. Yet always, thinking about it, he would grow afraid.

Once in a while at the dances, he would stand alone, watching her, unable to force his glance anywhere else. There was something in the way she looked that brought a great lump to his throat. As she danced with someone, laughing and gay, he was jealous and afraid to break it up; he would stand there, tense, willing the boy not to hold her too close.

When he finally did cut in, he would find himself holding her laxly, in some obscure form of self-punishment. Wordless, till she asked, "What's wrong, Steve?"

"Nothing."

She would move her head from his shoulder, bending backward from the waist, and look at him, not smiling, but he knew she was ready to smile if he should.

Then he would draw her a little closer and say, "Oh—skip it—"

"Steve—Steve, you do irritate me so, sometimes. Really."

"I'm a trial to my parents, too."

Then her arm would slide about him—her warm hand resting against his neck, and he would feel a trembling at her nearness. And if a nudging fear pricked at his brain—"Steve, you're just a good old reliable. Can't you see she's practicing technique on you?" he tried to shrug it off. "When I kiss her, I'll know," he answered himself. But he evaded the test that might bring scorn or—even worse—laughter.

The kiss began to obsess him. After a dance he would ride up in the elevator with her, his heart pounding, saying to himself, "This time—" And when they reached her floor, the door would open and she would step out, turning toward him.

"Good night, Jeanne," he'd say, clenching his fists deep in his pockets. The door would close, and he would sigh with an immense relief. And, walking home, he'd call himself all kinds of coward.

UNTIL one Saturday night that started like any other. They danced, and then somehow he lost her in the crowd for a long time. When he found her, she was in an anteroom talking to a boy named Harrison. A handsome guy with the strong, sure body of an athlete. Harrison's arm was around Jeanne's shoulder and they were sipping punch and laughing.

Steve turned away, suddenly more angry than he'd ever been in his life, and yet, with the anger was a queer, twisting hurt like a pain in his chest.

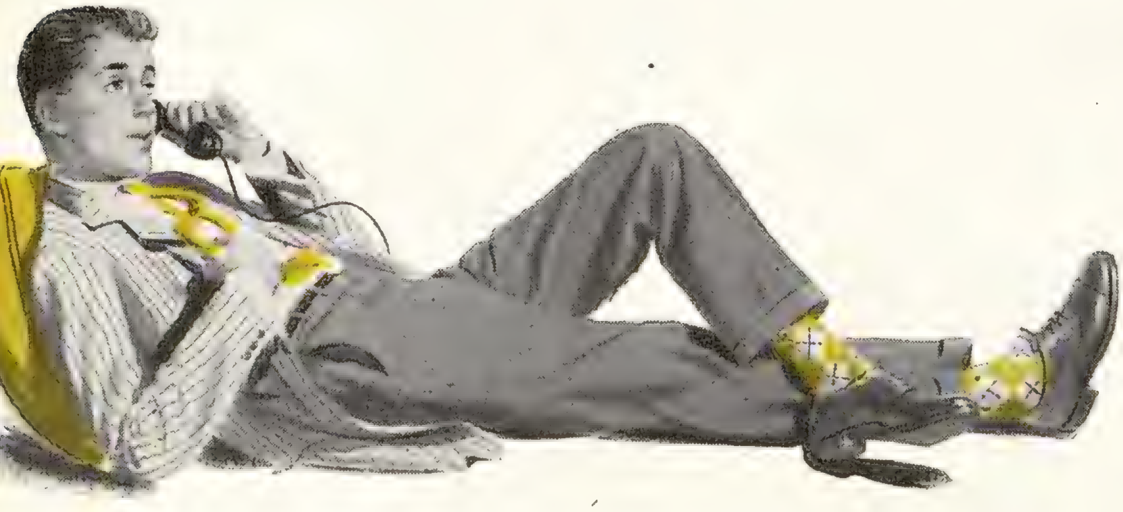
"Steve!"

He pretended not to hear and walked on, listening for her.

"Steve, where've you been?" She laid her hand on his arm.

"What's the difference where I've been?" He shook loose and turned away.

"Where are you going?"



A tender story of love's young dream and the miracle it wrought in one boy's heart

THE Kiss

"Home. Harrison can take *you*—" He glanced at her and saw her lip quivering.

"For Pete's sake, don't cry," he said roughly, then stopped. Tears were already dropping from her eyes. "Don't be a sissy," he whispered, but his own voice was choked. "Come on. Let's get out of here—"

"Let's."

They rode home in a cab, Steve holding her hand tightly all the way, both of them silent. They said nothing in the elevator, and when they reached her floor, he stepped out behind her.

He waited till the elevator started down. Then he drew her close, and it came to him that this was the end of something, and the beginning. He kissed her slowly, and looked at her again. He was waiting—but there was neither scorn nor laughter. Instead—

"Steve—oh, Steve," she said, her eyes deeply serious. "I was only trying to make you jealous—"

"Gee, you're—you're sweet," he said.

"Oh?" she smiled.

"Just thought I'd tell you."

"Tell me something else—"

"Like what?" he teased, because at this moment he didn't feel awkward any more.

"Do you—do you—"

"I do," he said, not yet able to handle the words. "Shall I call you—tomorrow, let's say?"

She nodded. "Night, Steve—"

"Good night, funny-face—"

OUTSIDE, the night had grown cold. He crossed the street and stood looking up at Jeanne's window. The light was on, the curtains drawn. For a long time he stood there gazing at the single window, remembering everything. Suddenly he smiled, and a sense of well-being eased through his body. He took out a handkerchief, wiped Jeanne's lipstick from his mouth, and folded the memory carefully into his breast pocket.

Whistling, he turned, and with sure, quick strides struck out for home.

THE END

YOUR FORTUNE 1¢
GRESSLEY

HOW TO SELL YOURSELF

The world will give you anything you want—if you know the right word

By ELMER WHEELER as told to John D. Murphy

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

WHAT do you want from life? Love? Happiness? Friends? A better job? Better co-operation from employees or from relatives?

Whatever it is you want, your chances of getting it depend upon how good a salesman you are.

Charles M. Schwab was certainly right when he said, "We are all salesmen, every day of our lives. We are selling our ideas, our plans, our energies, our enthusiasms to those with whom we come in contact."

Basically, people are just so many products. Some are "best sellers" and others are "shelf warmers." In my 17 years of dealing with the heads of the biggest business concerns in the United States and Canada, I have observed that the big difference in the winners and the losers in the game of life is that the winners know how to sell themselves. They sizzle. But the losers fizzle.

In any situation where you want to get another person to do what you want done there is a hidden sizzle. And in every personality there is a sizzle. Let me explain to you about these sizzles:

When you go into a restaurant and see the waiter go by with a steak sizzling on the platter, it makes your mouth water. Your stomach starts secreting digestive juices for that steak. You can see it sizzling, hear it sizzling, and it excites your imagination.

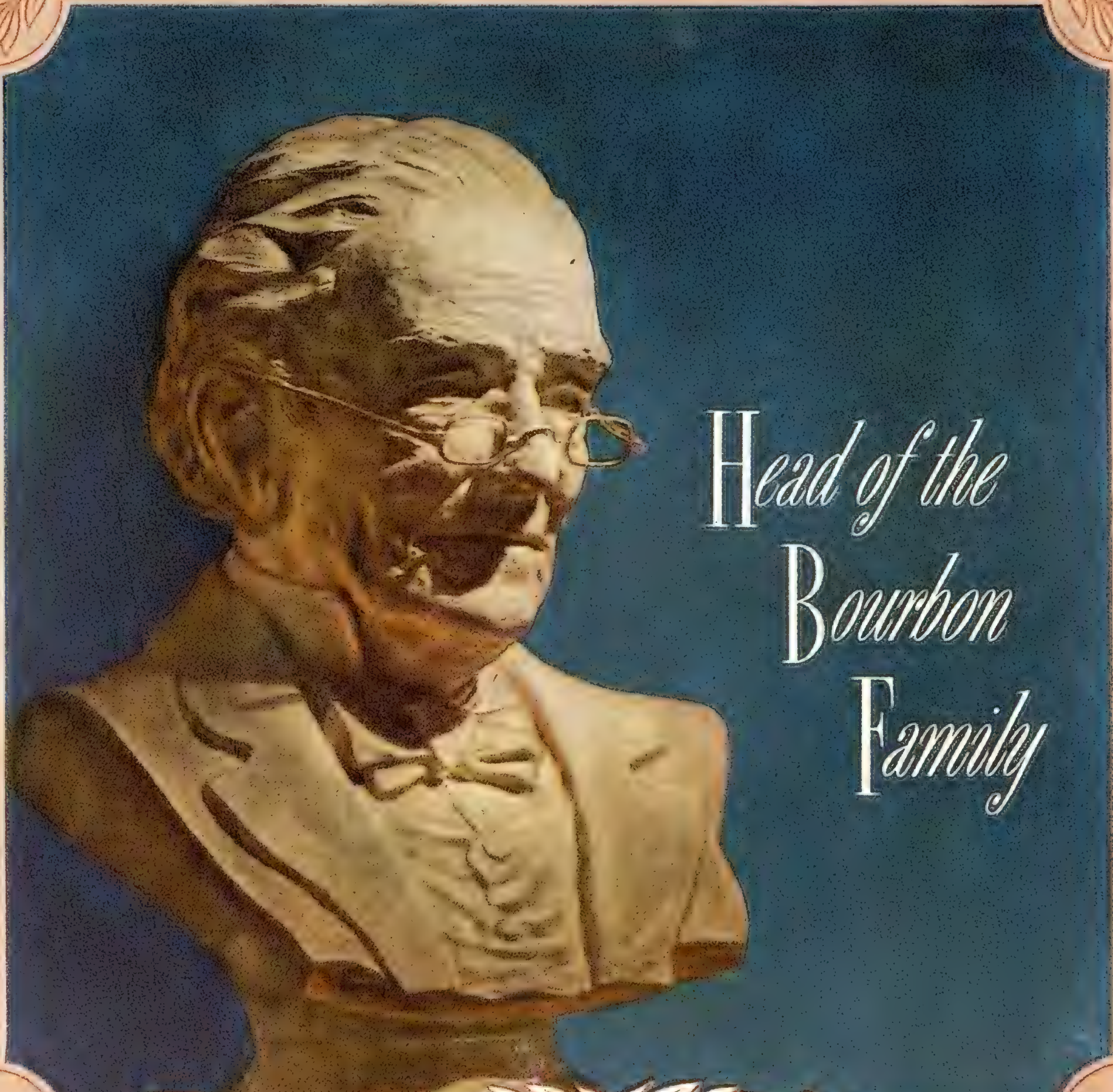
This is the basis for our motto, "It's the Sizzle that Sells the Steak—Not the Cow."

Every piece of merchandise, and every human situation, has its sizzle. When you learn to spot these sizzles, you've learned the secret of putting yourself across in any situation.

I first got the idea for "sizzlemanship" back in 1927 when I was an ad salesman on the Baltimore News, and one of our advertisers, the May Company, complained that my ads weren't getting enough business. So I made a trip to the store and found it full of people.

"But none of them are buying," wailed Mr. May. "They just come in and look."

(*Continued on page 100*)


Head of the
Bourbon
Family

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

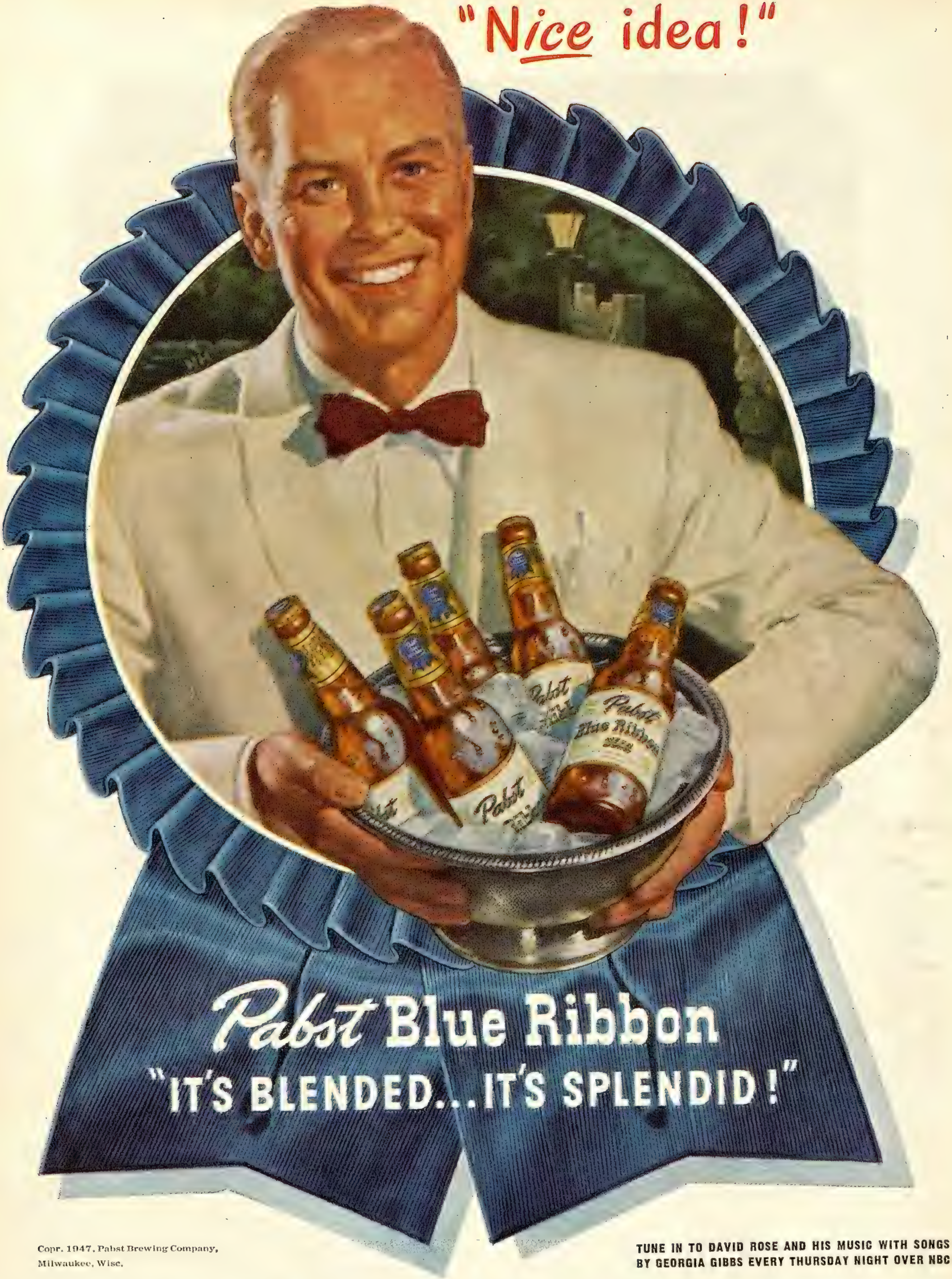
100
Proof

OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Every glorious drop of Old Grand-Dad more than fulfills the promise of mellow goodness implied by its lustrous amber color. For here is a grand Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey whose reputation has been gained solely on its distinctively fine qualities — qualities which have won it a proud place at the Head of the Bourbon Family.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York


"Nice idea!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED... IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

EYE-INTEREST

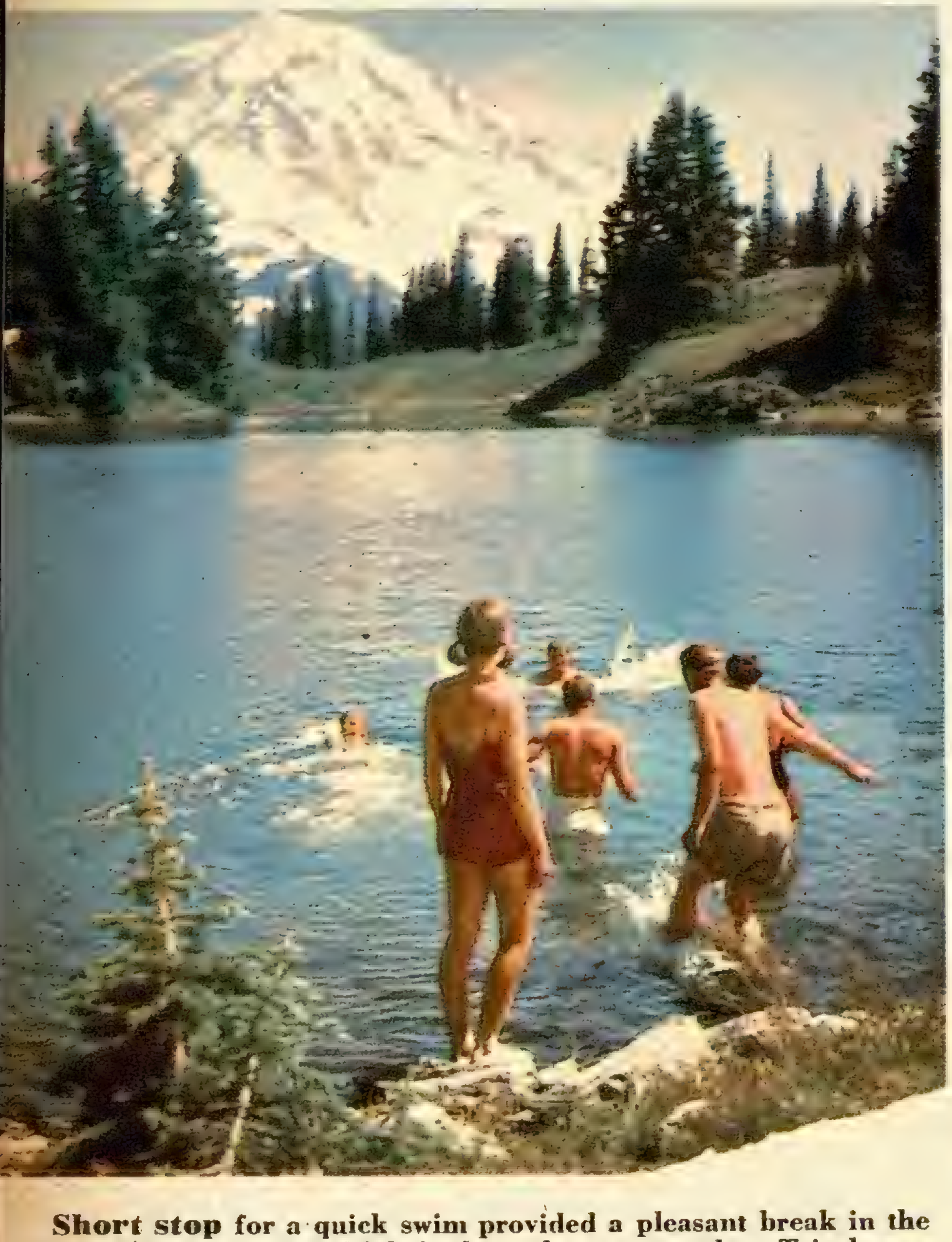
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

Conquering Mount Rainier

Seattle glamor girls and grandmas climb with hardy men to 14,408-foot peak

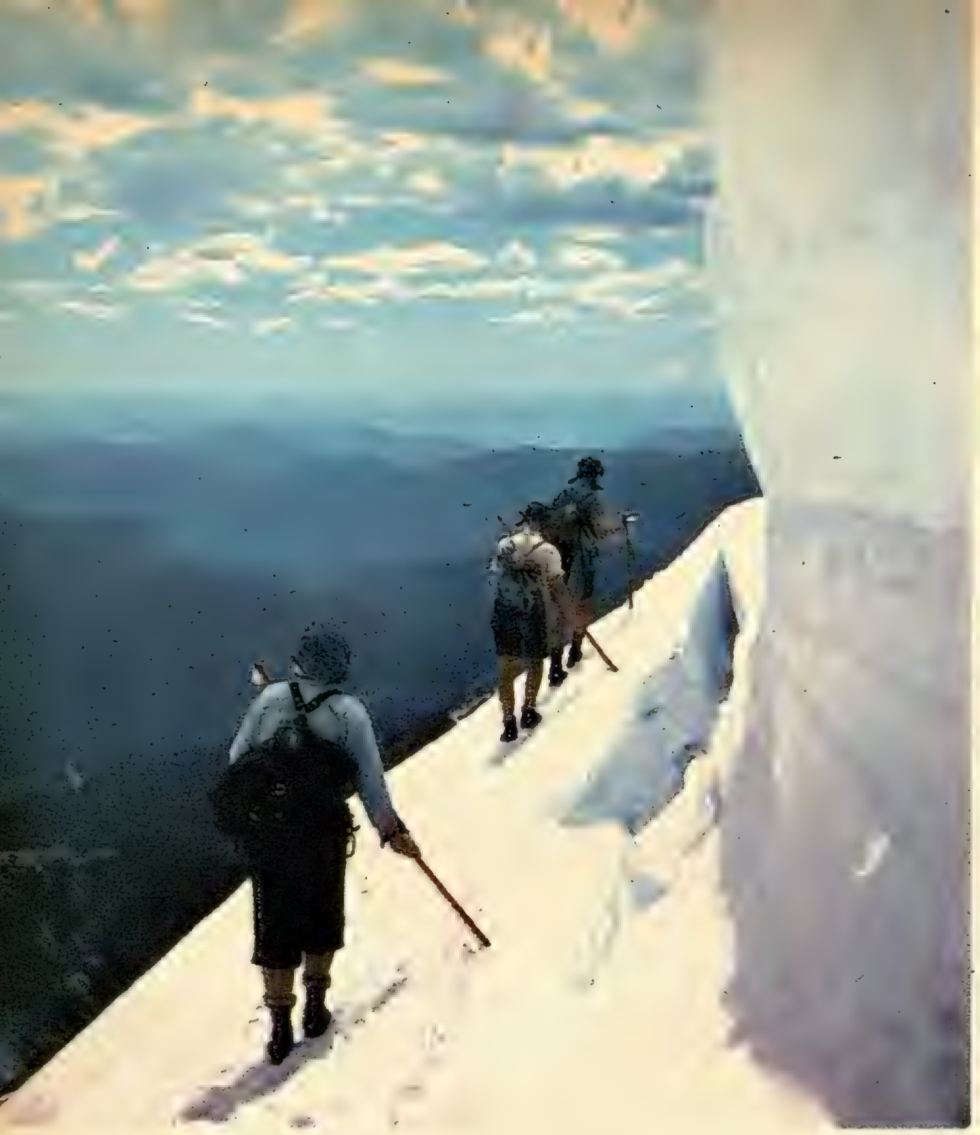
The Seattle Mountaineers, the Northwest's largest climbing club (300), recently took a trip to Mount Rainier (14,408 feet). Here a member looks to his boots before the big climb.

Head cook Harry Foster performs miracles on camp stoves for the hungry climbers. He fed 100 people on three-week jaunt to Rainier. Forty horses carried the commissary and equipment.



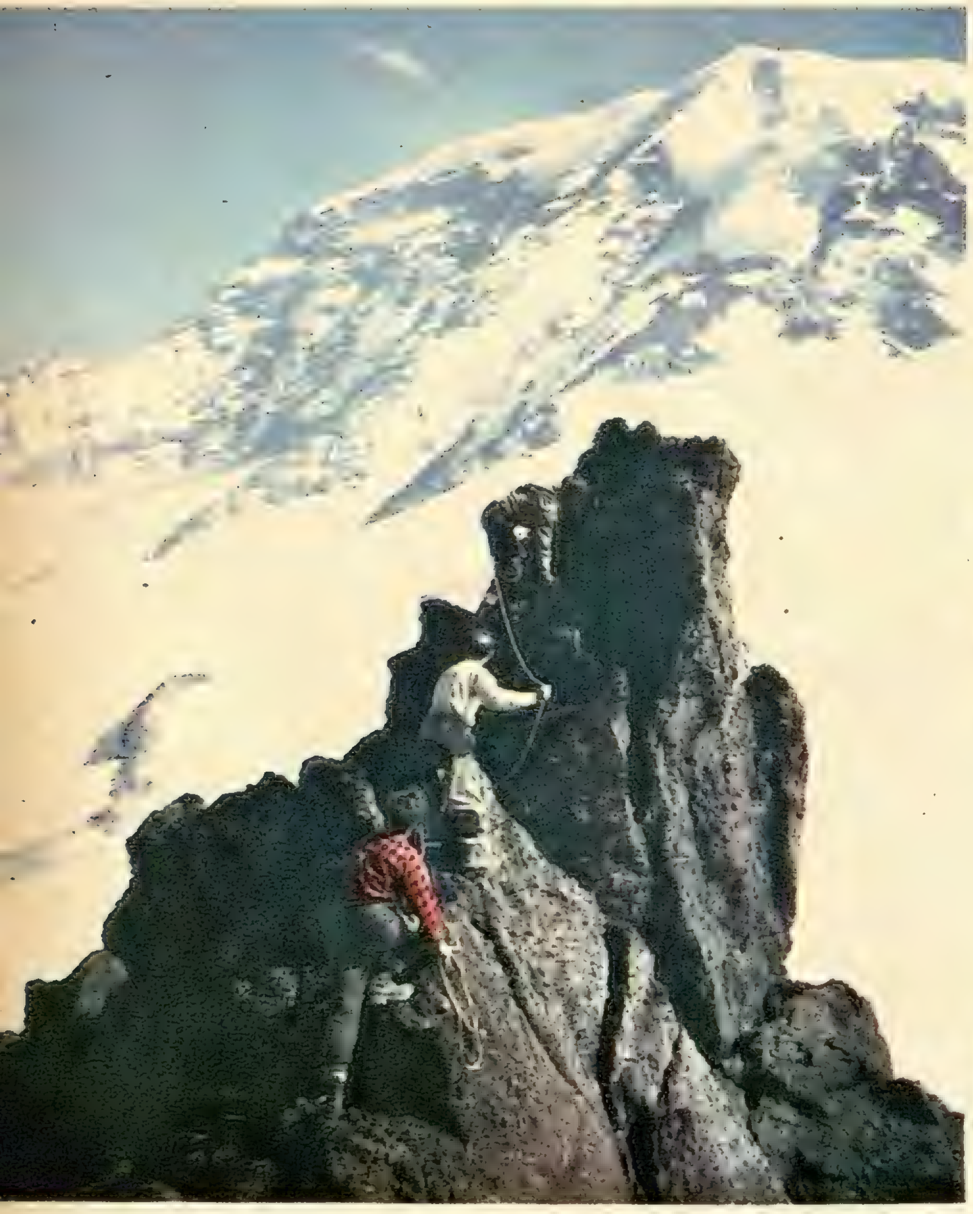
Short stop for a quick swim provided a pleasant break in the routine. Snow covered lake's shore, but sun was hot. Trip began Friday. Saturday, members were enjoying view from summit.

Brief climb from the lake brings group to ice again. Climbers keep their faces covered with oil to avoid sun and wind burn. Mountaineers must inch along during last stretch of the ascent.



Four men on a rope is the quota as members climb icy slopes. Crampons, sharp irons on shoes, are worn on ice. Actually 55 of the mountaineers succeeded in scaling Rainier's highest peak.

Songfest around the campfire was a nightly occurrence, even though camp sites varied from sheltered woods to open plateau. Of Seattle club's membership, many are grannies and teen-agers.

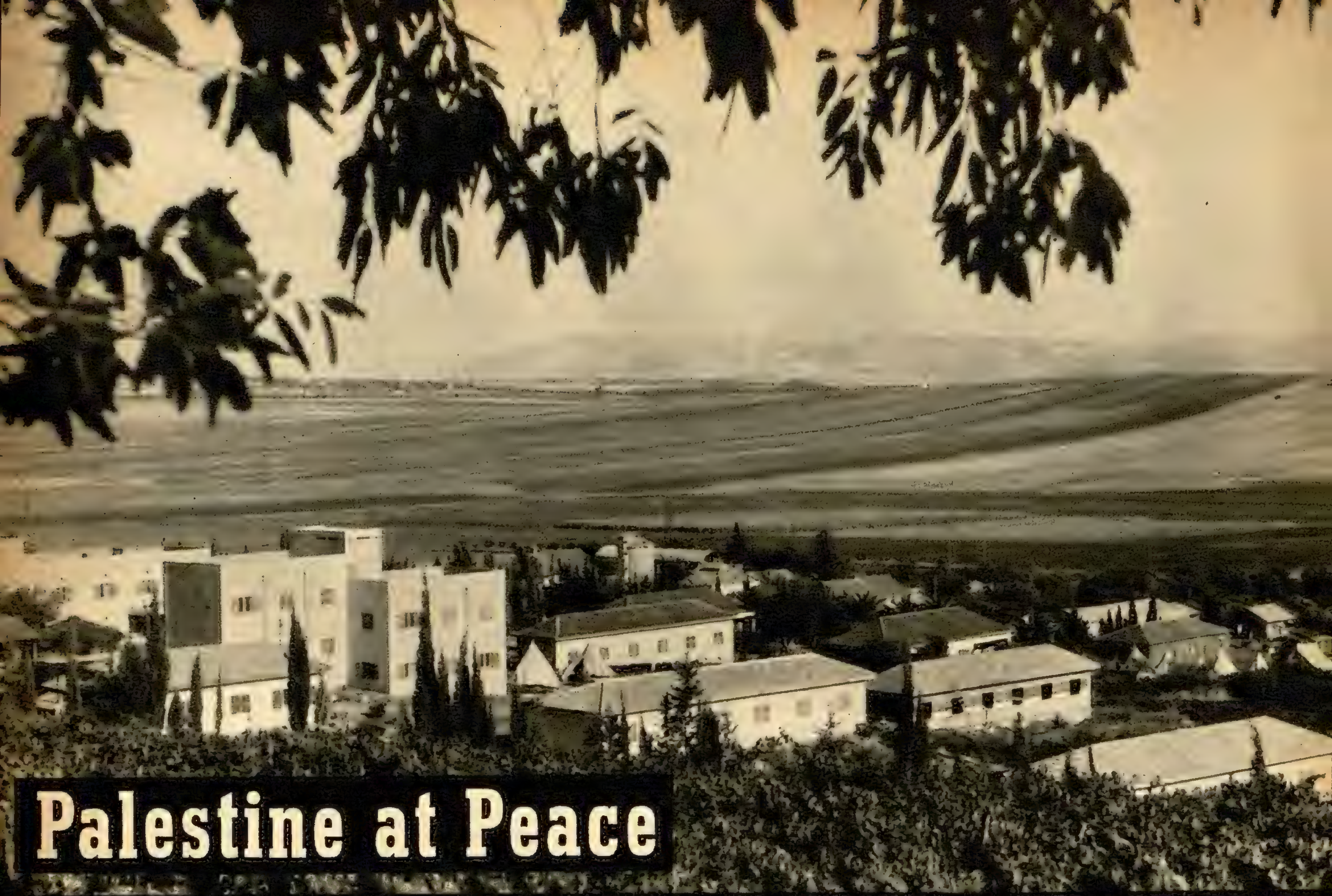


Practicing on Echo Rock, group executes a "shoulder belay," with a rope looped over the leader's shoulder and pulled taut. A lot depends on experience and cool-headedness of the leader.

PHOTOS BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

Rarefied atmosphere made the going slow near summit. Frequent stops had to be made as hardy climbers finally drew near their lofty goal. This fellow checks his gear before the final climb.

Palestine at Peace



Jew and Arab, when let alone, live in peace in such California-like communities as Ginegar in Jordan Valley. Co-operatives flourish in big settlements like Ginegar.

Ruth, just in from Europe, doing a stint behind a plow.

Jewish workers tilling the soil pause for a friendly word of greeting with an Arab passer-by.

NOT all Palestine is in a state of unrest. Thousands of Palestinians have peace and freedom in co-operative settlements. Members of a co-op town join of their own free will and are at liberty to leave at

PHOTOS BY HEBERT S. SONNENFELD

They hit it off, even though German war orphan (right) speaks only German, pals only Hebrew.

Waiting bench at Jewish hospital. All receive treatment alike. Labor union runs the hospital.

Communal living is well rooted in Palestine. Here a class studies outdoors in a co-op town.

any time. The idea of co-operative settlements originated with the first Jewish settlers as a means of protection from nomadic Arab tribes and for economic reasons. Housing, food, etc., are on a communal basis.

Once arid Palestine now has water for swimming pools.

Water is even plentiful enough for bathing such as this.

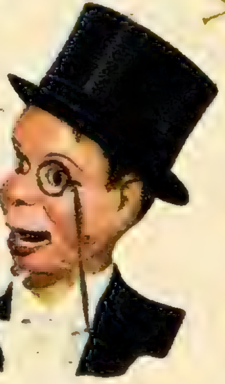
Jewish settlement police at Kfar Giladi gate entrance.

JUST IMAGINE! See them all together in one hilarious full-length picture!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy...
Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd...
Donald Duck...plus three rollicking
new Disney characters...*all together*
in one of the funniest feature-length
pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed)
Snerd vs. *Donald* (The Temper)
Duck. Timber-r-r-r!

There's *Mickey Mouse* in
his most hair-raising
adventure.



There's radio's favorite
blockhead — *Charlie*
(I'll mow 'em down)
McCarthy.

There's *Bongo*, the famous
circus bear who wants to
get away from it all...

...and little *Lulubelle*,
who causes *Bongo* plenty
of heartaches.

Walt Disney's

FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

"Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN – DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR

There's the *only Goofy*, who
is more confused
than ever.

There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's
full of fun—and fancy free.

Parade of hit songs

"Fun and Fancy Free"
"Lazy Countryside"
"Too Good To Be True"
"Say It With a Slap"
and others you'll be
humming soon.

EDGAR BERGEN
in the flesh with his radio
pals *Charlie McCarthy*
and *Mortimer Snerd.*

DINAH SHORE
singing and narrating the
tuneful story of *Bongo*—
the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant

Released through RKO Radio Pictures ©WDP

All these songs and more, too, will be played by MUZAK on Oct. 9th.

Driven from the woman he loves, Charley Davis (John Garfield) goes to the other woman in his life—Alice (Hazel Brooks), torch singer in a night club.

Liberty picks Movies eligible for top honors

Body and Soul

JOHN GARFIELD'S Body and Soul is everybody's idea of a great motion picture. Made by Enterprise Studios, Body and Soul is a real American film with action and fine performances by John, Lilli Palmer, Bill (The Killers) Conrad, Ann Revere, Canada Lee, and introducing a new sexy discovery, Hazel Brooks. The title is taken from Johnny Green's perennially popular torch song and, as the musical theme, it is good to report that this song is better than ever. The story is of Charlie Davis, who lives on New York's East Side until he finds that his fists can earn money. Charlie meets and falls in love with artist Peg. On the way up the ring ladder he meets manager Quinn, promoter Roberts, and Alice.

The two fights have screen realism not seen since the great "Patent Leather Kid." Charlie's determination leads to an estrangement with his mother and Peg and into the arms of Alice. The second and equally exciting ring sequence ends with Charlie's determination to return to Peg and the good life.

Double-crossed, Charley determines to fight to win. Suddenly he deliv

Crossfire

Finlay questions Monty, aided by Keeley, who is trying to help Mitch; is told Mitch left Samuels' place, intending to come back.

FROM the suspense-filled opening shot of a brutal beating to the final tense trapping of a murderer, Crossfire is easily one of the best motion pictures to come down the cluttered movie pike in many a day. "Best" not only for the tight, expert writing that chronicles a crime so vividly; "best" also for its courageous explanation of the murderer's motive. Racial and religious intolerance is a problem that has occupied the attention of some of the country's top writers in the last year. Now RKO becomes the first studio to bring a clear and horrifying picture of a bigot to the screen. Ex-soldier Montgomery (expertly played by Robert Ryan) hates Jews. There is no reason, no logic, behind his twisted thoughts. But when he meets Joseph Samuels (Sam Levene) in a bar, he automatically hates him.

The hate turns to murder. Monty spins a clever web of lies, attempting to clear himself by incriminating one of his buddies. Only through the painstaking unraveling of that web by detective captain Finlay (Robert Young, chalking up a performance that ranks with the screen's finest) is the real killer brought to justice. It's a tribute to director Edward Dmytryk that the picture never preaches at the audience as it so easily might have done. For all its moral, it still is a mystery that is as terse as its title, Crossfire.

Hate leads Monty to murder.

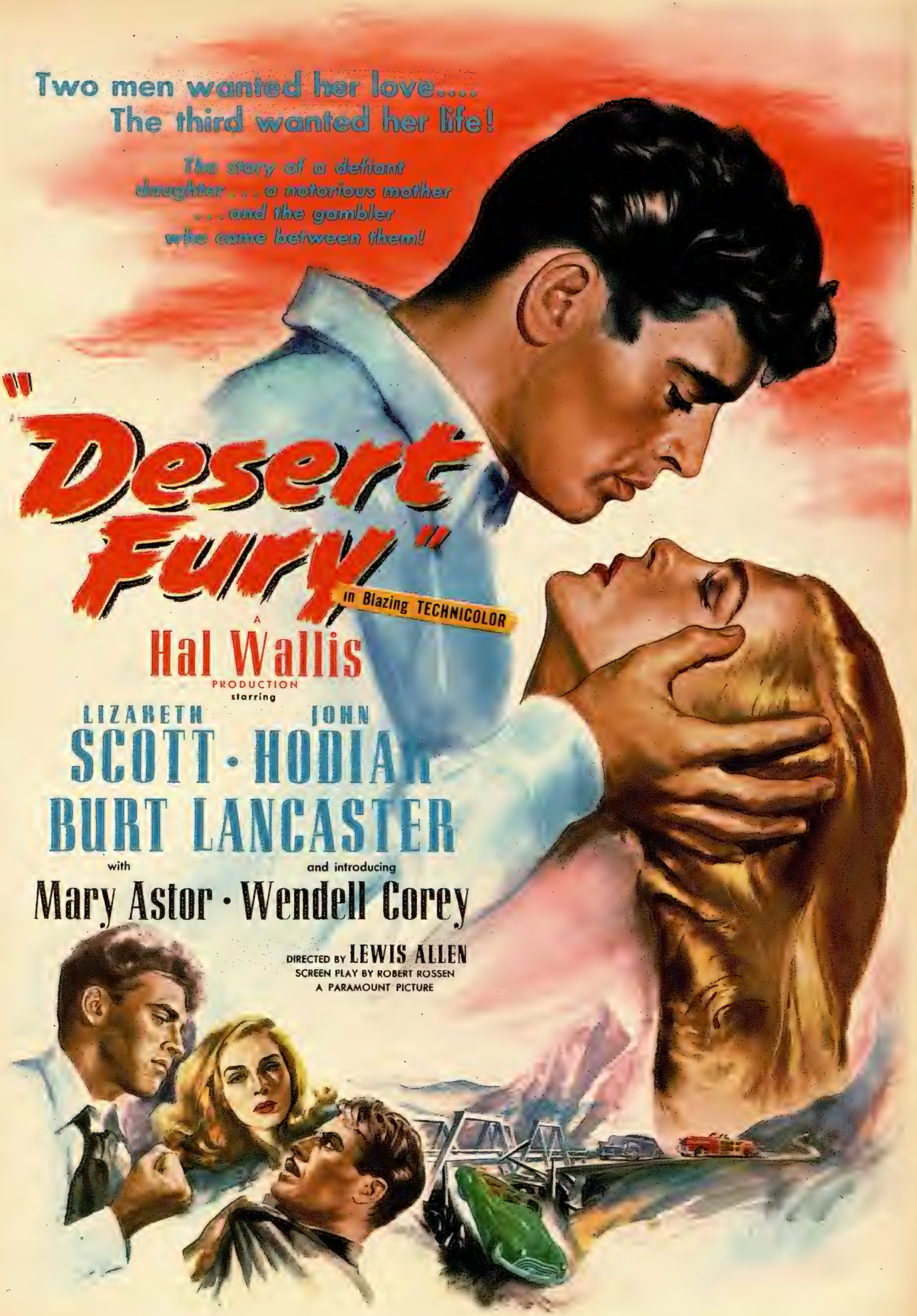
Mitch, fleeing, meets Ginny.

Monty pursues his second victim.

Ginny questioned in the man hunt.

Monty is trapped by false story.

Game up, he tries to escape.



Two men wanted her love....
The third wanted her life!

The story of a defiant daughter . . . a notorious mother . . . and the gambler who came between them!

"Desert Fury"

in Blazing TECHNICOLOR

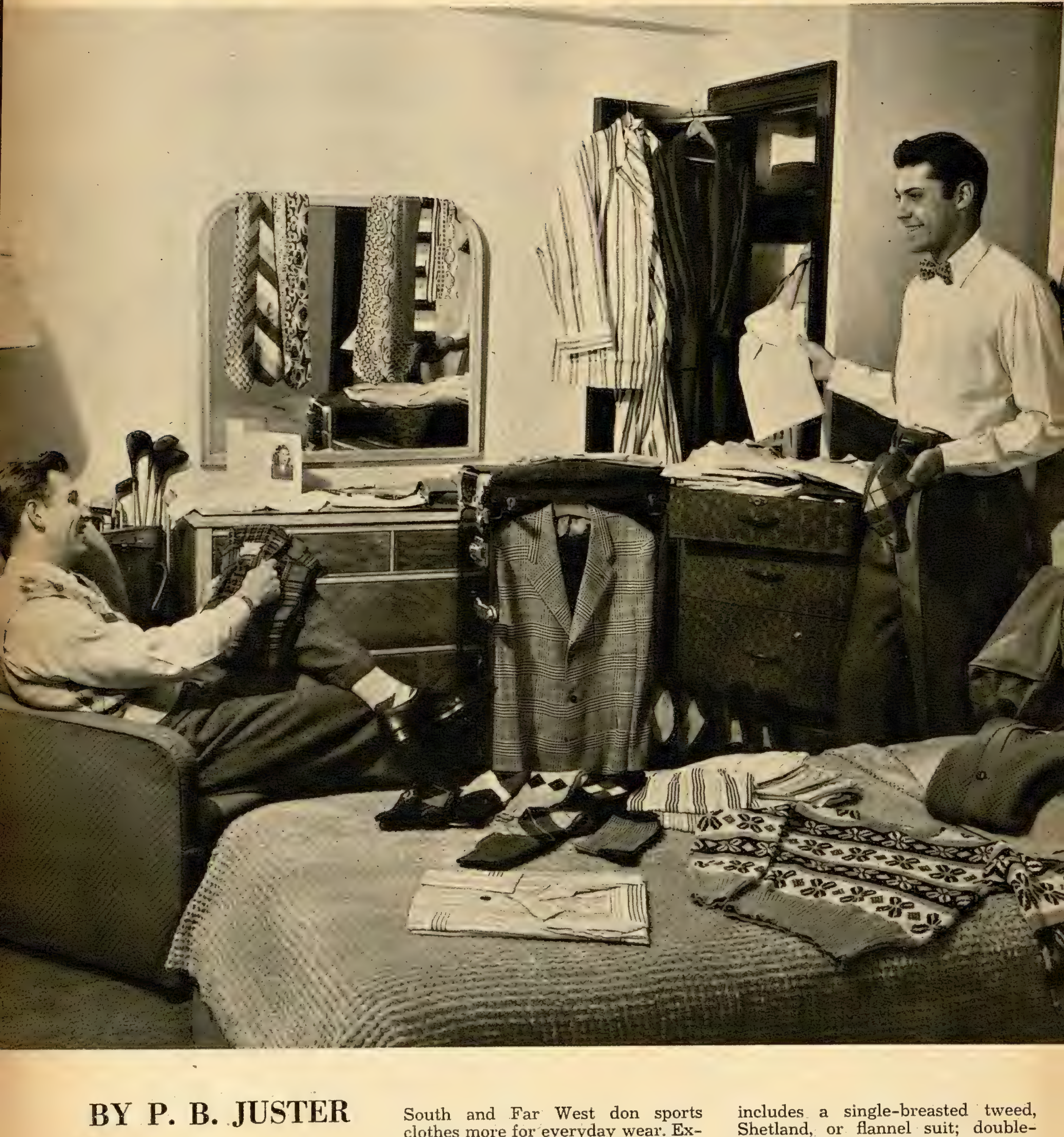
A
Hal Wallis
PRODUCTION
starring

LIZABETH
SCOTT · JOHN
HODIAK
BURT LANCASTER

with
Mary Astor · and introducing
Wendell Corey

DIRECTED BY **LEWIS ALLEN**
SCREEN PLAY BY ROBERT ROSSEN
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

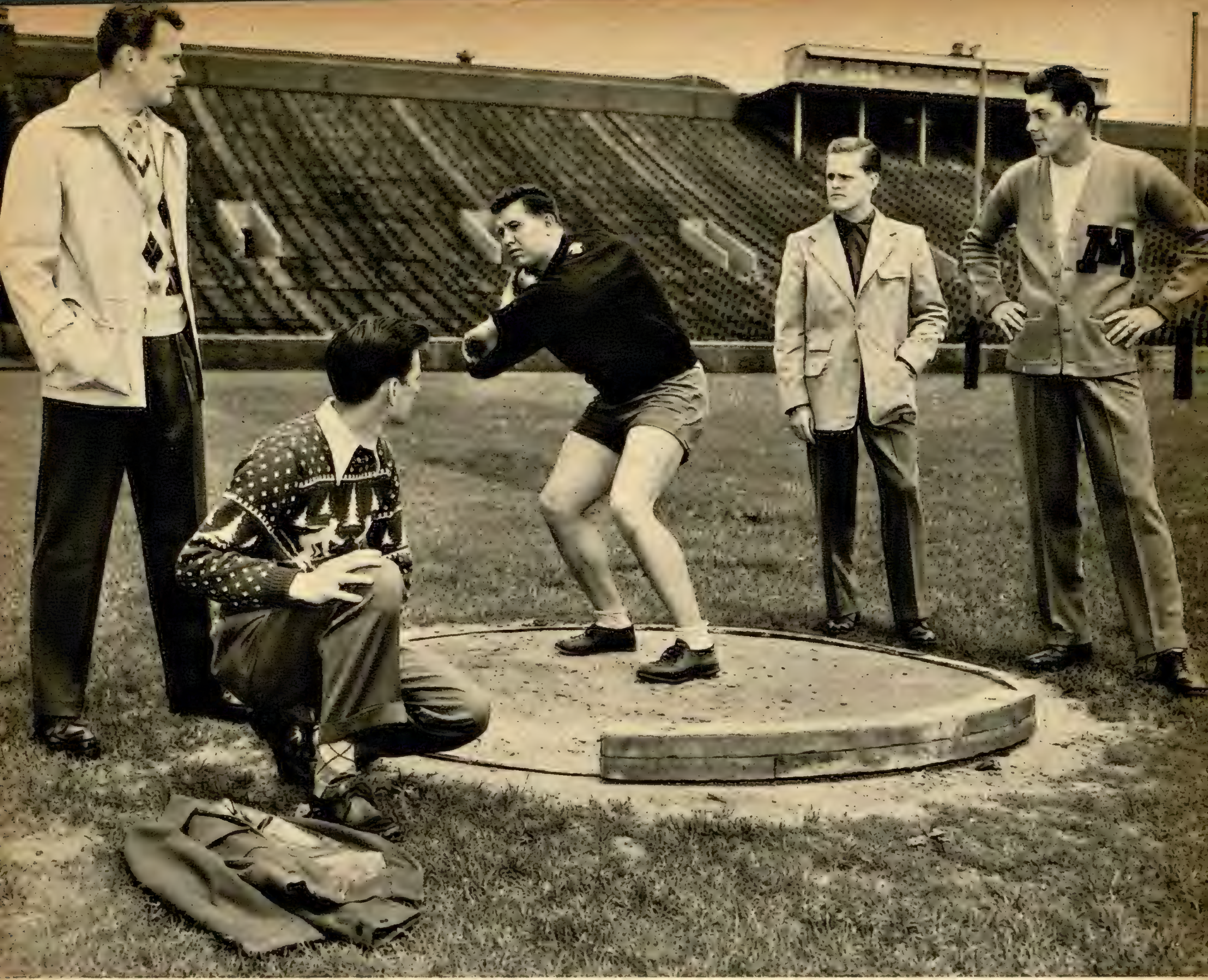
Mr. Campus 1947



BY P. B. JUSTER

THE man you meet here is typical Mr. Campus, 1947 version. He is a junior at a Midwestern university and his clothes are typical of those worn by most Midwest students. He shuns exaggerated styles and sloppiness; goes for casual attire with a dash of color, especially in his sportswear. His clothes are representative of the 18-25 age group. Eastern students tend slightly toward the conservative, while men of the South and Far West don sports clothes more for everyday wear. Except for those variations, if you follow the campus wardrobe outlined here you will be in the groove at college this fall. Even if you are beyond college age, don't ignore the selection. You will probably be wearing the same styles soon. College men set the styles and the rest of us follow.

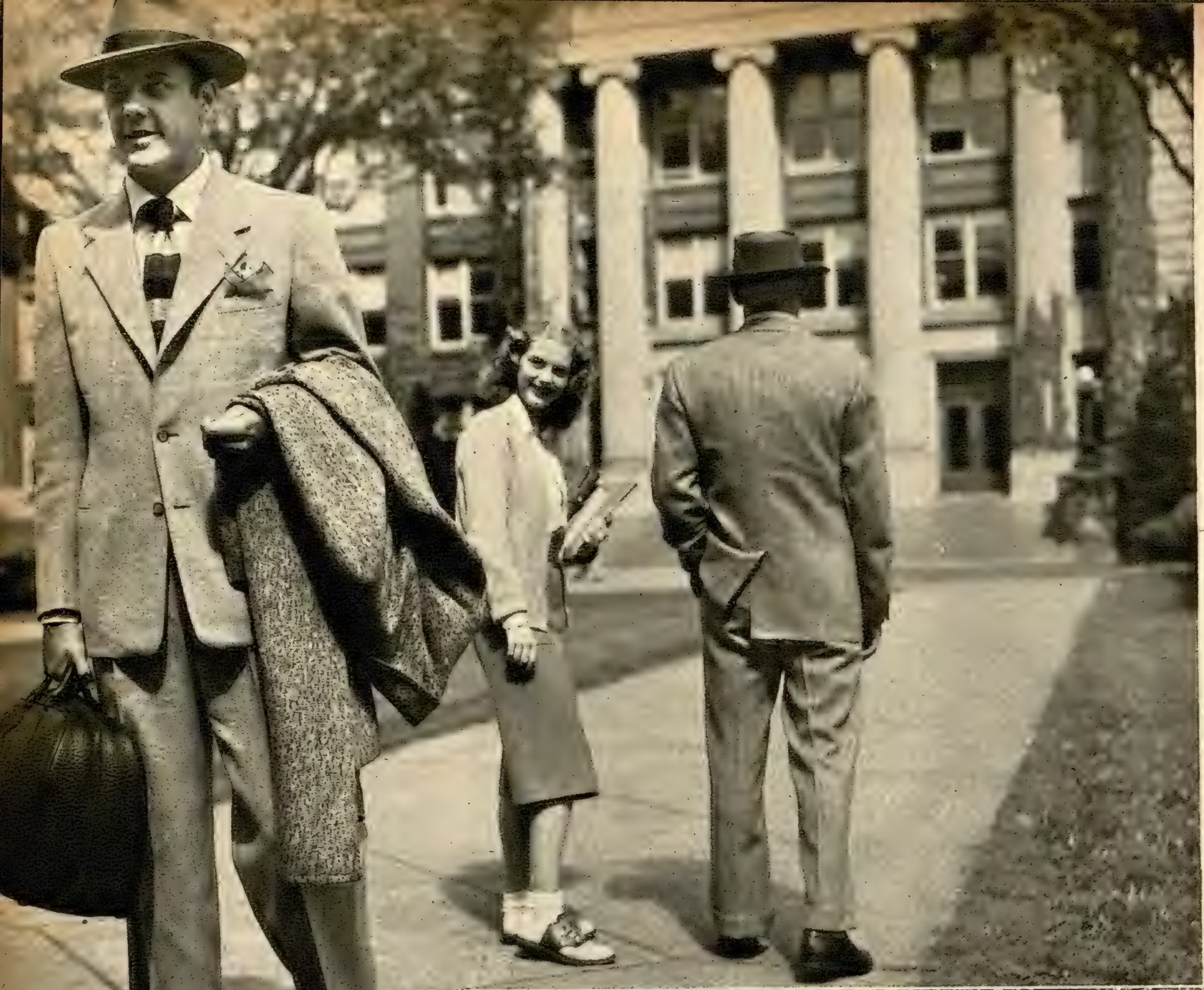
The wardrobe displayed by Mr. Campus (above) is based on a study of actual needs of university men. It includes a single-breasted tweed, Shetland, or flannel suit; double-breasted dark worsted suit; double-breasted tuxedo, set of evening jewelry; sports coat, weatherproofed jacket, two pairs of slacks, three pairs of shoes, one hat, one pair of gloves, eight shirts, two sports shirts, eight sets of underwear, two sets of pajamas, robe, 10 pairs of socks, slippers, a dozen handkerchiefs, 10 neckties, two sweaters, raincoat, topcoat; alpaca-lined or fleece overcoat, depending on the climate.

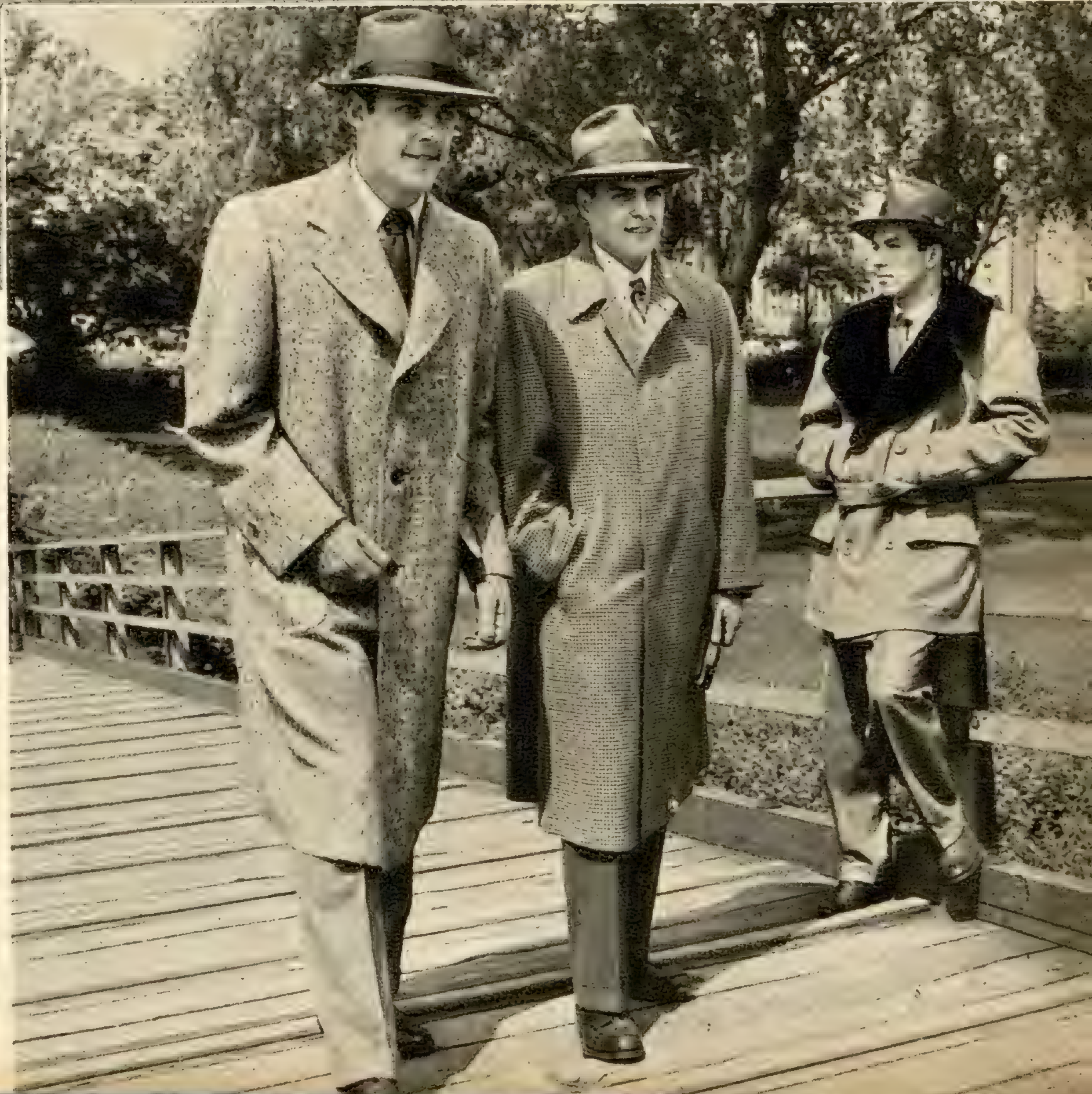


Mr. C., watching the shot-putter give one more heave-ho, is wearing his letter sweater. The other onlookers are smartly dressed, too. Man at left is wearing the new triple-treated campus jacket of water-repellent zelan. It has a removable inner lining. Student kneeling wears a Norwegian ski sweater. Corduroy sports coat (second from right) is dressy and comfortable.

For rain Mr. Campus goes in for the ever-popular trench coat. Friend (right) has a treated gabardine. Man in background is wearing a light poplin coat in a bal style.

Date night (below) and it's a dinner jacket. Favorite colors: midnight blue or black.





Mr. C. returns to school wearing the No. 1 favorite of the year: a smart 3-button single-breasted tweed suit with the new center vent. Note the widespread shirt collar. The large knotted knit tie goes well with tweed suit and wide-angle collar. The brown hat is on the narrow-brimmed side. Shoes of winged-tip brown complete the well-balanced outfit.

Mr. Campus breaks out a snappy new tweed topcoat as the weather turns a bit chilly. His companion (center) is wearing one of the smart new hound's-tooth Shetland toppers with bal collar and raglan sleeves. The chap leaning on the rail favors a fingertip campus coat that is lined with alpaca and has a mouton collar for greater warmth.

MISCELLANY

Cattle drive, Australian style. Cowboy sticks to his swimming horse as steers are driven into river by other cowhands.

PHOTO BY EUROPEAN

PHOTO BY BETHLEHEM STEEL CO.

Red-hot steel, 175 tons of it, enough to make many a new car. It takes ten minutes to empty an open-hearth furnace of this kind.

PHOTO BY SID LATHAM

Deadly poison is exuded by this inch-long tropical toad. National Zoo guard used strong soap to wash hand after photo-taking ended.

he skin is a superb air-conditioning system that works best unhampered by clothes in gently moving air

Air-Condition Your Body

Hot weather need not get you down if you're sensible

EVEN if you can't go to a resort, you can bear up under September heat right at home by not letting your blood work overtime. Overexerting yourself, eating heavy, hot meals that are hard to digest, drinking water iced rather than cool, all waste energy by making your blood circulate faster, which causes perspiration, which carries with it salt from your body, which leaves you uncomfortable. Avoid danger of shock by starting your shower at body temperature before turning it to full cold. It's also wise to avoid heated arguments. Get as much sleep as possible, because a low resistance, plus carelessness, may lead to heat exhaustion which caused 265 deaths in the last year recorded—1945. A condition that affects more men than women, it is not always caused by sun's direct rays; most often occurs after long energy-draining heat.

All you want in modern heating!

Perfection stands at the top in providing all the things you want in oil heating comfort. Since 1888, the highest standards of engineering and workmanship have produced dependable heaters for American homes . . . for *your* better living.

Enjoy the clean, comfortable warmth of Modern PERFECTION Oil Heat!

Uniform Heat – quick radiating and circulating warmth always there, day or night, when and where you want it.

Automatic Control – you can have fully automatic operation with an outside fuel supply tank and Accessory No. 12.

Clean Burning – soot-free, smoke-free, odor-free, result of advanced Perfection engineering over the years.

Blower – addition of Blower No. 24 will carry heat to far corners and other rooms.

Quiet Operation – a silent servant producing the quick, clean comfort of better living.

and – no coal to carry, no fires to build, no ashes to empty, no soot-streaked walls to clean!

Ivanhoe Model 2205
Space Heater,
other sizes available

PERFECTION

The World's Largest Manufacturers of
Oil Burning Appliances for the Home

PERFECTION STOVE CO. • 7908-A PLATT AVE. • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

Firelight Portable
Model 750 for "spot"
heating anywhere

BETTER UNDERSTANDING

Editor's Note: To bring better understanding among men is the sincere purpose of this article.

Certain forces at work in America are seeking to destroy or abandon the American Capitalistic Competitive System, which has given so many people so much real living.

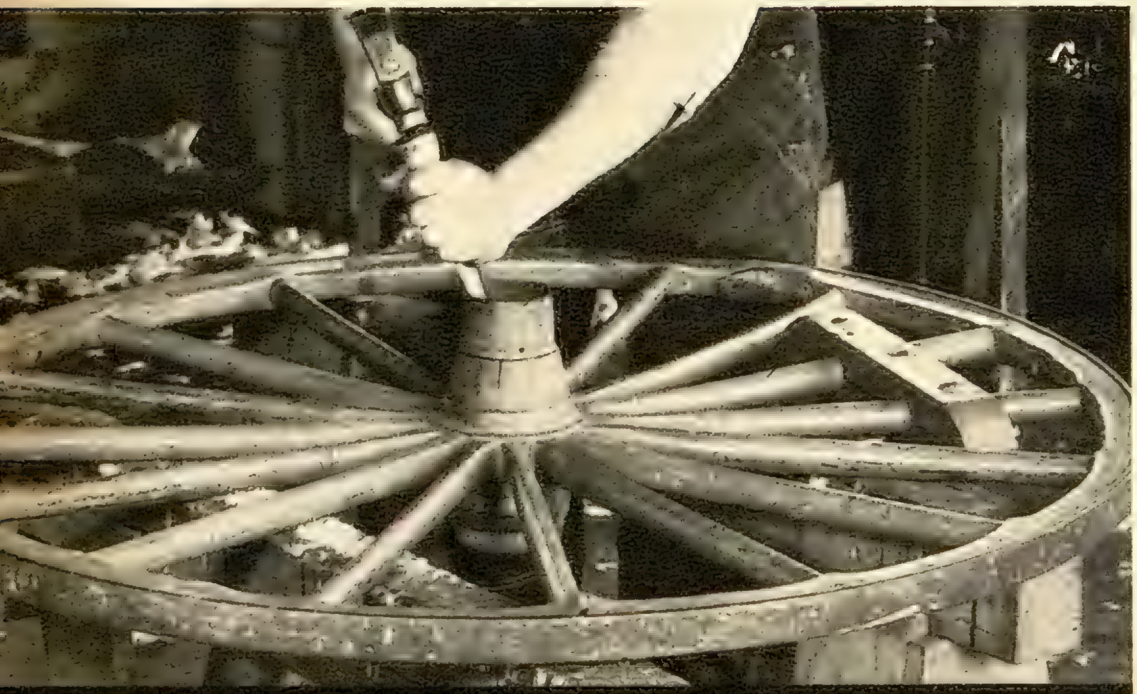
Changes are inevitable with progress, but in making those changes people must have FACTS — so they may decide wisely what changes they want.

This article, the first of two, has been written so that more people will have the facts.

DO YOU KNOW WHY —

an American workingman works only about half as many hours as his grandfather did?

By
FREDERIC W. OVERESCH



Years ago men worked with simple tools

AND DO YOU KNOW WHY, today, an American workingman can buy as much food, clothing, and shelter in exchange for working ONE HOUR as his grandfather could buy in exchange for working FOUR OR FIVE HOURS?

HERE'S WHY:

Years ago men worked with SIMPLE TOOLS, so it took long hours to make the product. When it was finished it cost so much, that only a few people could afford to buy it.

TODAY the average factory and office worker have the help of MECHANICAL TOOLS. These machines help them produce more in less time.

Note: Office workers use mechanical tools such as typewriters and adding machines, which help them produce more, and factory mechanical tools help office workers by producing so much that more office help is needed.

Because of MECHANICAL TOOLS the American workingman has SHORTER WORKING HOURS AND HIGHER WAGES than his grandfather, allowing him more leisure time and more money for recreation.

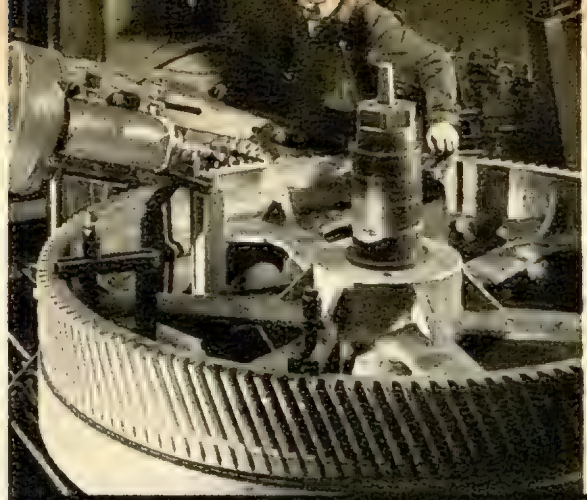
AND MORE PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE TO MORE PEOPLE SO THEY MAY ENJOY MORE COMFORTS OF LIVING.

This is just one example showing the progress made with our AMERICAN CAPITALISTIC COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

It has produced more for more people than any other system.

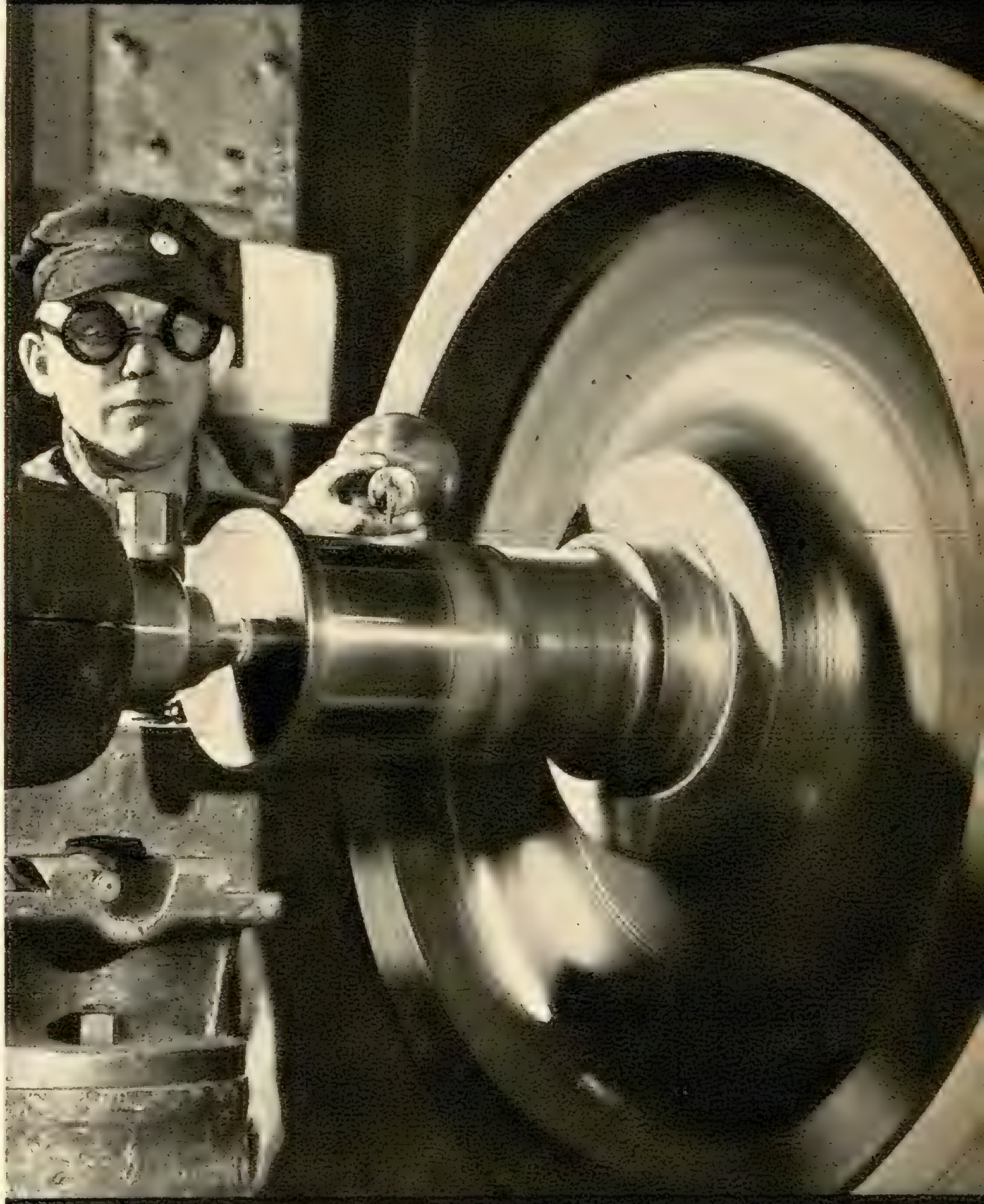
It has produced the highest scale of living in the world —
AND WE STILL HAVE FREEDOM!

(Continued on next page)

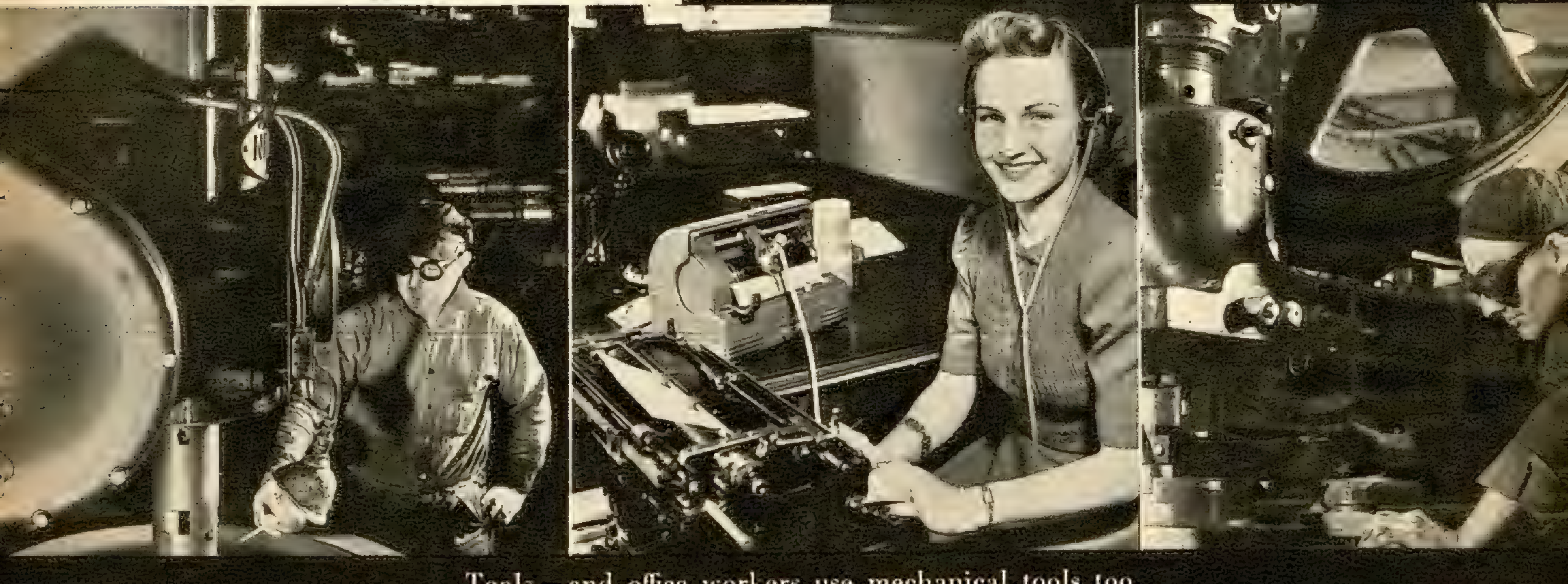


Tools . . .

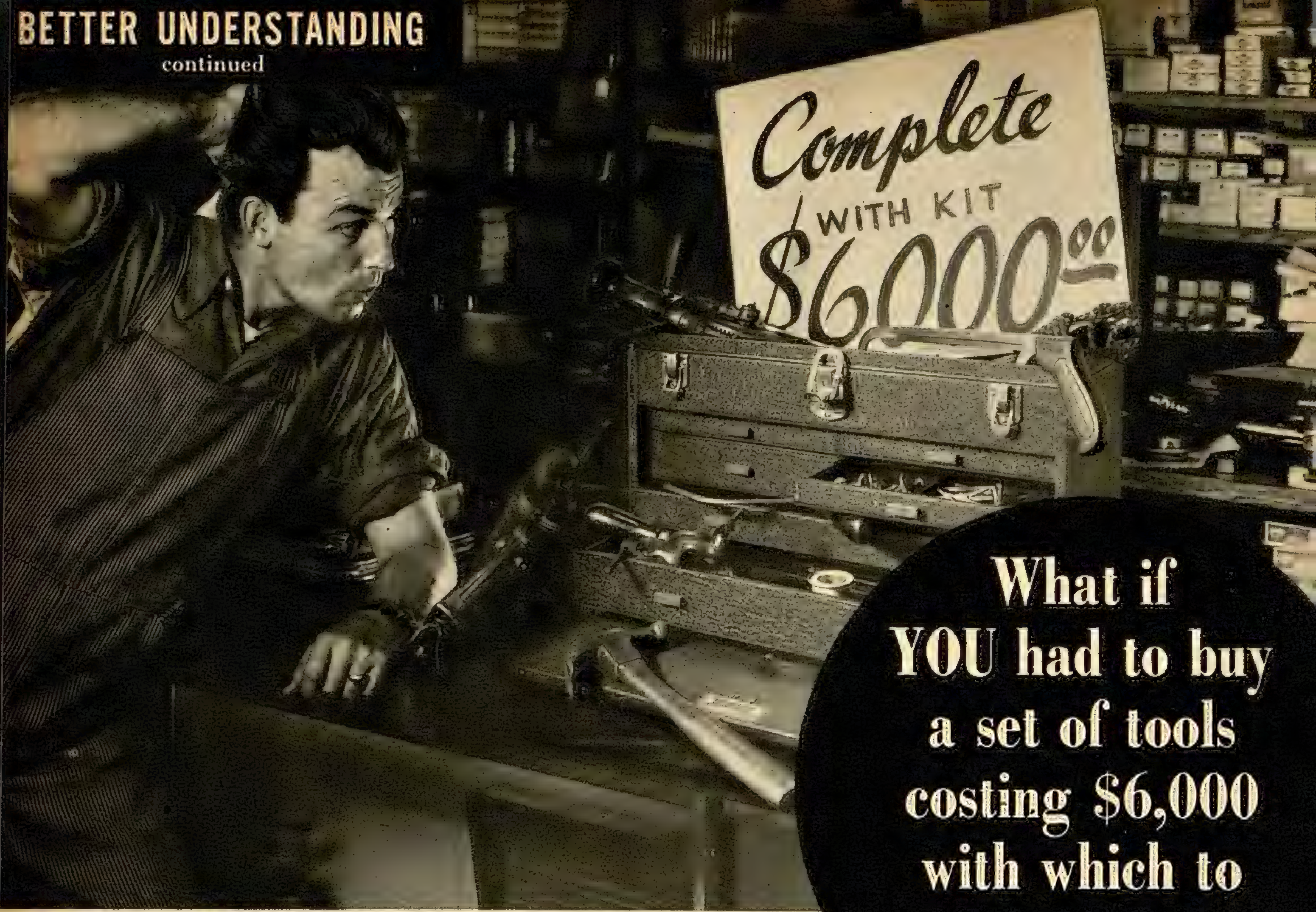
Tools



Mechanical Tools . . .

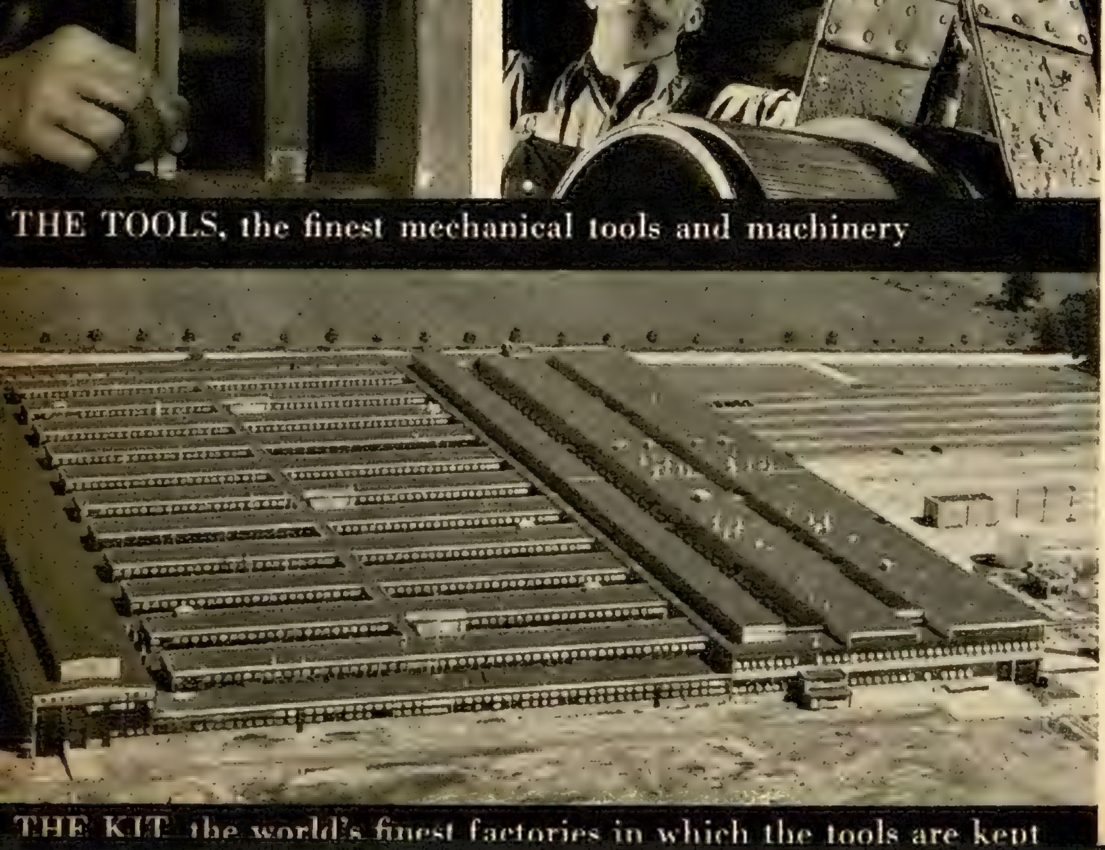


Tools — and office workers use mechanical tools too.



What if YOU had to buy a set of tools costing $6,000 with which to earn your living?

THE TOOLS, the finest mechanical tools and machinery


THE KIT, the world's finest factories in which the tools are kept

Yet, $6,000 is the average cost of the tool kit supplied each American factory worker —

And American factory workers have the use of these tools with which to earn a living.

THINK how the early settlers had to work long hours with their simple tools to get enough food, clothing, and shelter.

BY 1849 free men had invented some new tools, and it cost an average of $557 to supply tools for each worker — but the scale of living was rising.

THEN, as men continued to invent new tools, which produced more, shortened working hours, raised wages, and lowered prices of products, it cost more to build these bigger and better tools which raised our scale of living to the highest in the world.

SO TODAY, instead of buying his own set of tools, each factory worker is supplied with THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOOL KIT, which is worth an average of $6,000 PER WORKER.

AND to supply 20 million factory workers with tool kits requires an investment of about —
120 BILLION DOLLARS!

The goal of the American Capitalistic Competitive System is:

More and better products of all kinds at lower prices so that more people can enjoy a higher scale of living.

Compare the results of our system with the results of foreign systems.

Let us understand how our own system works before we believe the foreign theories which promise so much but actually produce too little.

And remember —
WE STILL HAVE FREEDOM!

(Continued on next page)

THE GOAL — More and better products of all kinds for more people

MEET THE FOLKS

who all "chipped in" to buy the tools you use

120 Billion Dollars of Tool Money! Where Does It All Come From?

1. **It comes from nearly 10 million people who have invested their savings in industrial stocks or bonds.**

2. **It comes from about 73 million people who have insurance policies.**

   Life insurance companies buy industrial bonds with part of the money they receive from premiums.

   Industry pays insurance companies for the use of this money.

   This makes it possible for insurance companies to promise money according to the kind of policy a person desires.

3. **And even the 45 million people with savings accounts have a financial interest in tools.**

   Banks use the savings of these people to make loans to industry.

   Industry pays interest to the banks for the use of the money.

   This makes it possible for banks to do business — to keep savings in a safe place and pay interest to the people on those savings.

SO — LET US REMEMBER —
The $6,000 worth of tools available to each wage earner and —

Shake hands with the millions of people who save part of their earnings to invest in tools for 20 million wage earners to the tune of $6,000 per worker.

The 120 billion dollars' worth of tools available to 20 million wage earners are all OWNED AND SUPPLIED BY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE SAVED PART OF THEIR EARNINGS — AND INVESTED IN FACTORIES AND MECHANICAL TOOLS.

Because millions of free people have invested their savings in mechanical tools, factory workers in America produce more than in any country in the world.

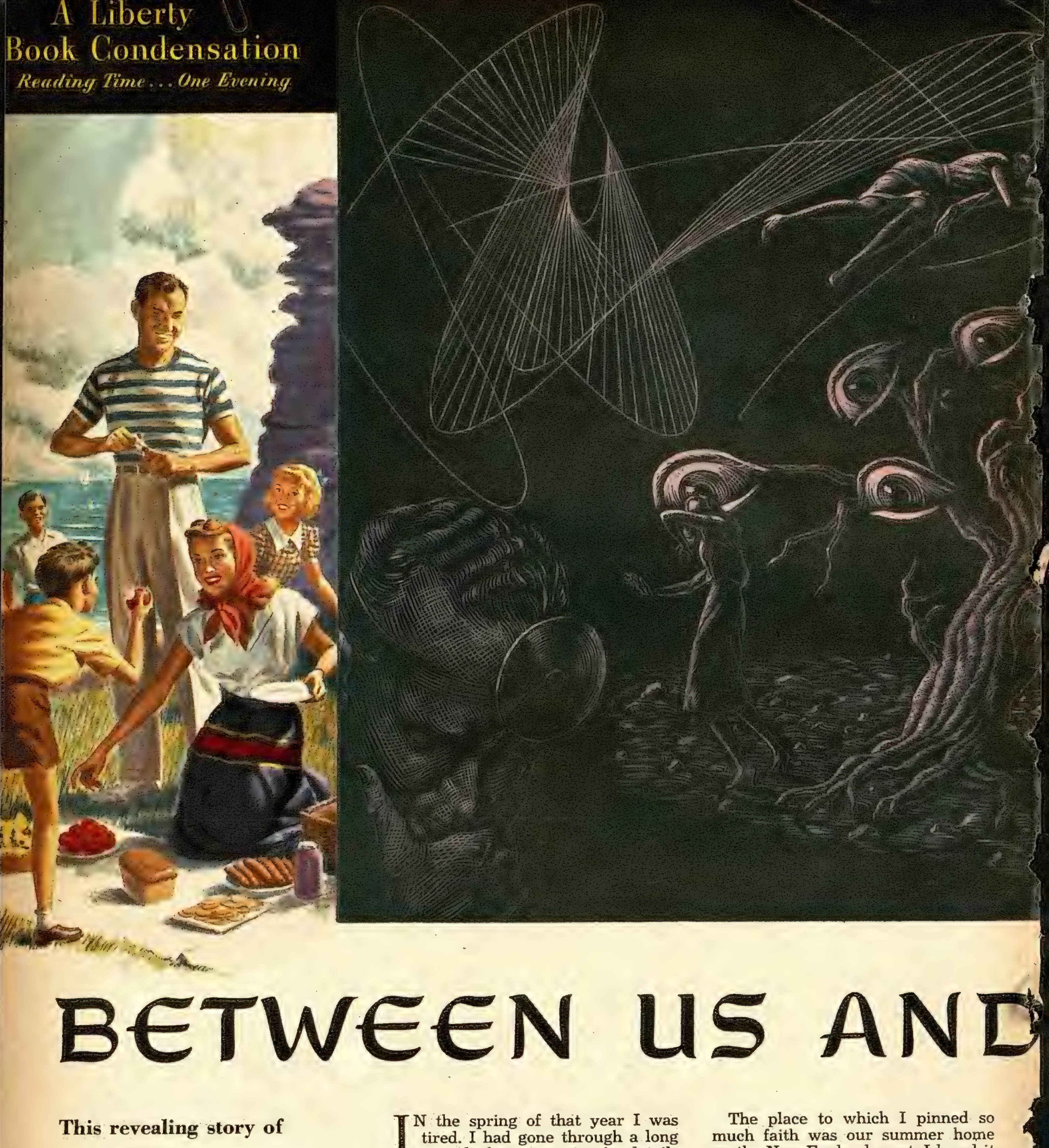
DON'T FORGET — American production has resulted in HIGHER WAGES AND SHORTER HOURS FOR THE WAGE EARNER and more products available to everybody!

The American Capitalistic Competitive System has provided a higher scale of living for more people than any system in the world — AND WE STILL HAVE FREEDOM!

WE ARE FREE TO IMPROVE OUR ABILITY SO WE CAN EARN MORE BY BEING WORTH MORE!

(A second presentation of facts regarding our American Capitalistic Competitive System will appear in the October issue of LIBERTY)

A Liberty
Book Condensation
Reading Time . . . One Evening



BETWEEN US AND

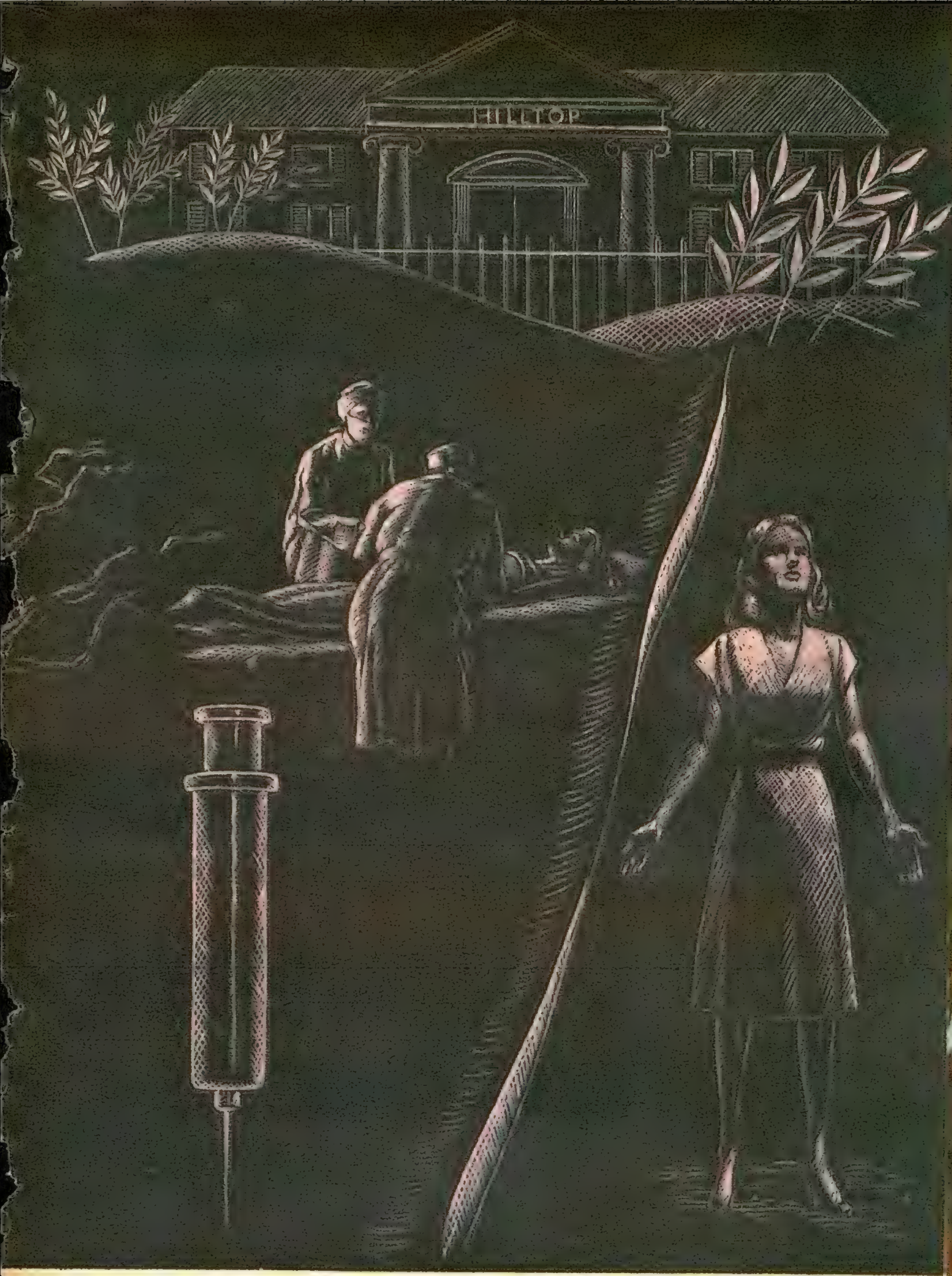
This revealing story of a woman plunged into the murky depths of insanity will give new hope to the mentally ill

IN the spring of that year I was tired. I had gone through a long period of great strain, the details of which are not important. It had been a physical as well as an emotional strain and while I did not admit or recognize the latter, I was well aware of the former. I'll be all right when June comes and I can get away to Land's End, I told myself. To be there by the sea, to work in the garden, to swim every day and to relax in the sun. Just keep going another month.

The place to which I pinned so much faith was our summer home on the New England coast. I loved it dearly; we all did, my husband, my three children and I, and each year our excitement mounted until the day came for us to go there. But that year when we arrived I did not react in the familiar way.

During that summer I went through a period of overactivity. It was impossible for me to relax and I seemed to be untiring. Because I could still direct this activity along

Copyright, 1947, by J. B. Lippincott Company. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. Price $3.00



THE DARK

By LENORE McCALL

normal lines it was not obvious to those about me nor to myself that I was ill. It did occur to my husband when he came to Land's End for his holiday that I was keyed up in an unusual way, for by then I was operating on a twenty-four-hour whirlwind schedule. He tried to remonstrate with me several times but, as it did no good, he dismissed the matter with a mental shrug of his shoulders and the conviction that all women are difficult sometimes.

I was conscious towards the end of the summer that my thinking, my mental activity, very easily became disconnected like the wires of an electrical apparatus, as though there were an ever-increasing breach between my will and my brain. I could not concentrate upon any reading nor could I retain what little I had recently read.

One evening at a dinner party I looked around the table at the other guests; I listened to the hum of conversation spattered with bursts of laughter. Suddenly a small voice whispered within my consciousness: What's the matter with me? I'm not one of them; it's as though there is something between them and me. That strange sense of isolation persisted, an unseen obstacle. Gradually that barrier became like a thing of stone or wood in my mind.

The middle of September came; it was time to close Land's End and to return to the city. I realized with sickening certainty that I was incapable of the effort which this familiar task involved.

There is no emotion in life more paralyzing than fear. And from the time we left Land's End until I recovered it was my constant companion. I learned to know it in all its aspects, real and imaginary. The hours which followed my awakening each day were like a nightmare. My mind was clouded to the point where functioning was agony, sometimes impossible. The weight of depression was heavy. As the day wore on there was a clearing of the mists and a lifting of the spirit and evening usually brought a relative clarity of mind. I was able to converse with more ease. I would lift my chin and square my shoulders and say to myself: I can lick this; I'm just imagining things; there's nothing wrong with me. I'll be all right tomorrow.

Gradually I came to fear the dawn of each tomorrow more and more. Worse than the dawn, I discovered, were the hours which preceded it, for I awoke with ghastly and clocklike precision every morning about three o'clock. Little sins of commission or omission became heinous crimes as I lay shivering, dripping with perspiration, my hands and feet ice-cold, my body aching with the tension that was becoming so familiar. I had been wicked, though in what manner I was not quite certain, and this suffering was my punishment.

I was afraid to see a doctor; afraid to find out what was the matter with me; afraid, with a far greater fear than can be expressed, of being confined in a "madhouse."

I knew by this time that my mind was affected and, to me, this was shameful. It was a disgrace that must be concealed if possible. Eventually, of course, I had to give up.

I spent a few weeks at St. Luke's hospital under the observation of our family physician, Dr. Brooks, and Dr. Channing, a psychiatrist. Just after Christmas I was taken to Hilltop Sanitarium.

MY first months at Hilltop were bleak ones, for I slid down into the deepest depression. I wept for my lost world, wept because I could see nothing ahead for me but life in this hospital.

About the middle of June I had my first visit from Henry, my husband. He stayed for about an hour and a half and it was torture for me. I broke down when I saw him and after I got hold of myself I sat in dumb despair listening to news of home. The children were going to Land's End that week. Henry had engaged a young man to be with the boys for the summer as a companion and tutor. Henry would join the family for the month of August. In the meantime he was going to stay with our friends the Windhams. Martin and Kathy had insisted. A curious resentment against Henry stirred my sick mind.

"It's very kind of Kathy to be so concerned about you." I watched him to see his reaction to this.

"Darling, she's concerned about us all—most of all about you. You can't imagine the things she's done for us. I don't think a day goes by without her dropping in."

"That's nice for you," I remarked.

"She doesn't do it for me, Anne; it's you she's thinking of."

But my sick mind was beginning to weave the fabric of a new idea, a love affair between him and my best friend.

And it seemed cruel that Henry could go on and, as I thought, enjoy what was now denied me. So I sat listening in anguish to what he said, loathing myself for my imagined failures. He paid me a visit every other Sunday until August, when he went to Land's End, and these occasions were drearily alike. Once he secured permission to take me driving. I became terribly upset after he had left because the impression of what I had seen that afternoon did not remain with me.

Then one day a number of boxes arrived. I refused to open them for days and then bitterly consented.

That evening I wrote one of the very few letters that my husband received from me during the four years of my illness.

Dear Henry

The clothes came today. Why did you send them. I don't want them but my nurse said I had to have some and I'm afraid that if I don't do what they tell me to they'll punish me. I kept some of the clothes but I don't want to wear them because I'm vile and I'm afraid. Did Kathy choose them I guess you went with her on a lovely spring day in the world and she picked them out for you and then perhaps you took her to luncheon and you both laughed about me. My brain won't work. Oh God why can't I die. Thank Kathy if she chose the clothes but I wish I could choose them myself and be with you and the children. I didn't want it to happen. If the children remember me give them my love and don't ever let them know what happened to me. Tell them I'm dead for I really am only I have to go on living. I would send you my love but I can't feel love any more. Henry why did this have to happen to me. Please get something for John's birthday this month and tell them I always loved them and I tried to be a good mother but something happened and now I can never go back and I'm afraid.

Anne.

Months passed. About a week after New Year's Day Henry told me of his decision to have me transferred to the Huntingdon Hospital in New England. All arrangements had been made and I left Hilltop the following day.

"STILL asleep?" The voice was young and casual. "Your breakfast will be here in a minute. It's seven-thirty. You'd better get up."

Seven-thirty. I had never been disturbed before nine at Hilltop. I turned over and looked at the young woman standing at the foot of the bed; a jaunty figure in a flannel skirt and bright sweater.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Miss Humbert. I'm going to be on with you during the day."

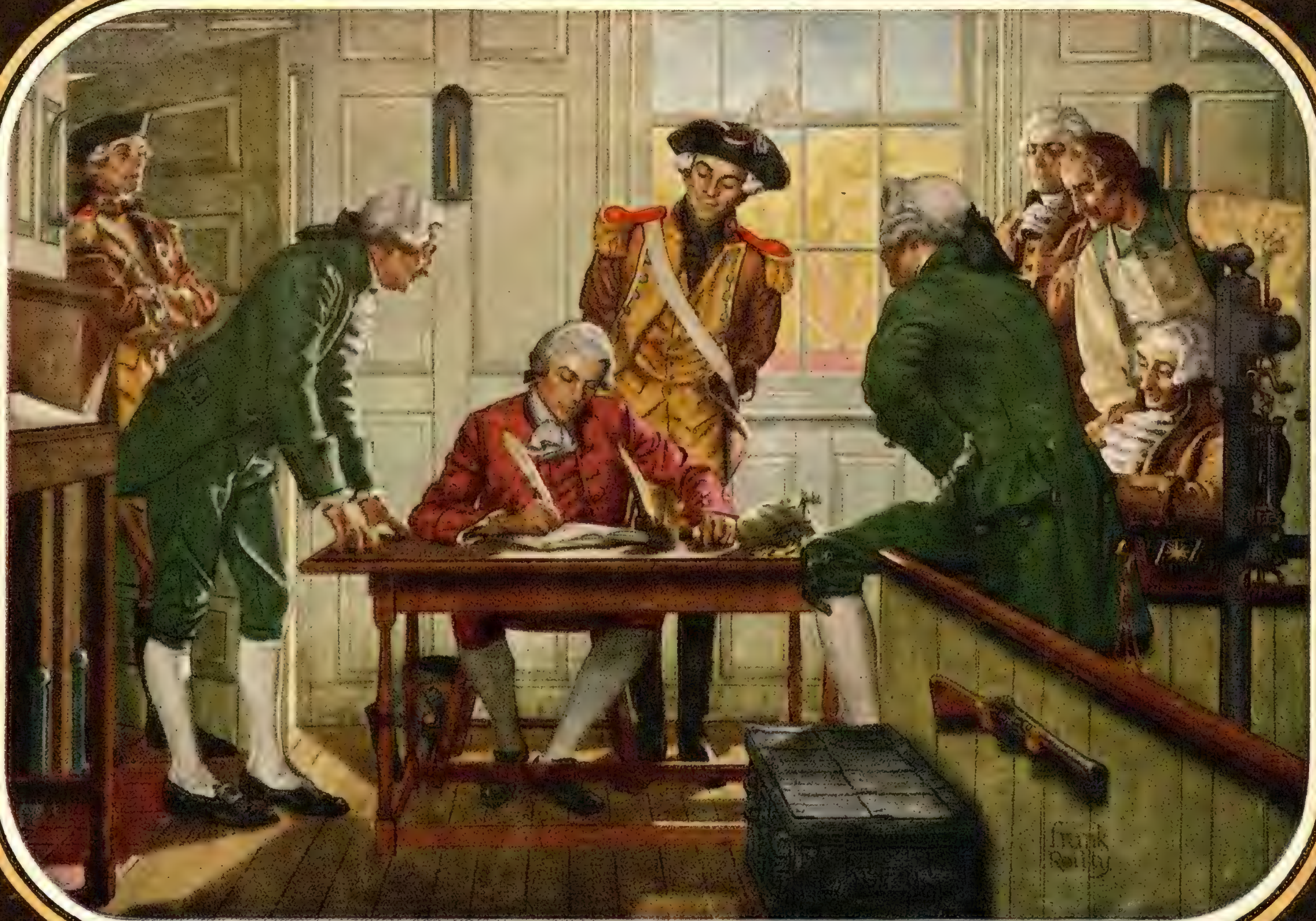
I struggled out of bed. I went into the bathroom and turned on the water for a bath. The door opened halfway. I looked out and found Miss Humbert standing by the window.

"You opened the door. I want it closed."

"It can't be, Mrs. Fowler. I have to be able to see you."

I banged the door and stood shaking from head to foot. The door was

(*Continued on page 67*)


Frank Reilly

HAYM SOLOMON ADVANCING FUNDS TO ROBERT MORRIS TO FINANCE REVOLUTION, PHILADELPHIA, 1782*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"The situation of our finances is such as to make every thinking man shudder . . ."*
>
> . . . LETTER FROM GENERAL CORNELL TO GENERAL GREENE IN PHILADELPHIA

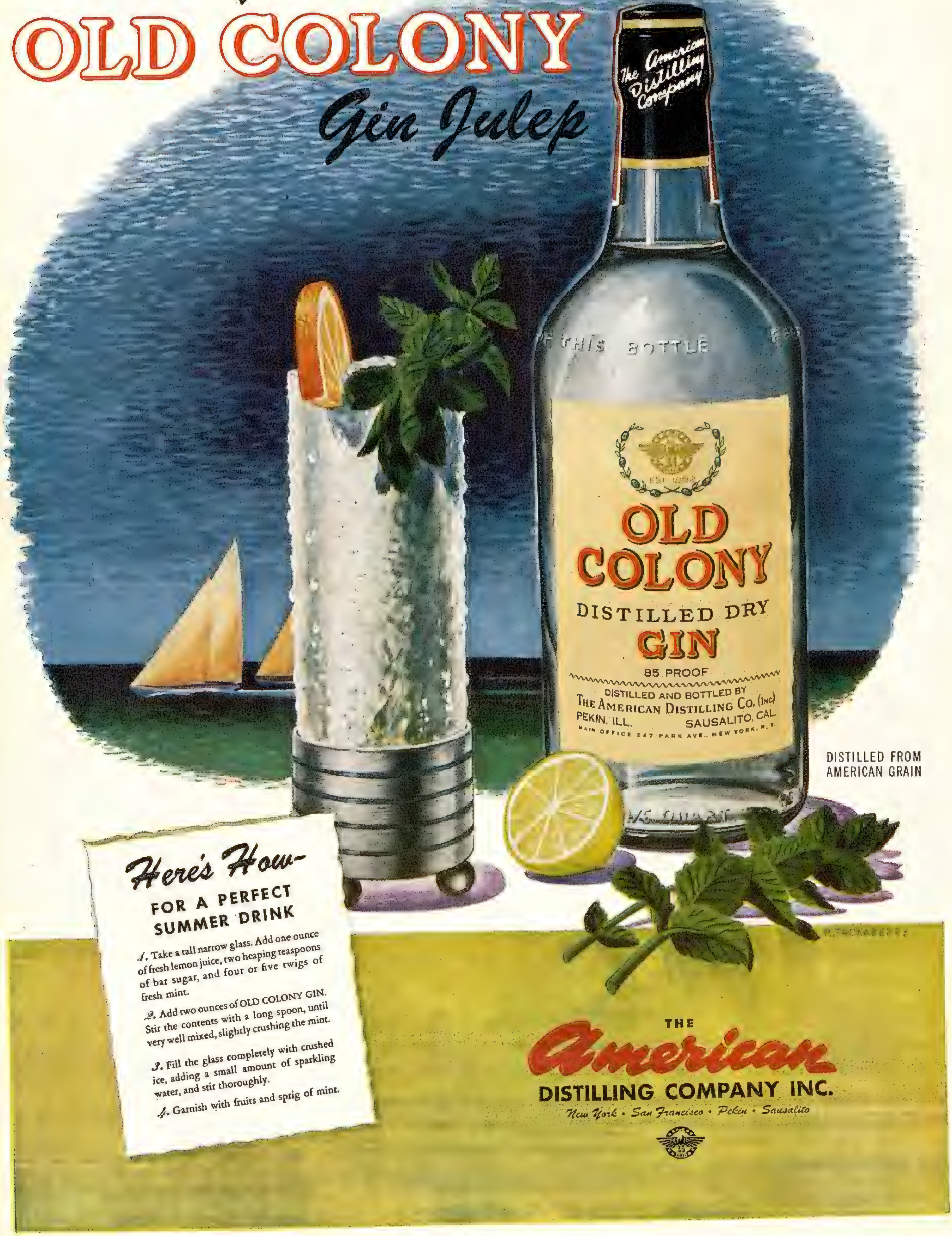
Generosity combined with gracious living to give Colonial Philadelphia its famed heritage of hospitality. To this day these fine traditions endure, upheld most pleasantly by Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. Here is an exceptional whisky you might reserve for special occasions. Yet, you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

© 1947 C. D. C.

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

try American's OLD COLONY *Gin Julep*


The American Distilling Company
THIS BOTTLE
EST 1892
OLD COLONY
DISTILLED DRY
GIN
85 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO. (INC)
PEKIN, ILL.
SAUSALITO, CAL
MAIN OFFICE 247 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
4/5 QUART
R. TACKABERRY

DISTILLED FROM
AMERICAN GRAIN

Here's How-

FOR A PERFECT SUMMER DRINK

1. Take a tall narrow glass. Add one ounce of fresh lemon juice, two heaping teaspoons of bar sugar, and four or five twigs of fresh mint.

2. Add two ounces of OLD COLONY GIN. Stir the contents with a long spoon, until very well mixed, slightly crushing the mint.

3. Fill the glass completely with crushed ice, adding a small amount of sparkling water, and stir thoroughly.

4. Garnish with fruits and sprig of mint.

THE
American
DISTILLING COMPANY INC.
New York · San Francisco · Pekin · Sausalito

(*Continued from page 64*)

opened and Miss Humbert faced me.

"Mrs. Fowler, I told you that this door has to be left open. Please don't close it again."

Something snapped within me and I raised my hand to strike the face which blurred before my eyes. The nurse did not move.

"Go ahead and hit me, Mrs. Fowler, if it'll make you feel any better. But this door stays open."

Her psychology was perfect. I dropped my arm. Goading me into it, is she? By God, I'll show her that I can control myself.

After I was dressed the psychiatrist in charge of my case came to see me.

"Good morning, Mrs. Fowler. I suppose you thought we'd forgotten you." Dr. Stewart held out his hand. Why, he's much younger than the other doctors I've had. Dr. Stewart sat down. I had ignored his hand.

"I'm sure you're going to find our life here very interesting. A daily schedule will be made out for you after you've been grouped. I understand you play the piano. You must keep it up. Music is a wonderful stimulant and a fine means of expression. I shall arrange your schedule so that you can have an hour to practice every day. And your husband wrote Dr. Huntingdon that you're very fond of gardening."

"I'm not going to stay here. I want to telephone my husband. I want to talk to him in private—I don't want to have a nurse with me. I'm not used to that—"

"You'll have to get used to the routine, Mrs. Fowler. You're on what is known as constant observation; for the time being, anyway. You'll have a day nurse and night nurse with you. The patients in the hospital are put into groups for their routine of activities. They range from Group One to Group Four and you will find that you are placed where you can most easily adjust yourself."

The afternoon of my fifth day Miss Sopolski, the supervisor, unlocked my door, nodded to me and handed a slip of paper to my nurse. "Group Three," she said. "Her room's ready in Sussex Cottage. Are you packed?"

Group Three, next to the bottom of the heap. And my schedule. I looked at it dully, then in amazement. Every hour of the day, from eight-thirty in the morning until five in the afternoon, was planned.

"GOOD afternoon, Mrs. Fowler. Won't you sit down? How very nice you look. Is that a new dress?" Dr. Stewart offered me a cigarette.

"I didn't want to put on this dress."

"But you decided that you would and the result is very charming. Why have you such antipathy towards the clothes your husband sends you?"

"I don't know."

"Is it because your friend, Mrs. Windham, helps your husband to choose them?" So, my aide told on me. "Tell me, Mrs. Fowler, how long have you known her?" he inquired.

"Ever since I've been married."

"Is she attractive?"

"Yes."

"Is her husband a good friend of Mr. Fowler's?"

"Yes."

"So there has been a very pleasant relationship between you two happily married couples?"

"I suppose so."

"WHY do you think now that your husband is in love with her?"

"I don't."

"That's not true." Dr. Stewart looked through a sheaf of papers on his desk. "Even when you were in Hilltop you had that idea. Did Mr. Fowler ever give you any indication before your illness that he cared for Mrs. Windham in any way that wasn't perfectly proper and natural?"

"No."

"Could it be, then, Mrs. Fowler, that you are imagining an improper relationship between your husband and your best friend as a means of satisfying a sense of resentment against Mr. Fowler? Are you bitter over the fact that he is out in the world while you are obliged to be confined in a hospital because of illness?"

"I don't know."

"I am trying to make you talk about some of the things which bother you. Think about what I've said today, won't you?"

I did not know that Kathy had come to the hospital several weeks before and had spent an hour with the psychiatrist and that he knew I had in her a wonderful friend.

"Now, I have some good news for you. Tomorrow you are to join Group Two." Dr. Stewart's smile was meant to be encouraging. "We feel that you are capable of the effort which this promotion involves."

I tried: really I tried very hard for the next two months. Group Two all behaved in a perfectly normal way and seemed to enjoy each other's company. That is, all of them but me.

THE Fourth of July was a holiday in the hospital. There were no classes. Group Two was having a picnic luncheon in the garden.

"Mrs. Fowler, are you ready?"

"Yes."

A picnic luncheon. Why can't I die? The Yacht Club opens today. John is old enough to race now. Will Henry have everyone in for cocktails as we always used to do? Or has he gone back to the city? I don't know. I didn't open his last letter. I didn't even notice the postmark.

That afternoon there was a baseball game between the men of Group Two and members of the hospital personnel. Miss Payne, my aide, and I were sitting on the sidelines with the rest of the group when a young man walked towards us. My heart began to pound. A year before I left home I had met him. Bill Somers

Compare all others

You'll Write Better With an *Autopoint* Pencil!

No. 486 $1.25

The worth of a pencil is in its trouble-free, flawless writing. That's where "Autopoint" pencils excel in every test. For their "Grip-Tite" tips won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out. And their balance is precision-designed to give you easy, tireless writing. Try this famous pencil today. Handsomely finished and designed to suit every taste—prices range from 50c to $3.75. Standard or Real Thin leads.

Instant Action *Autopoint* Index

Press key and index cover flips back right to alphabetical page on which to enter names, phone numbers, data. The 4"x5" cards can be withdrawn and replaced easily. 100 extra loose-leaf sheets in base. Black or walnut. For office, home, gifts and bridge prizes. Price $4 at dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Autopoint" Pencils and Indexes, order direct.

Business organizations give "Autopoint" Imprinted products to keep prospects reminded—build good will.

Autopoint

TRADE MARK

BETTER PENCILS

Fit any Pocket . . . Every Pocketbook

No. 8 $1.00

Autopoint Company, Dept. L-9
1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send details and prices on imprinted "Autopoint" products in quantities of . . .
Name . . . .
Company Name . . . .
Street Address . . . .
City . . . . *State* . . . .

"Autopoint" and "Real Thin" are trademarks of Autopoint Company

Back on Your Grocer's Shelf, America's Favorite Quick-Feast

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
HEINZ
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY
H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
57

Drenched in the same spicy tomato sauce, it's as nourishing, savory and delicious as ever.

Another popular dish returns!

HEINZ COOKED MACARONI

enriched with the smoothest cream sauce you ever tasted!

was a young architect who lived in town. Tall, handsome, confident—he looks just the same. A little older, perhaps.

"Mrs. Fowler?" I looked up at him. He turned to my aide. "I have Dr. Stewart's permission to speak to Mrs. Fowler." He drew up a chair beside me. The aide moved away.

"I'm Bill Somers. I'm a friend of Katherine and Martin Windham. I met you once at their place several years ago."

"Yes, I remember you."

"That's awfully nice of you." He took my hand and held it for a second. "I had a letter from Kathy and she asked me to see you, if I could." His voice was gentle. "Mrs. Fowler, I know that this will hurt you, and I'm sorry, but I want to tell you that I'm going home day after tomorrow. I wondered if there was any message you'd like me to take back to your husband or to the Windhams."

"PLEASE, Mr. Somers, tell Henry what a dreadful place this is."

"I couldn't do that, because I don't think it is. You won't think that, either, someday. I know what you're going through. I spent two years in North. Behind the high brick walls of the cottage for men violently upset. I never spoke a word for over a year."

"But how did you do it—I mean—"

"How did I get well? Only God and the doctors could answer that question. I give them equal credit. So will you, someday."

"I can't get well."

"That was the only conscious thought in my mind for over two years. Mrs. Fowler, even though you simply can't believe it now, you will recover. And this hospital is the best place to be to hasten that day."

"I hate it."

"So did I." Bill Somers laughed. "It's funny now when I look back. I was so terrified of it and everybody in it that I cursed my family for keeping me here." The tears rolled down my cheeks. He put a clean handkerchief into my hand. "Please don't cry, Mrs. Fowler—or will you let me call you Anne? Kathy always refers to you as Anne. Listen, I'll make a date with you. I want to take you out to lunch just as soon as you get home. I'll bet my last dollar that you'll agree that we were both lucky to have been able to spend our lost years in this hospital." He held out his hand.

THE month of July wore on, and I continued to struggle to fit into the picture of Group Two. I grew more and more agitated. The terrible heat seemed to act as a goad to my excitement.

"Mrs. Fowler, the doctor wants you to take a walk before dinner," the aide said at the end of a stifling day.

Why does he want me to walk at this hour of the day? I don't like this. It's going to rain any minute.

"Please hurry, Mrs. Fowler. Here,

put this dress on." A flash of lightning shot through the room and my spine prickled. "Powder your nose, Mrs. Fowler. Here's your belt." She'd never helped me to dress before.

Outside, a few drops of rain spattered on my face. I turned in our usual direction.

"No, Mrs. Fowler. Let's go straight ahead." Why? I'm not allowed to go that way. That path leads up to Farnsworth, holy of holies, Dr. Huntingdon's office and the upstairs reserved for Group One.

On the concrete path big drops of rain showed. We came to the driveway of Farnsworth Cottage. That station wagon, that license—on the door in black letters: *Land's End.*

"Henry! Henry!" I took the porch steps in one wild leap. The screen door slammed.

"Anne, Anne, my dear—" His arms closed around me.

"Henry! You've come to take me away, haven't you?" My teeth chattered and I strained back to look at him. "I knew you would! Come on, let's get my things—come on!"

"Anne darling, I can't take you. I wanted to see you, but they thought it wouldn't be good—" A clap of thunder rent the air. "The doctors said I could watch you walk by—"

"Henry, come on! Let's get out of this hellhole!"

"Anne, dear, you aren't ready to go. I can't, darling—"

I cursed him, I struck his face, I tore at his clothes. The screen door slammed and I saw the short, stocky figure of Dr. Huntingdon, the head of the hospital. Two nurses hurried out. Henry tried to take my hands.

"Annie—" the old endearing name.

"God damn you, may you rot in hell! You bastard!"

Strong hands took my arms. Miss Sopolski, the supervisor. I'll fight her, the bitch—another nurse—

"Mrs. Fowler! Stop it! Will you please come with us?"

"Henry! Don't let them take me!"

Down the steps—the two women were strong. Across the driveway. A wicked shaft of lightning and then a torrent of rain. The two nurses began to run, dragging me between them. Up the steps of Sussex. Into my room. The electric light broke the darkness.

"You're being transferred to another house, Mrs. Fowler."

"No, no, I didn't mean it! Somebody help me!" I sprang to the door but Miss Sopolski was quicker than I.

Then a tiny, hot room. I threw myself on the bed, twisting in agony.

"Mrs. Fowler, here's a sleeping medication."

"Take it away!"

"It's an order. Please sit up and take it."

THE last day of October, my aide and I came back to my room at the end of the day. The charge nurse came running.

"Mrs. Fowler, you're being transferred to Ellicott. We're all so happy for you."

New Kind of Furnace!

"Tends Itself" Without Ashes or Dirt and Gives You WARM FLOORS!

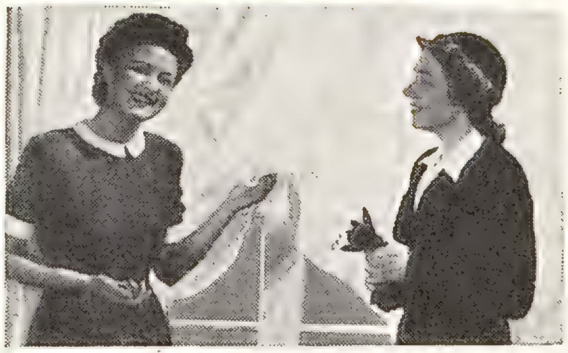
"All-over-the-house" heating. Coleman heats up to 5 rooms. It's automatic.

Warm-floor comfort. Heat doesn't "pack" at ceiling! It gets down to the floor.

(Cutaway floor shows "hidden" installation)

No ashes, dust, fuel-dirt. Choice of oil or gas models.

Sits in the floor—No basement needed. Easy to install, in new homes or old.



Curtains stay clean, weeks longer! No fuel dust, ashes, soot, to mess up curtains, rugs, furniture, wallpaper, paint! Saves hours of work; save wearing out nice things. Be proud of your clean house, with a Coleman Floor Furnace.

Sit in your armchair and laugh at fire-tending chores! No fire-building, no fuel-carrying, no ashes to clean out! Light your Coleman Floor Furnace in the fall. No fire tending except turning a valve. No tending at all with a thermostat.

Order your Coleman Floor Furnace from your dealer now to be sure you have "warm-floors" comfort next winter. Ask him for free literature or mail coupon to The Coleman Co. Inc., Dept. LI-611, Wichita 1, Kans.; Philadelphia 8, Pa. (Terminal Commerce Bldg.); Los Angeles 54, Calif.

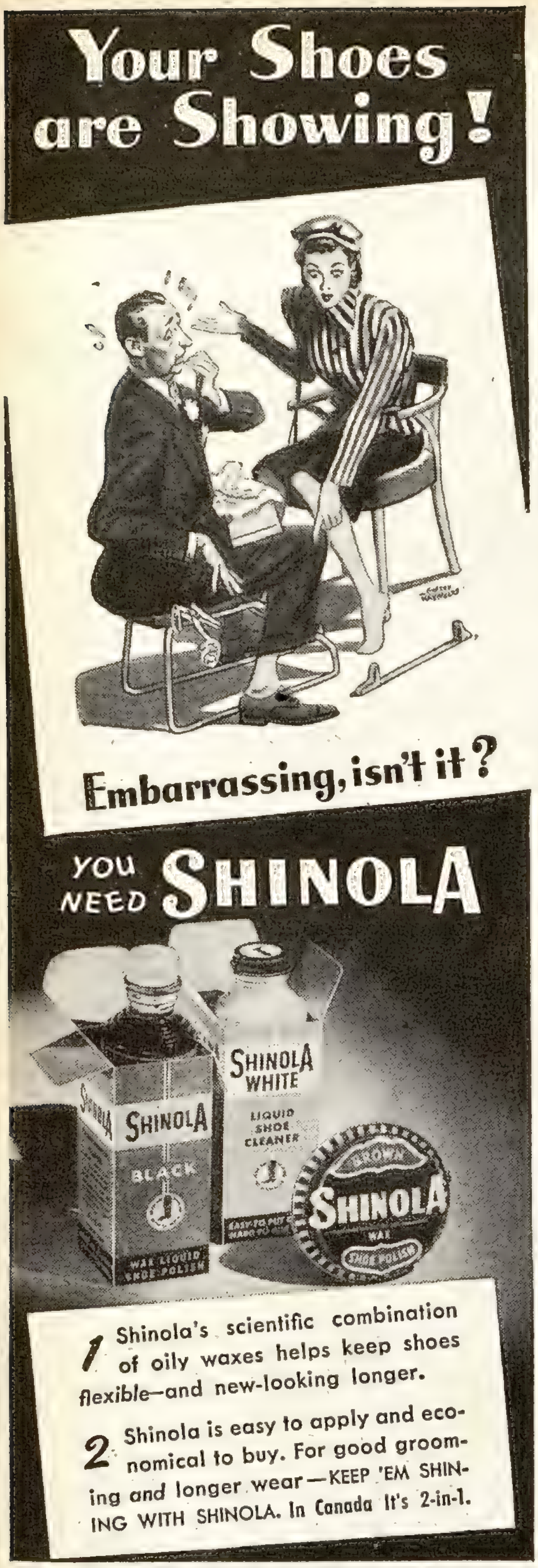
Coleman

Automatic Gas and Oil Floor Furnaces

The Coleman Company, Inc.,
Dept. LI-611, Wichita 1, Kans.

Without obligation please send me free illustrated literature on the Coleman Floor Furnace, for the fuel I have checked below. ☐ Gas ☐ Oil ☐ LP-Gas

Name________
Address________
Town________ State________


Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes *flexible*—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming *and* longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada It's 2-in-1.

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." G. I. APPROVED.

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 931-H, Chicago 5, Ill.

ZIPPO LIGHTER FLUID

For a quick light with less refilling, buy ZIPPO FLUID. It never gums up the works. New bell spout flows just right for fast filling without spilling.

AT YOUR DEALER 25¢ (No mail orders)

Also demand ZIPPO Flints.

BY THE MAKERS OF ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER
BRADFORD, PA.

Ellicott was a mixed house, Group One and Group Two. The next morning Dr. Stewart came to tell me that I had been transferred to Group Two in staff meeting. I remonstrated with him feebly but he overrode all objections, gave my aide our new schedule, told me that I was expected in the dining room for lunch.

During the year that followed one delusion became very pronounced. Everything which occurred around me I imagined was related to me. I would overhear a fragment of conversation and my sick mind would fasten upon a word or two that I thought referred to me. If a telephone rang I instantly surmised that the call concerned me. If I heard the word "smell" I suffered tortures, sure it referred to the odor of corruption which, I was convinced, clung to me.

A lameness which had assailed me months before increased. I suffered from pain in my legs and hips. Extensive examinations were made and it was determined that I was not the victim of any organic disturbance.

My fourth Christmas in darkness came. Christmas morning a large florist's box of red roses was brought to me, with a card which said:

"I haven't forgotten our date and I'm looking forward to it. The best of luck to you—Bill Somers."

Winter, spring, summer. I shall soon have been in this hospital two years. John will be sixteen this spring and David is nearly fourteen. Emily will be nine in December. Opening the bottom drawer of the bureau I drew out a large photograph of the two handsome boys and the lovely little girl. I stared in horror for the faces called forth no response from within me.

IT was the first week in November. My aide and I were on the way to the Science Building.

"I don't want to see Dr. Felsing. He—he only sees the people who are having insulin-shock treatments."

I was weak with apprehension when we stopped in front of his door and my aide knocked.

"Come in." A voice from within spoke and the aide opened the door. A tall, very slender, dark-haired man bowed stiffly from the waist and indicated a chair. He turned to my aide. "You will please be so good as to wait outside."

The door closed. I'm terrified. Dr. Felsing seated himself at his desk, beside which I huddled.

"Mrs. Fowler, for many weeks I have been studying your history and your daily charts, so that you are like an old friend to me. It is the opinion of Dr. Huntingdon that perhaps the time is come for you to have more drastic therapy in order to expedite your recovery—"

"I can't get well."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Fowler, that is something you have always imagined. You *are* curable; you *will* recover and we had hoped that this would occur without the aid of shock treatments. Now we wish to delay your recovery no longer, and you will start upon a series of insulin treatments the day after tomorrow."

"No, no! I'm a customer!"
LIBERTY

That evening when I was ready for bed the night charge nurse came to my door with a tray. "It's your bedtime lunch, Mrs. Fowler. Insulin patients don't have any breakfast before their treatment and you take this supplementary meal."

The tray held two generous sandwiches, peanut butter, and cream cheese mixed with jelly; a large pot of hot chocolate and a bowl of whipped cream.

"You'll have to consume great quantities of sugar and fats from now on."

I broke down and cried, lost and terrified by the prospect of what lay ahead. My aide did her best to comfort me and I finally finished the food. She spoke hopefully of the effects of the shock treatment.

"You remember Mr. Somers, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"He was one of the first patients here to have insulin and look what it did for him."

I awoke before daylight the next morning. The door swung open and I saw the white uniform of a strange nurse.

"Good morning, Mrs. Fowler. Six-thirty. Time to get up." The window shades were raised briskly and I dragged myself out of bed.

"Who are you, please?"

"I'm Miss Kelly. Come on, now, we have to be in Central Building at seven o'clock." The dark-haired young woman was very businesslike and I trembled.

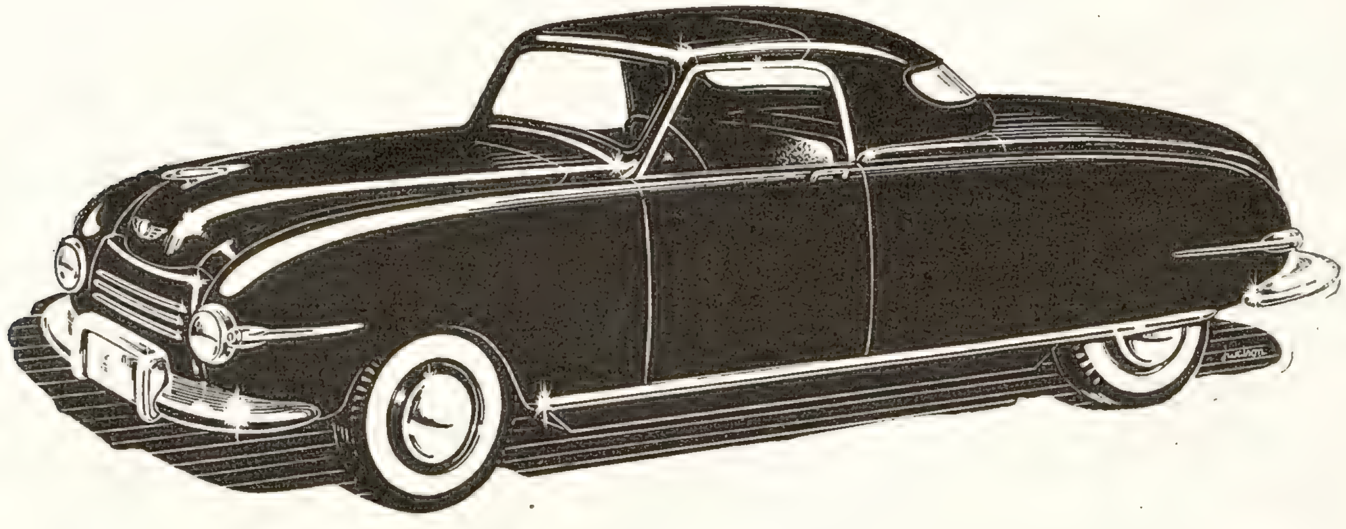
"You're not an aide, are you?"

"I'm a nurse, Mrs. Fowler. All insulin patients have graduate nurses."

I was told by Dr. Stewart that

(*Continued on page 72*)

Proudly We Present

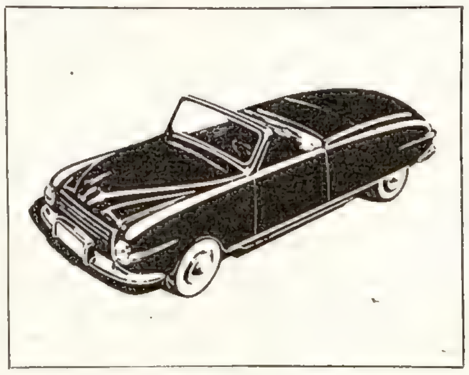


The Playboy

We are proud of our achievement in developing and producing the Playboy . . . . "the nation's newest car sensation" . . . . designed to meet the ever-changing car needs of America. In creating the new 1948 Playboy we have achieved new heights in modern car design and styling.

The Playboy is the first car in the entire automotive field with an all-steel convertible disappearing top! The Playboy is first again in combining the most important features of three body styles: business coupe, club coupe and convertible all in one. The Playboy is the first car in the low-priced field featuring a one-piece, all-steel, all-welded body and frame. The Playboy is the first car in the low-priced field featuring 4 independent coil springs, guaranteeing a level ride under the most rigorous road conditions. The Playboy is powered with a 4 cylinder, 40 horsepower Red Seal Continental engine, and equipped with 4 wheel hydraulic brakes.

The Playboy is 13 feet from bumper to bumper, has a height of 54 inches, and weighs 1900 pounds. The over-all width is 58 inches, and the seat is 4 feet, 3 inches wide, which enables three people to sit comfortably in the front.



Scientific road tests have conclusively proven how remarkably economical the Playboy is to own, since these tests have shown that it will give 35 miles on the gallon. . . . The Playboy can attain a speed of over 70 miles an hour. At this speed it hugs the road like a car twice its weight, insuring maximum protection and safety. All standard automotive parts are used in the Playboy, thus facilitating servicing and assuring added economy of operation.

To simply enumerate the new and revolutionary features incorporated in the Playboy is, however, not sufficient. Facts are important, but inadequate in visualizing this remarkable car. The Playboy is difficult to describe with words alone . . . . to fully appreciate its distinctive styling, its masterful performance and smooth riding qualities, you must see it and drive it yourself. Playboy automobiles are now in production and will sell for $985 F.O.B. Buffalo, N. Y. The Playboy will be on display at your local Playboy dealer's showrooms in the near future. See the new Playboy! Drive it! You will be convinced.

Copr. 1947 by The Playboy Motor Car Corp.

DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS ARE NOW BEING APPOINTED. APPLICATIONS ARE BEING ACCEPTED FOR DOMESTIC AS WELL AS FOREIGN FRANCHISES. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE EXECUTIVE OFFICES.

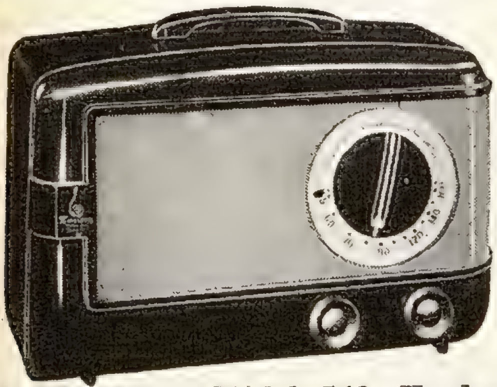
PLAYBOY MOTOR CAR CORP.

FACTORY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES 988 ELLICOTT ST., BUFFALO 8, N. Y.

Better
STYLE, TONE, PERFORMANCE AND VALUE

Now—at NEW LOW PRICES—the popularity of new 1947 Emerson Radio is sweeping the country. Superb Compacts, Portables, Phonoradios, Pocket Receivers and Phonographs that will amaze you with their power and beauty.

Call on your Emerson Radio dealer now for a demonstration.



Emerson Radio Model 543. Handsome AC-DC Superheterodyne with Alnico 5 Permanent Magnet Speaker and many other new engineering advances. Ebony plastic cabinet — now only $24.95
Also available in Ivory plastic cabinet

Super-Powered Emerson Radio
Emerson Radio and Television

Emerson 3-Way Portable Radio Model 536. Plays on AC and DC house current and batteries. See it— listen to it in comparison with all others at far higher prices! Exceptional power and beauty — handsome, sturdy carrying cabinet. Now only $39.95
Less batteries

EMERSON RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION • NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
World's Largest Maker of Small Radio

(Continued from page 70)

she was the best psychiatric nurse he had ever known and I could well believe it. She was hard boiled, determined and the most relentless and flawless disciplinarian. The nursing care given to insulin patients is of utmost importance.

WE walked up to Central Building. It was a little before seven o'clock. I limped along painfully, propelled by Miss Kelly's hand under my arm. To me it was a march of death.

The top floor of the old hospital housed the insulin department. I saw a long corridor flanked by small cubiclelike rooms. At one end were laboratories, sterilizing rooms and other offices.

"Good morning, Miss Kelly."

"How are you, Mrs. Fairchild? This is your new patient, Mrs. Fowler."

The tiny, pretty nurse held out her hand to me as I stood shaking by the desk from which she had risen. "Good morning, Mrs. Fowler." I was not afraid of her.

We walked down the corridor and Mrs. Fairchild pushed open a swinging door. The room had a high metal bed, a porcelain washstand at its foot.

"Miss Kelly will tell you what you are to do, Mrs. Fowler. I'll see you at eight o'clock." Again she took my hand and smiled. "Don't be frightened. We're your friends and we're going to get you well."

Miss Kelly told me to get undressed and into bed.

"Now, Mrs. Fowler, try to relax. I'm going to take your blood pressure and your temperature."

I submitted to the routine and then Mrs. Fairchild came in with a hypodermic syringe. She held my wrist and smiled at me.

"Mrs. Fowler, this hypo contains insulin, just a small amount. You'll just feel a bit drowsy. Tomorrow we'll increase the units and you'll feel more cloudy. The third day that sensation will increase and you may sleep a bit. By the fourth day you will go into shock. It's rather like going under an anesthetic."

I felt cool, wet gauze on my thigh and then, very deftly, Mrs. Fairchild inserted the needle.

"Now, Miss Kelly never leaves your side, Mrs. Fowler, and you have nothing to worry about. I'll see you later."

I lay staring at the ceiling. My hands and feet were no longer cold. Little fragments drifted through my weary mind. I wonder if the children know about this? Several times Miss Kelly applied the stethoscope and the blood-pressure meter. I knew that Dr. Felsing came into the room once. I seemed to float quietly.

BREAKING through the first sodden layers of consciousness. Up, up, up. Slow agonizing approach to awareness. The touch of hands, quick, deft. I am rolled over on my side and hear vaguely the squish of the wet rubber sheet as it is drawn from beneath me. The cocoon of dark blankets is soaked by my perspiration.

The smell of fresh wool. I am rolled over on the other side of the bed onto dry blankets. I stare at the wall beside me and nausea grips me. They make me come back every day, day after day, back from the nothingness. The sickness, the taste of blood in my mouth, my tongue is raw. The gag must have slipped today. The foggy pain in my head. This was what it meant to come out of shock.

"Suck on the tube, Mrs. Fowler!" The nauseating taste of sugar-water. "More—that's it. Don't you go back into shock on me!"

Out of the partial mist again. I heard the scrape of the swinging door and the clink of cutlery and glass and the smell of food hit me.

"Now, Mrs. Fowler, can you sit up? No? I'll give you a lift. Put your arms around my neck." Strong hands under my shoulder and I was raised. "Feel dizzy today?" I nodded. The room was reeling. "That'll pass off. It always does."

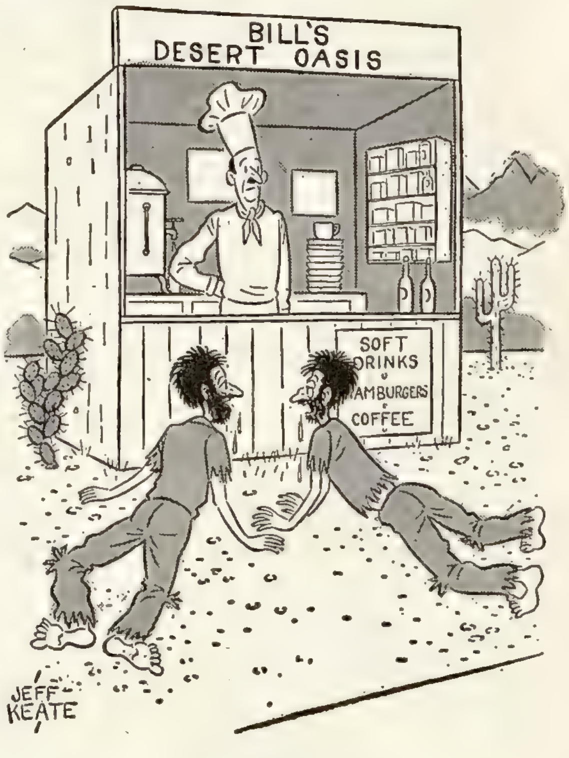
A glass of orange juice was held to my lips.

"Drink this, and eat your breakfast. You don't want to have an intravenous injection of glucose like you had to have last week, do you? I'm not going to have you go into shock on me later in the day."

I felt miserably stuffed as Miss Kelly took away the empty tray and then helped me to my feet. I could not dress unaided. She held out my coat and put on her own. Out in the clear, cold air which did not brace me. Up the stairs. I stood in the middle of my room, cloudy and sick.

"Lie down, Mrs. Fowler. I'll cover you up."

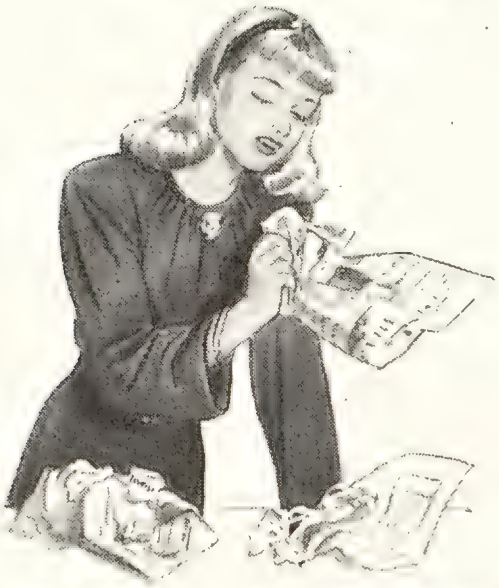
(Continued on page 74)



"I believe you're ahead of me, aren't you?"

LIBERTY

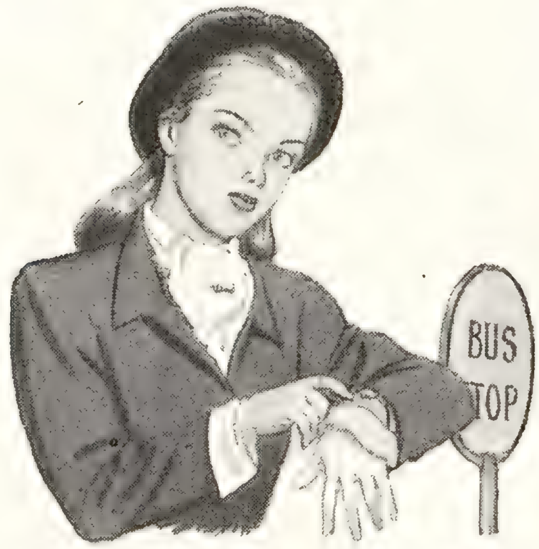
Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

☐ *Get into print*
☐ *Scoop the news*
☐ *A slight-of-hand trick*

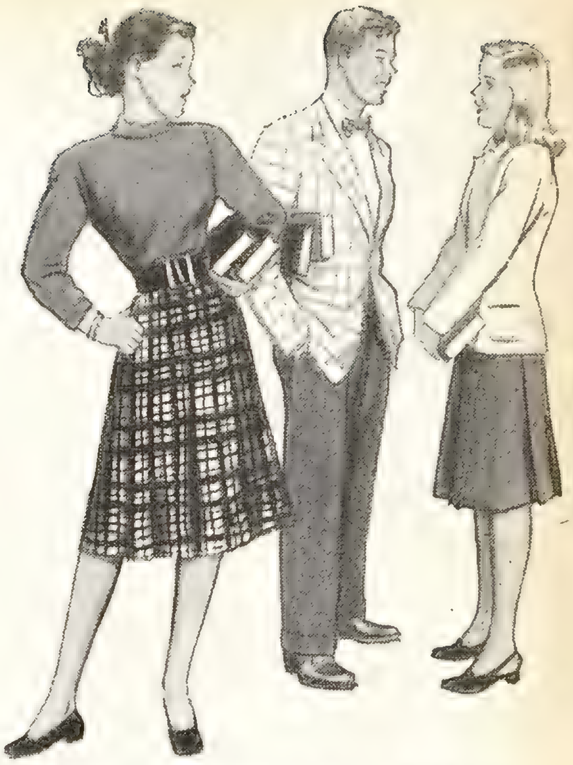
Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive *safety center*. Because it gives *extra* protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.



Which type calls for this neckline?

☐ *Pudge*
☐ *Pee-wee*
☐ *TNT*

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin — maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you — chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know *Kotex* comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So — from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to *you*.



What the lonesome lass lacks is—

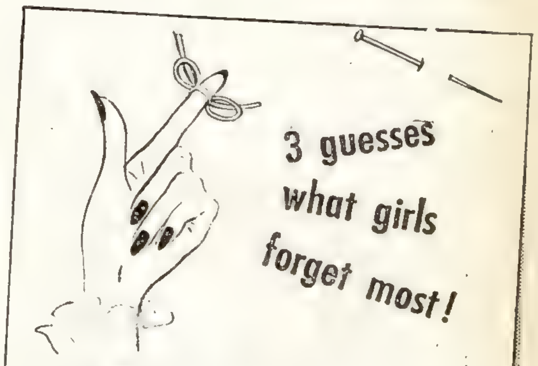
☐ *Goldilocks*
☐ *Good standing*
☐ *Gorgeous gams*

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you've asked for *Kotex*. Naturally! Because Kotex is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

☐ *Cheer-happy*
☐ *Sweet and silent*
☐ *A quiz kid*

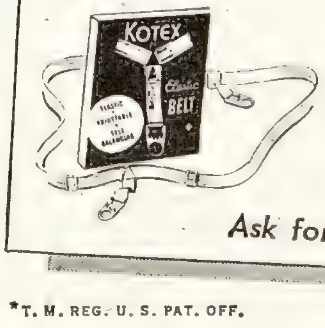
Gals should *know* football!—squires complain. Block that "kick"— by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game! Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on Kotex: it's made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And teamed with a Kotex Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — snug-fitting — adjustable!) Kotex keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



☐ *Remove makeup at bedtime*
☐ *Repair chipped nail polish*
☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see — the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Ask for it by name

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex
KOTEX

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE B·B BALL PEN
B B USA
BB
The "VP" MODEL
Writes as it Rolls
ALL TIME GUARANTEE

98¢
NO LUXURY TAX

Brings you Bull's-Eye Writing Performance at a Sensible Price

The "B•B" is a product of extensive research and development work, and is backed by an All Time Guarantee. It is designed scientifically to give the utmost in balance and writing ease. The "B•B" is made by one of the oldest ball pen manufacturers in the country and one of the first to bring good ball pens to all at a sensible price.

Cleverly combines convenient half size for Purse or Pocket with full size when open for writing.

3 BRILLIANT COLOR COMBINATIONS
Rich maroon and silver
Lustrous black and silver
Dove gray and silver

LONG TIME WRITING FEATURE Specially developed blot-proof ink, flows steadily, without skips.

Replaceable Ball Point and Ink Cartridge unit for 50c, available from your dealer. Keep a fresh one on hand. Seconds to install.

Available at leading drug, stationery and department stores and independent dealers everywhere.

A PRODUCT OF THE B•B PEN COMPANY, HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.
A FULL MEASURE OF WRITING PLEASURE

(*Continued from page 72*)

I closed my eyes and consciousness slipped easily from me. When I awoke Miss Kelly had returned and she gave me a large glass of sweetened grapefruit juice, bundled me into my coat and guided me down the staircase. When our short walk was over I could barely drag my limping feet over the ground.

At half-past six Miss Kelly stood over me as I consumed my dinner.

"Do I have to eat the cream puff?"

"You certainly do. Dr. Felsing is very pleased over your gain in weight. You're beginning to look filled out."

My night aide appeared at seven and Miss Kelly left us. The aide helped me into my coat and we walked again. When we returned to my room I undressed wearily, bathed myself and shuddered at the sight of the sandwiches and a large pot of hot chocolate. Soon I was in bed.

This was my unbroken routine for three months. Christmas came and I have no memory of it.

One evening my aide said, "You'll be finished with your treatments soon, I believe. You'll be having your sixtieth this week. Only in rare cases do they give more than that."

"What month is this?"

"Today is the twelfth of January."

So it will soon be over and then what? I'm sicker than I ever was. I prayed that I might die.

THE woman awoke and felt her body warm and comfortable, relaxed and refreshed. She stretched luxuriously. She opened her eyes and turned her head to the window. A lovely day, she thought. . . .

God in heaven, I'm well. I'm myself. This is I, Anne Fowler. My mind is working. I went to bed last night sicker than I thought I'd ever been, and this morning I'm well. It's a miracle. Tears ran down my cheeks, warm, relieving, happy tears. "Henry—I'm going back to Henry and the children. It's you all right, Annie," I said to the smiling reflection in the mirror. "It's you."

I was dressed when Miss Kelly opened the door. She stood still, amazement in her steely blue eyes.

"I'm well, Miss Kelly, I'm well. Isn't it like a miracle?"

"It comes to some patients one way, and others—" She held out her hand and I took it in mine. "It's grand, Mrs. Fowler, it's just grand. I'm as pleased as all get-out. You know, this really means a lot to me."

"I know it does, Miss Kelly, and I haven't any words to thank you as I want to." I laughed. "You don't know how I've hated you. But now I feel as though I'm seeing you for the first time."

"You're telling me, Mrs. Fowler? I knew. I haven't been a psychiatric nurse for twelve years for nothing. I'm just so darned glad you're well. You were a pretty sick woman."

We left the house and walked briskly. I limped a little bit, but there was no pain in my leg now. When we reached the insulin department I saw Mrs. Fairchild coming out of the sterilizing room.

"Why, Mrs. Fowler—" Her face was wreathed in smiles. "I just can't believe my eyes. Oh, Kelly, what a day for us!"

That day as I came out of shock I was well aware of the difference in my reaction towards this ordeal. I could hardly wait for the cloud to lift as I struggled through each layer of semiconsciousness.

Dr. Stewart came that afternoon. I stood up and the psychiatrist took my hand. "Mrs. Fowler, this is the best thing that ever happened to me. What a nice smile you've got. May I sit down?"

"I'm forgetting my manners, Dr. Stewart."

I ASKED him when I could see Henry and he told me we would go slowly. The cure was certain, he said; but I had many adjustments to make and much to learn still.

"If you are willing, and if your husband consents to it, Mrs. Fowler, Dr. Huntingdon and I would like you to stay here for a course of training so that you can return to your life, knowing that there is no chance of a recurrence of your illness."

I assured him that I was willing to do this and that I knew Henry would want me to. Finally I asked the question that had haunted me.

"Dr. Stewart, is it possible that my children will inherit what I've been through?"

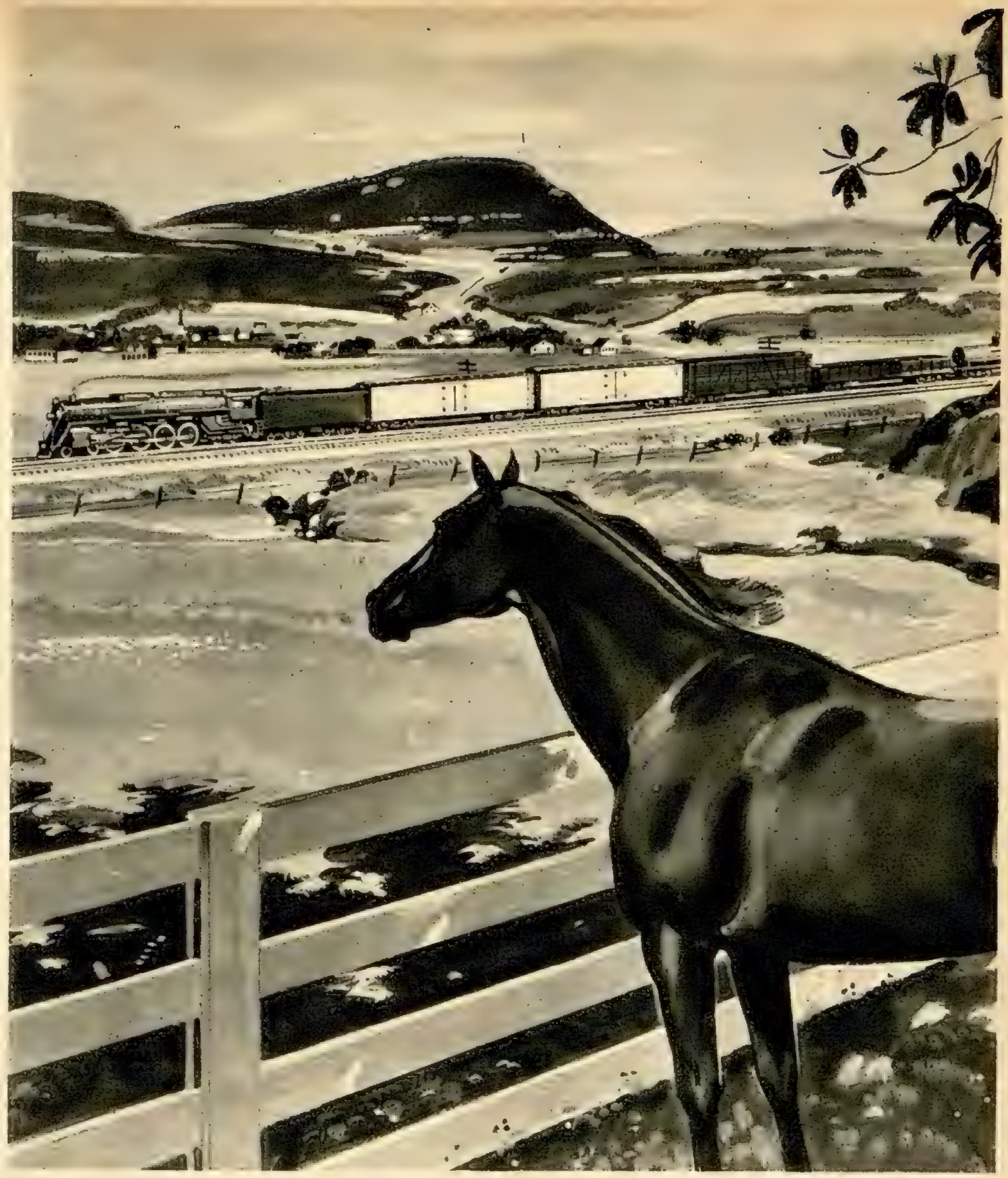
"Mrs. Fowler, yours was not an organic condition. Your children may have delicately balanced nervous systems which will bear intelligent handling. The knowledge and insight you've acquired by your own experience will be of great help in detecting any emotional problems that your children might develop. And certainly you must have learned that to delay getting medical advice is the worst course to pursue. But relieve your mind of the idea that they are predisposed to an illness such as yours."

Shortly after he left me Dr. Felsing appeared.

"There is no question as to your recovery, Mrs. Fowler. I am more than satisfied with your condition. But I should like you to have the benefit of six more treatments. It may interest you to know that you will have had one of the longest series ever given to a patient in this institution. When you had reached your sixtieth there were certain indications which led us to believe that you had improved. Those indications were of a highly technical nature. Your gain in weight alone gave us much hope."

That evening I went downstairs with Miss Kelly when she went off duty and I spent the evening in the living room. The charge nurse and I sat by the fire and talked.

"How many children have you, Mrs. Fowler?"



Where Does the Iron Horse Get its Oats?

Your railroads need investment dollars just as much as a thoroughbred needs oats.

Investment dollars nourish research and invention, improvements in plant, equipment and service — the life and future vitality of your railroads.

But to attract these investment dollars, and to finance improvements needed to serve you better, the railroads must have reasonable earnings.

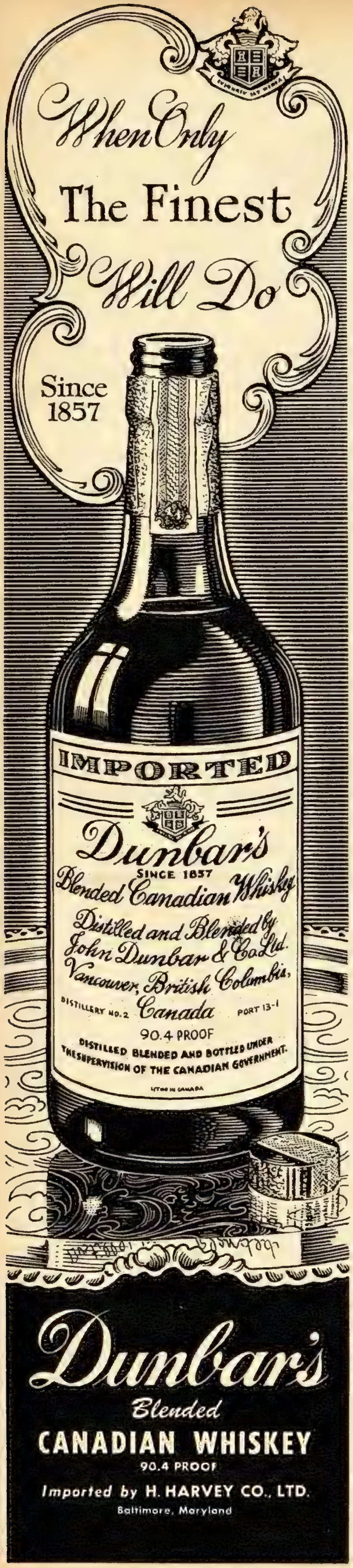
Most folks think 6% is no more than reasonable. Last year, however, railroads as a whole earned an average of only 2¾% on their net investment. Many railroads actually lost money. And this year, even though hauling a record peacetime traffic, American railroads will probably average only about 3%.

Why are the railroads faced with this situation? That's simple. Since 1939, wages are up more than 50%... costs for materials and supplies up 60%. At the same time, the average charge for hauling a ton of freight a mile is less than 15% above 1939! Railroads are still hauling freight for less, on the average, than any other comparable transportation in the world.

Any business should earn at least 6% if it is to continue as a progressive, self-supporting enterprise. The railroads are no exception.

Doesn't this strike you as fair in principle... sound in practice... and to *your own* best interest in the long run? *Association of American Railroads, Washington 6, D. C.*

AMERICAN RAILROADS
THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION



Dunbar's
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKEY
90.4 PROOF
Imported by H. HARVEY CO., LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland

"Three, two boys and a girl. I have a wonderful picture of them upstairs. Would you like to see it?"

"I'd love to."

I climbed the staircase and stopped halfway up. For the first time in over two years there was no one following me, no aide at my side.

I bade the charge nurse good night before nine o'clock as I had promised Miss Kelly that I would go to bed at the usual time. I went into my room and, wonder of wonders, I *closed the door.* I closed it and nobody opened it.

When the light was out I knelt beside my bed and surely no prayers ever uttered were more sincere.

THE first time I went in town to shop with Miss Kelly was the day after I had finished the shock treatments.

"I must warn you of something, Mrs. Fowler," Dr. Stewart said. "You are not quite stabilized. You've been out of the world for so long that everything will look superb to you. And you're going to want to buy almost everything you see."

"I've already made a purchase in the shop here, Dr. Stewart."

"The lipstick?" He grinned. "Very becoming, Mrs. Fowler."

Henry came to see me in March. I could not hear enough about the children and Land's End, Sophie, the Windhams and other friends. He told me that Bill Somers was becoming one of the best known of the younger architects in the city.

"Did you see him just after he came back from here, Henry? It was in July."

"I didn't see him until that following winter. He told me he had a nice chat with you a day or two before he left the hospital. While he thought you were in pretty bad shape, he was sure you would get well."

I did not tell Henry of the message I had begged Bill Somers to deliver to him and I was glad that the young man had had the good taste not to.

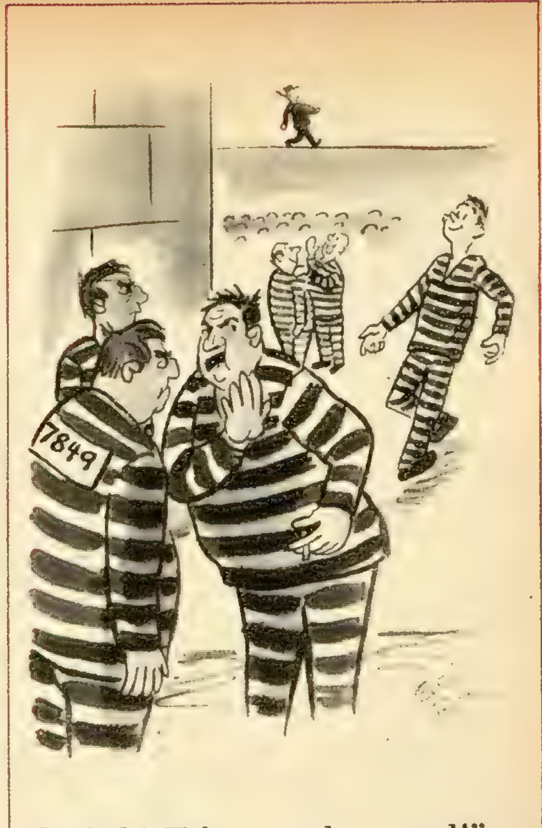
THE first day of June, Henry came for me, bringing with him what he called my "going-home present," a new station wagon with *Land's End* on the door.

We reached our village in the late afternoon.

We took the road that led out of the village. We crested the top of the hill and the car slowed down. Henry's hand found mine and I gripped it tightly. There it was spread out before us, the sea. Below us, sprawling on the rocks, its chimneys silhouetted against the water, was Land's End.

Suddenly, halfway between us and its gateposts, three figures jumped off the stone wall beside the road. They came racing towards us, shouting and waving their arms. Two tall boys and a slender, leggy girl. It was John and David and Emily and I was home.

THE END



"Sh-sh-sh! He's not to be trusted!"
LIBERTY

THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 25

"I didn't dream it, May, if that's what you mean."

"That's what you think, because you're not clear out. The line between dreams and facts seems perfectly hard and clear, but that, too, is a hallucination. Still, your believing it so firmly that you'd get up and dress like a pukka sahib and come over here to talk to me about it—that's a good one."

May's eyes appeared to twinkle.

"It would be very good," Charley said, with a show of firmness, "if I didn't know better."

"Use your head, Charles. I've heard of John Warwick—although I can't place him—but in any case he's nothing to me. But I'll bet a rupee he's someone mighty important to you. Maybe you've been dying to get something on him." She stopped in a startled way. "Well! I remember now! You told me about him one night. He's the very burra, very pukka sahib who took your girl away from you after you joined up."

"I don't remember telling you that."

"It's true, isn't it? In the Duars? You were quite a sahib yourself up there, but without any money. Mr. Warwick was a newcomer who had plenty. You were crazy about the girl—you were an idealistic, warm-hearted boy. Your parents died and you poured all your love on her. You told me she was very beautiful."

"She is. I told my buddies about her, too—in the days I was content to get a little drunk instead of out of the world."

Charley sat still and thought—not of Dorothy and John Warwick, but of May. It was not true, as some pukka sahibs maintained, that Eurasians inherited the worst side of both ancestries. Quite often one inherited the best side of both. And some of them, like May, were brilliant beyond belief.

May had made too good a case. A moment ago he had been convinced of being prey to an illusion. Suddenly, he believed again he was confronting a stunning, almost incredible reality.

He could still let it go—the smart thing to do. If he pushed on, there was danger waiting—failure—the opening of old wounds. Yet it came to him, too, that there was a deeply submerged nobility in May, and purely as an experiment, it seemed, he would try to reach it.

"WELL, it didn't stand to reason," he said. "Warwick is the biggest sahib in the Duars—one of the biggest in India. He's entertained the Viceroy. Maharajahs invite him to their finest levees. He's handsome and witty and completely pukka. Why should a punk like me imagine he dealt in dirty opium?"

"Of all the nerve." But May took a quick glance deep into his face.

"I didn't think I hated him for getting Dorothy—I'd worked it around that she was too good for me. Then to think of him profiting out of every step I took down to hell—"

"Isn't that a little—melodramatic?"

"He's too smart to touch the dirty stuff himself, I thought. He's seen what it does to us fools and weaklings—thousands of white people out here in the East, especially those born in the country, like me, whose souls are half native. And for every white man, it wrecks fifty natives. They smoke year after year without much harm, but it's costly stuff—and their children get weaker from starvation until the fever takes them off. Well, the country's too thickly populated anyhow."

"You don't mean that. You love natives. Why are you saying it?" Deep lines appeared in May's face.

"Do you love natives, May? You're a half-caste woman. You stand with the white people. What do you care about natives?"

"What do I care about anything except the pipes?"

"It doesn't make any difference to you who gets an anna or a *pie* out of every one you smoke, or how, with that money, he spreads his net wider and wider!"

"Stop it, Charles. Suppose it were true. A man cunning enough never to be suspected, so strong that the few who know are in terror of their lives of saying so, would have it fixed so he could never be caught."

"Doubtless."

"If you knew it were true, would you try to catch him?"

"Yes." What a strange thing to say!

"You fool! The first time you got in hand's reach of some opium—"

"I'd still try."

"Why?"

"Because he got my girl. Maybe if he goes to prison, I'll get her back."

"I'd like to think there's some more to it."

"Well, it's what my old man would want me to do—if that still counts. I hate throwing him down all the way. I feel sorry for other smokers—natives especially."

"I do too, Charley."

"I'd even like to die trying," Charley went on, "instead of dying at Ch'u Cheng's some night, hellish years from now."

"You could very easily. The chances would be swell. It's an enormous industry. If it were known I'd said such a thing, do you know what would happen to me?"

"Would you be murdered?"

"Worse than that. No one would sell me any more opium."

"Is it that big?"

"An order would come through and I couldn't buy one pipe. I did say it, though, to a trusted friend. I'm not going to say it again. It's true, but don't count me in from this minute on. Do you understand?"

"Yes—but I don't understand why you've said this much."

"Because—for a little while—the devil let go of my soul."

ON the following morning Charley called at Government House and asked for an interview with Sir Alan Lanark, head of the Criminal Investigation Department in Bengal.

Stay Sweet with
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT PEPPERMINT GUM
LEAF CHEWING GUM
Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air. But LEAF Gum time is all the time...'cause LEAF's delicious minty flavor is longer lasting.
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
"FINGER-NAIL (F-N) TEST?"

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A Little Wildroot Cream-Oil does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR

Again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!

TUNE IN . . . TWO NETWORK SHOWS! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

"Charley, I've not laid eyes on you for a year or more," the big keen-eyed Scotsman told him. "What can I do for you?"

His tone gave no hint of his thoughts—that his visitor was about to try to make a touch—but Charley guessed them.

"I'll take only a minute of your time. I want to ask if there's a strongly organized opium ring operating in eastern India, whose head has so far escaped the C.I.D.?"

Sir Alan's face had a startled expression, then appeared to freeze.

"I can't very well discuss the affairs of the C.I.D. with you, Charley."

"Well, I'd heard there was such an organization."

"Did you have some information to give me, Charley? I don't mind saying you're perfectly right—the opium traffic is superbly organized and at present the most perplexing problem facing the C.I.D. But I still don't understand the object of your visit."

"I don't want any money. All I want is the services of a secret agent for a few days—a Bengali baboo preferably, or some other well-educated native."

"Why don't you tell me the name of your suspect? You'd have to tell the baboo—"

"A native would believe it's possible. You wouldn't."

"Charley, we've gone through the Duars with a fine-tooth comb. Every sahib there is beyond suspicion—and there doesn't seem any native big enough for this. The Duars are the doors to Bhutan—a likely gateway for the vast quantity of Chinese opium being smuggled into India, yet we've been forced to the conclusion it was the wrong lead."

"I'll try to find out for you, if you want me to."

"There was a time I'd have jumped at the chance—but I'd written you off. If you're no good, the natives will write you off too—you can't fool them. Since you don't want money, what is your stake?"

"It wouldn't make sense, Sir Alan."

"Well, I'm going to send to you a Bengali called Chatterji. Although he has lost an eye—a mark easily remembered by criminals, he has some spare ones in the back of his head that make him very useful. He'll be empowered to help you as far as he sees fit."

THE next day a young fat Bengali wearing sun glasses and European clothes stopped Charley on the street and asked some directions in a Piccadilly accent with a rich flavor of the University of Calcutta. He appeared the perfect baboo—English-educated native.

"Haven't I met you before?" Charley asked. "Chandra—Chatterji—some such name—"

"Righto! The car is waiting just around the corner."

Chatterji led the way to a ramshackle taxi. "The driver is a verree reliable agent," he explained when the car was in motion. "Immediately we are out of hearing of all others as on desert island. What, my friend, is on your mind?"

Charley told him of the remark he had overheard, without divulging the speaker's name. At the name "John Warwick," Chatterji did not start or look disgusted.

"I have thought once or twice of that burra sahib," he said, "only because he is so verree, verree burra, if you understand me. No chota sahib could organize and operate such a big affair. Anyhow—pardon me—it is probably a pipe dream. Even so, I will help you all I can, short of eenvolving the Department."

"I WANT Warwick to come to me," Charley explained. "I want to get close to him without a suspicion ever crossing his mind—have him invite me to visit his tea garden. I want him to think I can be of great profit to him in a somewhat crooked deal—not connected with opium."

"By Jove, that is all right!"

"Could you persuade Warwick that you're a student of Sanskrit manuscripts?"

"My friend, I have more scholastic degrees than you can shake a stick at!"

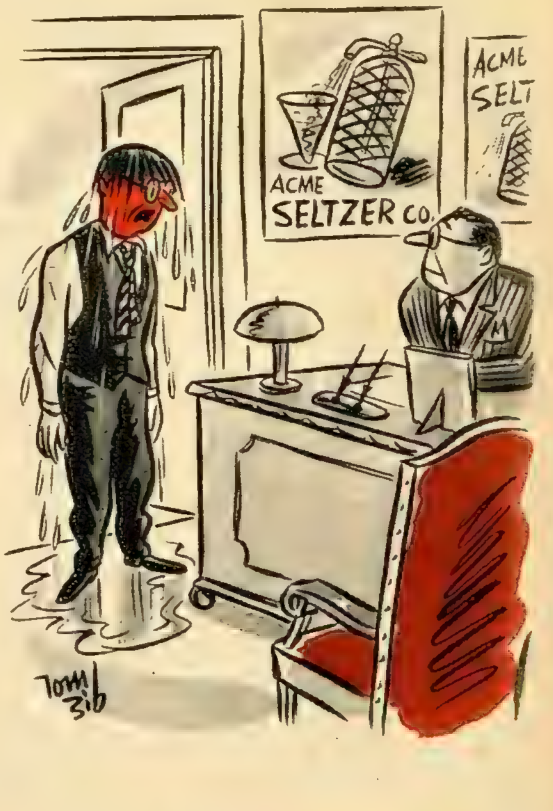
Charley outlined his plan without hedging. Both native to India, with a thousand tacit contacts, he and this brilliant Bengali understood each other.

"I've no reason to think he'd fall for it—" Charley concluded.

"I would be verree interested! Meester Warwick falling for it would be no more strange than you inventing it. Yess, I am intrigued!"

"Would you bait the hook?"

(*Continued on page 80*)



"I just gave Jensen his notice!"
LIBERTY

The story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL

JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER
and introducing exciting
HAZEL BROOKS as ALICE

in *"Body and Soul"*

with ANNE REVERE

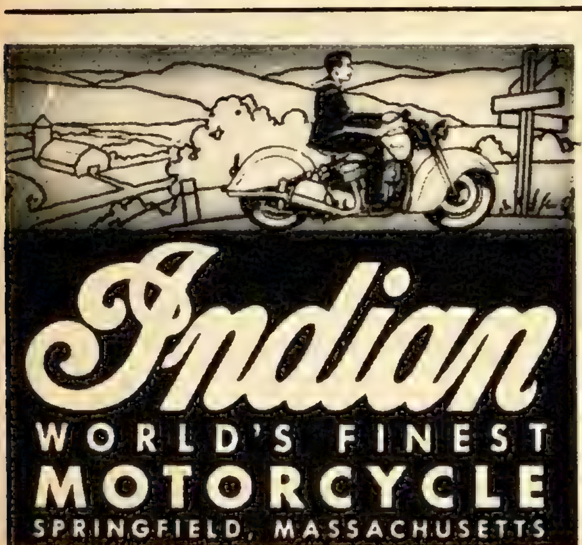
WILLIAM CONRAD · JOSEPH PEVNEY · LLOYD GOFF · CANADA LEE

Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY · Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN · Produced by BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

A new climax in entertainment from **THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS**

IT LOOKED LIKE TROUBLE UNTIL . . .
SHOVE OVER YOU TWO! KEEP DRIVIN', HACKY, AND NO FUNNY STUFF!
I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MIN . . . HOLY SMOKE! A STICK UP
TAXI
HIS TAXI NEWLY EQUIPPED WITH TWO-WAY RADIO, JOE DOUGLAS IS REPORTING TO HIS GARAGE AT THE END OF A LONG DAY BEHIND THE WHEEL WHEN HIS REAR VISION MIRROR SHOWS . . .
NOW HEAD FOR DEER CANYON . . . AND STEP ON IT!
DEER CANYON. THAT'S ON ROUTE 19. SAY, THAT GUN MAKES ME NERVOUS
LEAVING THE OPEN RADIO MIKE ON HIS LAP, JOE REPEATS THE UNSUSPECTING THUG'S INSTRUCTIONS . . .
. . . GUN MAKES ME NERVOUS
THEY'RE HEADING FOR DEER CANYON ON ROUTE 19, SERGEANT
JOE'S SURE GOT NERVE
. . . TO HIS GARAGE, WHERE THE SUPERINTENDENT RELAYS THEM TO THE POLICE . . .
MOTHER'S QUITE UPSET. CAN'T YOU GET OUR STATEMENTS LATER?
CERTAINLY, MISS BARLOW
I'LL TAKE THEM HOME AND COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS
POLICE
TWO HOURS LATER
YOU'RE FAMOUS, JOE! AND SAY, MR. BARLOW WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AT HIS HOME
GOSH, I DIDN'T SHAVE TODAY. CAN YOU LEND ME A RAZOR?
WHAT A SWEET-SHAVING BLADE! MY FACE FEELS GREAT!
WHISKERS DON'T COME TOO TOUGH FOR THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN
I GET MY DEGREE FROM NIGHT LAW SCHOOL NEXT MONTH
H-M-M-M, MY FIRM HAS STARTED MANY A YOUNG LAWYER UP THE LADDER . . .
I DIDN'T REALIZE HE'S SO HANDSOME
FOR SMOOTHER, MORE REFRESHING SHAVES WITH A MONEY-SAVING BLADE, TRY THIN GILLETTES. THEY ARE BY FAR THE KEENEST AND LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY, THIN GILLETTES PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢


Indian
WORLD'S FINEST
MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

(Continued from page 78)

"I would be charmed. It will not eenvolve the Department, and when nothing comes of it, it is only a literary mistake by a silly baboo! By Jove, old chap, I will have fun, doing it up brown. But it may not be such good fun for you before it's over!"

SEVENTEEN days passed before Charley received a typewritten note, signed "A Friend," asking him to come "about tenish" to the Lotus Café.

It was a cheap resort, with a cheap crowd. There were some chota sahibs—pallid clerks from the wrong side of the London tracks—badly dressed half-castes, and noisy Bengalis.

Warwick came in the door, tall and lean, himself correctly dressed despite the company. He glanced over the crowd until he saw Charley, then strode over to him. "Jolly nice of you to come, Charley," he said.

"Thanks for inviting me," Charley replied.

"I shall have the pleasure of buying the drinks." Warwick took the seat beside Charley and called, "Boy! Two burra pegs of your best, in clean glasses, and see it's not cut."

He looked scarcely older than when Charley had seen him last, five years ago.

"Charley, I have to apologize for not giving my name in the note," he said. "I wasn't at all sure it would reach you, or wouldn't reach someone else who might think I was good picking."

"That was smart," Charley answered. "You've become very prominent."

"I've had good breaks."

"I can't say I have." Charley sounded spiteful, but it was an able piece of dissembling, because he had never blamed anyone but himself.

"I want to talk to you about that. When I heard you were in Calcutta, I determined to look you up. For one thing, I felt that you were harboring a good deal of bitterness against both of us. It was a rotten thing to happen to you, Charley, when you were off fighting. But such things do happen—without anyone being to blame."

This had all been carefully prepared, Charley perceived. It strengthened him a little.

"Happy days!" he said, lifting his glass.

"I also heard you were down on your luck and avoiding your old friends," Warwick went on. "That's the reason I asked you to meet me here. But maybe things will take a turn."

"They'd better hurry, before I start sticking people up."

"Well, I want to rally round. When you were so decent in your letter of best wishes—well, both Dorothy and I felt deeply grateful."

"That's wonderful, Mr. Warwick."

"My name is John—remember? Charley, I've no post to offer a sahib, but there's an opening for you to make a great deal of money."

"That's better than a job," Charley said, leaning a little closer.

"It's a wonderful chance, and doesn't smell of charity. You'll be glad that I, too, can clean up. You're not accepting any favor. It all comes from your father's having been commercial agent in Bhutan and your having been born on the border. You know the language and the people have never forgotten you. You can come and go in their forbidden country. True, the enterprise is just a little shady; but your father spent thousands on those people, and here's your chance to get it back and yet leave them exactly as well off as before."

"I don't know that I'd even worry about that part."

"Charley, have you any special veneration for Buddhist idols?"

"Hell, no!"

"As you know, there are uncounted thousands of them in Bhutan. One is a small idol, in an obscure pagoda, worshiped by a few ignorant natives. I happen to know where it is. It's a wooden image, probably not more than a hundred years old, but the eyes were taken from a much older idol and are supposed to be jade. Instead, they're two of the largest and most perfect emeralds in the world. If you should go into Bhutan on a hunting trip—"

"PARDON me, Mr. Warwick. Why haven't you gone to Bhutan on a hunting trip? I know you're a pukka sahib, but when it's nothing worse than removing a couple of rocks stuck in a piece of wood—"

"I've been tempted, Charley, but it wasn't practical. Granting I could have wangled permission to enter Bhutan, every step I took, every move I made would be watched. I can't speak Bhutanese. I couldn't go wandering about the pagodas and reliquaries; the people would resent it. I'm not Howard Davis' son but a relative newcomer."

"I see."

"You can just walk into Bhutan. No frontier guard would stop you. Then walk out again with two emeralds in your pocket worth a lac of rupees—maybe two lacs—apiece. Best of all, their removal would not be discovered for years, if ever."

A bearded Punjabi in European dress lurched by and took a table near by. He had small, closely set ears. Charley's stepped-up senses told him he was not so drunk as he would have it appear.

"How can that be managed?" Charley asked.

"They were owned by Akbar the Great and there's a good description of them in an old Sanskrit manuscript. They're perfectly round, of the color of young rice, and by knowing their weight I was able to figure their exact size. I know a manufacturer of imitation gems who can furnish you two pieces of glass

COBBS
The Master Blend
COBBS
A Blended Whisky of superior quality
Blended and Bottled in Philadelphia, Pa. by
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION

IF YOU want finer whisky for less money—COBBS is your brand. Here is luxury whisky in everything but the price tag . . . master-blended to bring you new levels of richness and gratifying flavor. Compare!

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 27½% STRAIGHT WHISKY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

BLENDED WHISKY • 86 PROOF
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

to take their place. Finding the original opening in the head and getting in and closing it up again shouldn't take more than two or three hours."

"It's perfect," Charley murmured.

"One for you and one for me. From then on you wouldn't have to worry."

"Right! But where would I stay before going on shikar? I could put up at the dak bungalow at Diwingari, but it would be a lot better for me to be visiting you. Would Dorothy invite me?"

"Of course she'll invite you—she's very fond of you—and it's the ideal situation. After a few days with us, you'd go on shikar. But of course she won't know the plan. Charley, are you game?"

"Rather!"

"I'll order the imitation jewels tomorrow for you to pick up. Here's the address. The invitation from Dorothy will be along in a week. But you'll need a good wardrobe and kit. Will four hundred rupees do it, including an air ticket to Gauhati?"

"Why, yes. I'm sure it will."

CHARLEY had met Warwick on Friday night. On Monday evening he started to pack his bag.

From the top drawer of his dresser he took his school tie. Beneath it were a few snapshots—mainly of Dorothy. He glanced through them, loving her but hating himself with an aching hate. Then forgot all that to look at another picture.

It was of a girl of about fifteen with a brown impish face, standing beside a dead panther. Her name was Judith Millroy, the daughter of the manager of the tea garden next to Warwick's, and with a dash of native blood from her mother's side. She used to tag him about. He had snapped the picture during his visit home five years before.

Game little Judy, he thought. If her "taint" of native blood worried her—on account of English prejudice—she never let anyone know it.

ON the following day he met again the one-eyed Bengali called Chatterji, who listened to his story. "So Warwick swallowed your bait," Charley concluded.

"I'm a verree clever fellow, and went to no small trouble. I have also a hunch! If you fail, it will be because of the lady."

"Warwick's wife?"

"You are verree gone on her, old chap. I think you won't let her alone."

"Fat chance of otherwise." In the first place, the opium habit took that out of a man. Chatterji knew that perfectly well. "She's happily married."

"Even if not, will you promise to pass it by until—afterward?"

"Why?"

"My friend, I can't tell you. It is something about this whole thing—the jewels you have invented—the biggest sahib in the Duars taking the bait—the Black Smoke. Remember I am Asiatic! I see visions!"

"Well, you're barking up the wrong tree."

THREE days later Charley received by air mail a cordial note from Dorothy inviting him to visit her and her husband at the earliest possible moment. If he wanted a little shikar as of old, the tigers had multiplied during the war, and wild elephants were plentiful.

At the end of the week the glass emeralds were ready and he took the plane for Gauhati.

He gazed with pleasure at the stewardess, a symbol of the changing India that Howard Davis had hoped and labored for. She was a Eurasian.

"I hope you'll fly with us again, Mr. Davis," she remarked cheerily, when he fastened his belt for the landing. "I saw your name on my list, and noticed your initial is C."

"It stands for Charley."

"Not the Charley Davis who lived at Diwingari!"

"Yes."

"Good heavens! Why, I know—"

But the plane was swooping and she had to dash to the door. Charley had no opportunity to question her and she only gazed at him with wondering eyes as she bade him the conventional good-by. A second later he was standing in the glaring sunlight, trying to still his thudding heart.

Warwick waved and Charley hurried toward him. But the tall young woman beside him was beginning to fill his eyes. She was pale haired and of delicate beauty, and her eyes, very long and oddly set, were of a wonderful deep-sea green.

"Charley?" she called softly in her low, warm voice.

But there was a momentous question in her eyes: Do you still love me, Charley? And it was not in his power to refrain from answering by the look on his face. Still, that did not break his promise to Chatterji; there was no reason to fear he would break it. Opium shuts out of a man the desire for woman.

Dorothy was waiting for his kiss. He had expected it as a gesture of welcome, and it would stop at that. But her arms about his neck and the eager surrender of her lips wakened a sleeping giant.

That soon Charley's promise to Chatterji went by the board! But could he conceal the fact from Warwick?

Although his enemy had seen the rush of color to his face and knew its meaning, the danger lay in his suspecting Dorothy's response.

While exchanging strained amenities with Dorothy, Charley covertly studied Warwick's face. No look of jealousy, even of suspicion, appeared there. Instead his eyes looked abnormally bright and it was as though some powerful wish he had kept secret was coming true!

To be continued in the next issue.

ADVERTISEMENT

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES
BUY
Pepsi-Cola
BUY
Pepsi-Cola
Frank Brandt

"Our very latest model. Built-in, roller-bearing case for Pepsi-Cola."

We're Out To Undersell The World At The Risk Of

LOSING OUR SHIRTS!

Direct From Switzerland To You

Price-Cut To The Bone

1947 GENUINE Imported SWISS MEN'S WRIST WATCHES

Out They Go At This Low Price Regardless of loss!

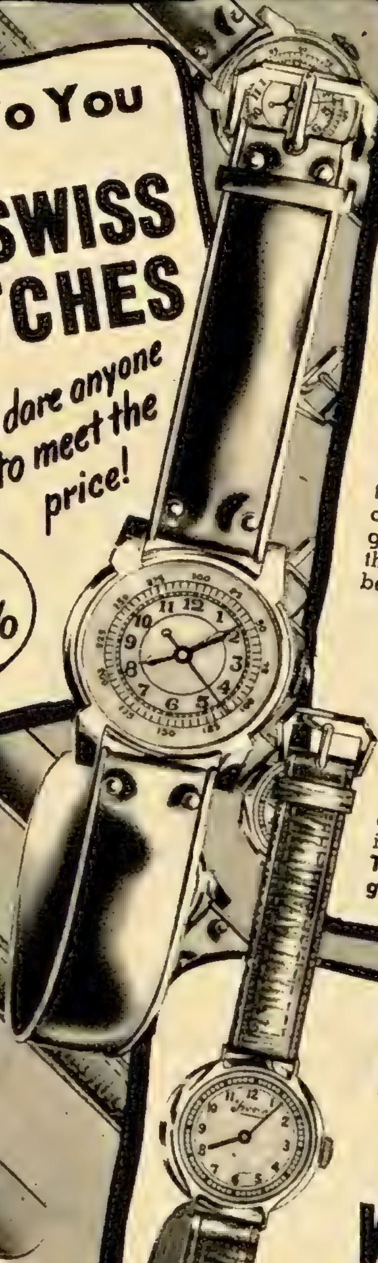
Former OPA Ceiling $8.50 plus tax

$4.98 plus 10% fed. tax

We dare anyone to meet the price!

SAVE ALMOST 50%

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS



We've Been Warned!

Too Risky! Too Daring! Can't Be Done! ....But

WE'RE DOING IT!

BECAUSE: We believe in big volume at ***Penny-Profits*** and not big profits on a small volume!

BECAUSE: We believe every reader of this revolutionary, money-saving offer who needs a wrist watch for himself or a loved one will welcome this chance to buy one or more of these fine Swiss Wrist Watches at almost HALF PRICE!

BECAUSE: In addition to our ***Penny-Profits Policy*** our ***direct-from-Switzerland-to-you*** low cost contact eliminates all costly middleman profits.

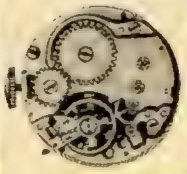
THOUSANDS SOLD AT ALMOST TWICE THE PRICE!

Yes, in the past two years, we ourselves have sold tens of thousands of these fine watches to satisfied customers all over the nation. They were a bargain at only $8.50 for the men's and $12.50 for the ladies' because they compare in style and beauty with watches that were sold for many, many times as much. Today—at only $4.98 to $6.98 ***they're really a steal!***

THIS OFFER MAY NEVER BE REPEATED!

Yes, unless we receive the ***quick*** action in ***huge*** volume that this amazing effort to bring you a bargain deserves, our loss may run into thousands upon thousands of dollars. This, naturally would force us to withdraw this offer and raise our prices to almost double the price that these watches are selling for elsewhere. ***So don't delay! ACT TODAY! Now!*** Remember, ***you gain regardless*** even though we may lose our shirts!

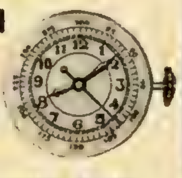
Genuine, Imported SWISS MOVEMENT



Chrome-Plated Case

★

Unbreakable Crystal



Large, Accurate SWEEP-SECOND HAND

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED

to be in perfect running order. All are brand new, imported direct from Switzerland to our large Southern warehouse to you! Because of the sensational cut-price nature of this money-saving offer ALL SALES ARE FINAL!

SPECIAL SERVICE GUARANTEE

We maintain a complete Service and Repair Department and offer ***our customers only*** the lowest price watch repair service on ***our watches only.*** Yes, if from accidental over-winding, hard usage or abuse, the watch ***you purchase from us*** stops running within a year, simply return it to us for cleaning and repairs together with $1—Yes, only $1, and we will return it to you in perfect running order postpaid.

Where Else In America At This Low Price

1947 Genuine, Exquisite LADIES SWISS WRIST WATCHES

We Reserve the right to Reject Orders After Present stock is exhausted!

Former OPA Ceiling $12.50 plus tax

$6.98 plus 10% fed. tax

SAVE ALMOST 50%

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

Extra!

You've Seen These STAINLESS STEEL EXPANSION BANDS Advertised at far higher prices!

Men's Now Only 25¢

Now available to you at a fraction of their original cost ... with your watch order.

Now Only 49¢ *Ladies*

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, Importers—Dept. W 25
9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Alabama

CHECK ONE: ☐ I am enclosing $.................... Ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $.................. plus postage.

Quan.	Merchandise	Price	Total
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITH SWEEP SECOND HAND.	$4.98 plus 50c tax	
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITHOUT Sweep Second Hand.	$3.98 plus 40c tax	
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches with Sweep Second Hand and RADIUM DIAL.	$5.98 plus 60c tax	
	1947 PETITE LADIES' MODEL, Imported Swiss Watch.	$6.98 plus 70c tax	
	MEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band.	25c tax-free	
	WOMEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band.	49c tax-free	

LIMIT: 3 watches and 3 bands to customer.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY................................ ZONE.... STATE............

A huge 100-ton Army tank climbs aboard a new tank transporter, consisting of a treaded platform supported by 48 rubber-tired wheels.

Mr. Mighty

It's hard to realize that just by pulling a string, this casual young man has set off a barrage as mighty as the combined firepower of 24 artillery pieces. Watching *him* do it, it looks easy. But there's more to his calm assurance than meets the eye.

You can't see the thorough training and experience which have made him proficient in the use of this new form of weapon. You can't see the years of research by the U. S. Ordnance Department which have perfected the sleek, rocket-propelled projectiles he is firing . . . developed the simple device that launches 24 rockets in fast, orderly succession.

Today's Regular Army is chock-full of "Mr. Mighties"— able young men who, alone or in tightly knit teams, can accomplish feats considered impossible a short time ago.

They "swim" tanks across rivers and through ocean waves . . . make lightning electronic calculations in locating fast-moving targets . . . drive enormous, self-propelled artillery pieces into position, set them up, and fire them in a matter of seconds . . . pick up a 100-ton tank and transport it across country.

All these feats come about as a result of research. Ambitious young men who want a part in some of this research, can enlist in the Army if they are from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). A 3-year enlistment permits choosing any branch of service which has quotas to be filled and any overseas theater which still has openings. It also affords an opportunity to attend one of the many technical or specialist schools.

Get the facts today — and learn about many other benefits — at your nearby U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

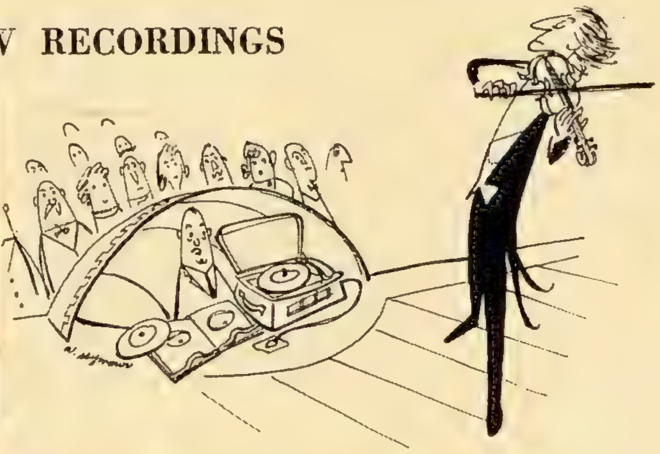
Listen to "Sound Off," "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Take a Break," "Front and Center" and "Proudly We Hail" on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

★ RECORDS ★

MIDDLE-BROW RECORDINGS



BY ANDRÉ KOSTELANETZ, Columbia Records Artist

With this column by Mr. Kostelanetz, Liberty inaugurates its new record feature. A noted music authority will conduct the column each month, reviewing records in the field he is most competent to judge.—The Editor.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, in inviting me to help launch its first record page, has given me a chance to ride my favorite hobbyhorse and write about Middle-Brow Music. A fine example of this kind of music—music every member of the family will enjoy—is Columbia's recently issued Street Scene album, which provides a capsule version of the Elmer Rice play (Columbia MM 683; $7.35*). Another Broadway success on records, Brigadoon, with music by Frederick Loewe, will bring to your home some of the loveliest Scotch tunes this side of Loch Lomond (Victor P-178; $4.99).

One of the most impressive works of native inspiration is Marc Blitzstein's Airborne Symphony, just recorded by the New York Symphony under Leonard Bernstein (Victor 1117; $8.24).

Another example of music with an American motif is Virgil Thomson's deep-rooted score for the Lorentz documentary, The Plow that Broke the Plains, now issued in album form (Victor 1116; $2.99). This work is performed by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

One of the favorite composers of the Middle-Brow listener is Peter Tchaikovsky. Children—and their parents too—will enjoy the dynamic and colorful recording of his March Slav with the English National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari (Decca FFRR 1262; $2.10). For the more sophisticated taste the same company has just released music from two enchanting Tchaikovsky ballets, The Sleeping Beauty with the BBC orchestra (Decca FFRR EDA 18; $5.25), and Swan Lake with the National Symphony Orchestra (Decca FFRR EDA 12; $5.25). Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2 in G Major, curiously enough never before recorded in America, has just been given a brilliant interpretation by Shura Cherkassky, as soloist with the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra (Concert Hall Society, AM.; $9.45).

And while we're mentioning Russian composers, let's consider Aram Khachaturian, one of the most deservedly popular and romantic of our contemporaries. His Masquerade Suite, conducted by Jacques Rachmilovich with the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, is an exciting and brilliant variation of the usual Grand Ballroom ballet music (Asch 800; $5.61).

Another school of Middle-Brow Music interprets the classics in the jazz idiom. The latest album of the New Friends of Rhythm, conducted by Sylvan Shulman and arranged by Alan Shulman, is a group of easy-going rhythmic works which make a fugue or the spirit of electricity—as in High Voltage—readily comprehensible (International 30; $3.15).

Alec Wilder has turned his engaging style to Octets, which combine a spirit of Ravel or Debussy with an occasional bow to jive (Vox VSP 301; $4.99). And Allen Roth, conducting an orchestra and the Caroline Choristers, offers a unique interpretation of eight spirituals in rhythm tempo (MGM 2; $3.94).

---

* *Prices include federal excise tax.*

Guest reviewer for October: Kate Smith

BULLETS OF WHEAT

Continued from Page 27

population and the increase in buying power of most Americans; then add our need for seed for the next year's crop and wheat used for livestock feed. To that gigantic total add about 400,000,000 more bushels which our government bought for famine areas. That left about 75,000,000 bushels to carry us over to the 1947 crop of winter wheat which began to flow to market around the 4th of July.

The predicted all-time record 1947 crop of 1,200,000,000 bushels will be subjected to the same domestic drains as the last crop; and as our new foreign policy is accelerated, even more wheat and flour will be exported. So don't be surprised if at the same time next year we are in an even tighter situation.

Every time the government buys more grain for export, the price is bound to go up. Herman Steen explained that, "The price of flour is governed by the price of wheat, and both price levels have been affected in recent months at times when the government has been in and out of the market."

It looks pretty clear in kitchen arithmetic that the price of checking Communism may be higher bread prices; maybe some flour shortages.

BUT to check alarmists, both political and social, they emphasize that we do not face a food shortage. We have ample supplies of all other kinds of food.

If our war with food is to be fought successfully, it may mean returning to some wartime controls.

To get our wheat crop to the mills, we need 800,000 boxcars. Only 700,000 are available. This shortage of boxcars demands government allocation, and G. S. Kennedy, important Minnesota flour and feed man, and vice-president of General Mills, wants government allocation of cars at once. "This may be asking for government interference again," he admitted, "but if the government must have wheat and flour instead of bullets, then the Office of Defense Transportation should divert boxcars to get wheat to mills producing flour for export. They have begun to do this, but the program must be stepped up drastically," he added.

If we look behind our golden curtain, we see an anemic world succumbing to Red encroachment. If we step free of our soundproof isolation, we hear informed and warning voices. In plain English they tell us we must act today if the price of stemming Communism is to be no greater than the return of some wartime controls, higher wheat prices, possibly a little less flour than we'd like here.

Bullets of wheat may cost us American money—but they won't cost us blood.

THE END

THE SKY WAS FALLING

Continued from Page 28

she said. "Haven't you been there?"

"What's it like?" I asked her.

"There's a merry-go-round and all sorts of other rides and a bathing beach and canoes to rent and a dance floor. It's very gay."

"Let's drive out to Dellwood Beach now," I suggested.

"But—but it's a silly sort of place. I'm not sure you'd like it."

"Why not? Do you think I am too old? Do they sell that frothy spun candy there?"

"Cotton candy! Sure they do."

"Get your coat," I told her.

WE rode the roller coaster, the racing merry-go-round, and the miniature train. We ate cotton candy and popcorn. We walked arm in arm along the boardwalk near the lake, and finally the music from the dance floor drew us back.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Lucille demanded as we glided in perfect synchronization. "I didn't know you liked this sort of thing."

"I haven't done it for years and years. I owe my proficiency, by the way, to a very beautiful red-haired lady like yourself. She was our dancing teacher. I had a terrific crush on her."

"Are you trying to make me jealous?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I was about to accuse you of that."

"What do you mean?"

"That Valentino character over there." I indicated a tall and very dark young fellow watching us from the floor's edge. "He's been staring at you a good five minutes without being discouraged."

My tone was bantering, but I felt far from casual. I wanted to take Lucille and leave the floor.

"I'm sure I can't help it if he wants to stare at me," Lucille said. Her mouth was soft and her eyes half closed as if from the glare of his admiration.

I looked toward the dark young man again. He stood alone, staring at Lucille with his sly bright eyes.

"I can't say I agree with your taste," I told her.

"Mine isn't concerned. It's his taste I hope you agree with."

"But do you enjoy having men stare at you?"

"Why not? It gives me a lift to know I'm not repulsive."

I realized she thought I was making a joke out of it, and I might have laughed the whole thing off if that unspeakable youth hadn't started to walk across the dance floor. To my horror, I realized he was heading straight toward me.

I stopped dancing and pressed Lucille's hand in mine so tightly that she exclaimed with pain.

At that moment he reached us and put his hand on my back.

I whirled around, striking his arm away from me.

"Hey, what are you so sore about, Bud?" he asked. "I only want to finish out this dance with the little lady."

I thrust my hands into my pockets to hide their trembling, but my whole body shook. "Get out, you ——!" I swore at him. "Get out or I'll kill you!"

"Hey, listen here." He flushed a deep mottled red. "You come outside and say that and I'll—"

"Please," Lucille said—"please go away. My husand is ill."

She put her arm through mine and led me from the dance pavilion. Once outside in the darkness, I relaxed. I started to take my hands out of my pockets, and that was when I discovered that my pocket knife had been snapped open and my right hand was clenched rigidly around it. If that chap had stood facing me one second longer—if Lucille had not taken me away—

On the way home I said to Lucille, "Forgive me—I lost my head. My behavior must have seemed disgusting to you. But you don't know how I feel about you."

"Why don't you tell me?"

"I don't know how," I mourned. "To say I love you isn't enough. It's more than that. You are my life."

I felt her slim body pressed close to mine as we drove down the long curving roads. She said, "You ought to make an honest woman of me. Remember what I told that fellow? My *husband.*"

"Yes," I said. "That's what I must be."

The headlights of a passing car shone on her face for a second. She looked solemn and very tender. Her expression reminded me of my mother's when she used to come in at night to cover me. Those were the happiest moments I knew—to open my eyes in the awful darkness and find I wasn't alone, that she was watching over me.

IN June we were married. We went to my family's summer place in Canada on our wedding trip. My parents were dead and my remaining brother, who had married too, rarely used the place. Ruth's family never opened their house until July. We'd have it all to ourselves. It sounded as if a long-postponed heaven would be mine at last.

But we had been at the camp for only two days when my enthusiasm began to wane. I had played my old records, looked over my old books, examined my old gear, and I began to feel a growing discomfort among these souvenirs of my boyhood. And finally, when we had been at the camp thirteen days that—that accident happened.

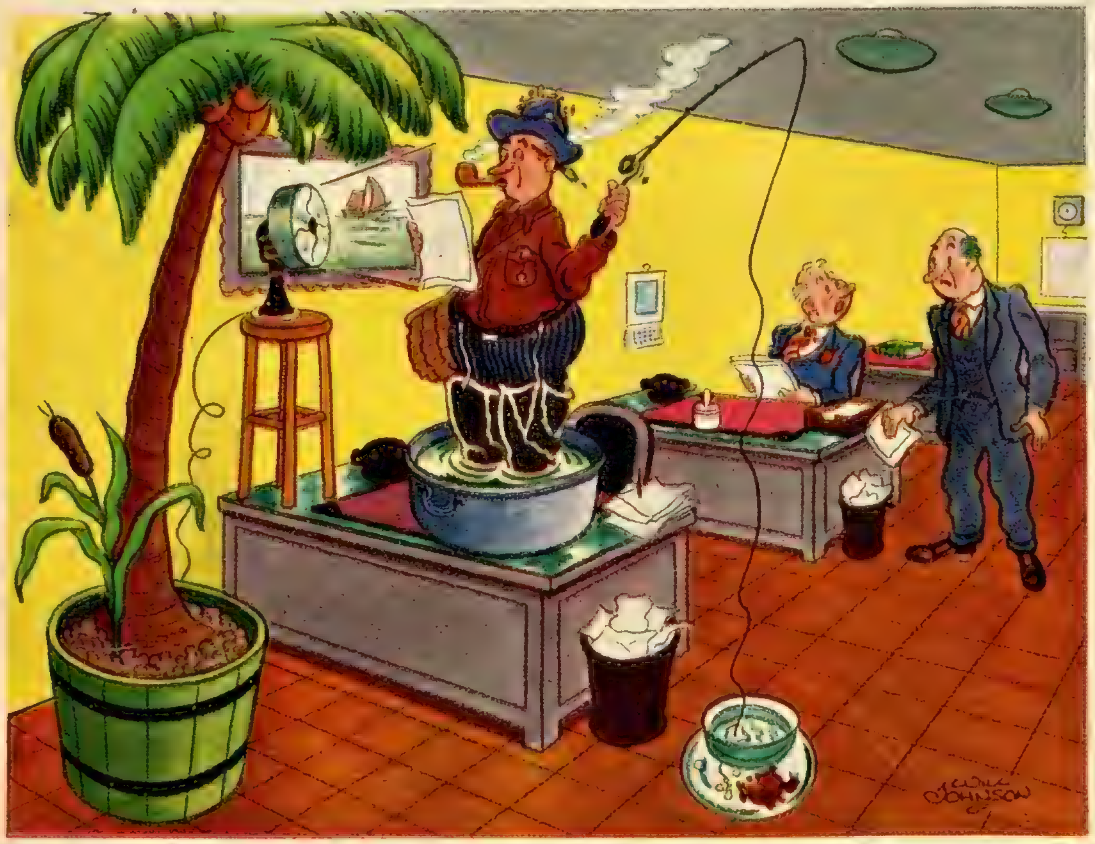
What led up to it? What made it inevitable? What conspiracy of fate arranged that we should be in the canoe in the middle of the lake when those storm clouds loomed over us?

ON that afternoon we had portaged over to a neighboring lake to fish for the big trout rumored to be there. It had been a long, hot, hard haul and we were tired out by the time we returned with our catch to the shore of our own lake. John and I paddled as usual, he in the bow, I in the stern of the canoe, while Lucille sat in the center with our gear. We were about a third of the way across the lake when the sun disappeared. Black clouds spread like blots over the sky, and suddenly the wind whipped over the lake, breaking the surface into choppy waves. The canoe began to rock a bit and resist our paddle strokes.

"Looks like a storm," I called to John. "Let's hurry it up."

I remember vividly even now the

(*Continued on page 89*)



"I think Flemish is taking it rather hard that he hasn't time for a vacation this year."

LIBERTY

Gordon's
LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED
NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

there's no gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH **GORDON'S GIN**

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

RICHie
That's for me!
Drink RICHardson
ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor

Your car is sure to need New Piston Rings

Be sure they're *New*

LEAK-PROOF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PISTON RINGS

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

Guaranteed to do all 4

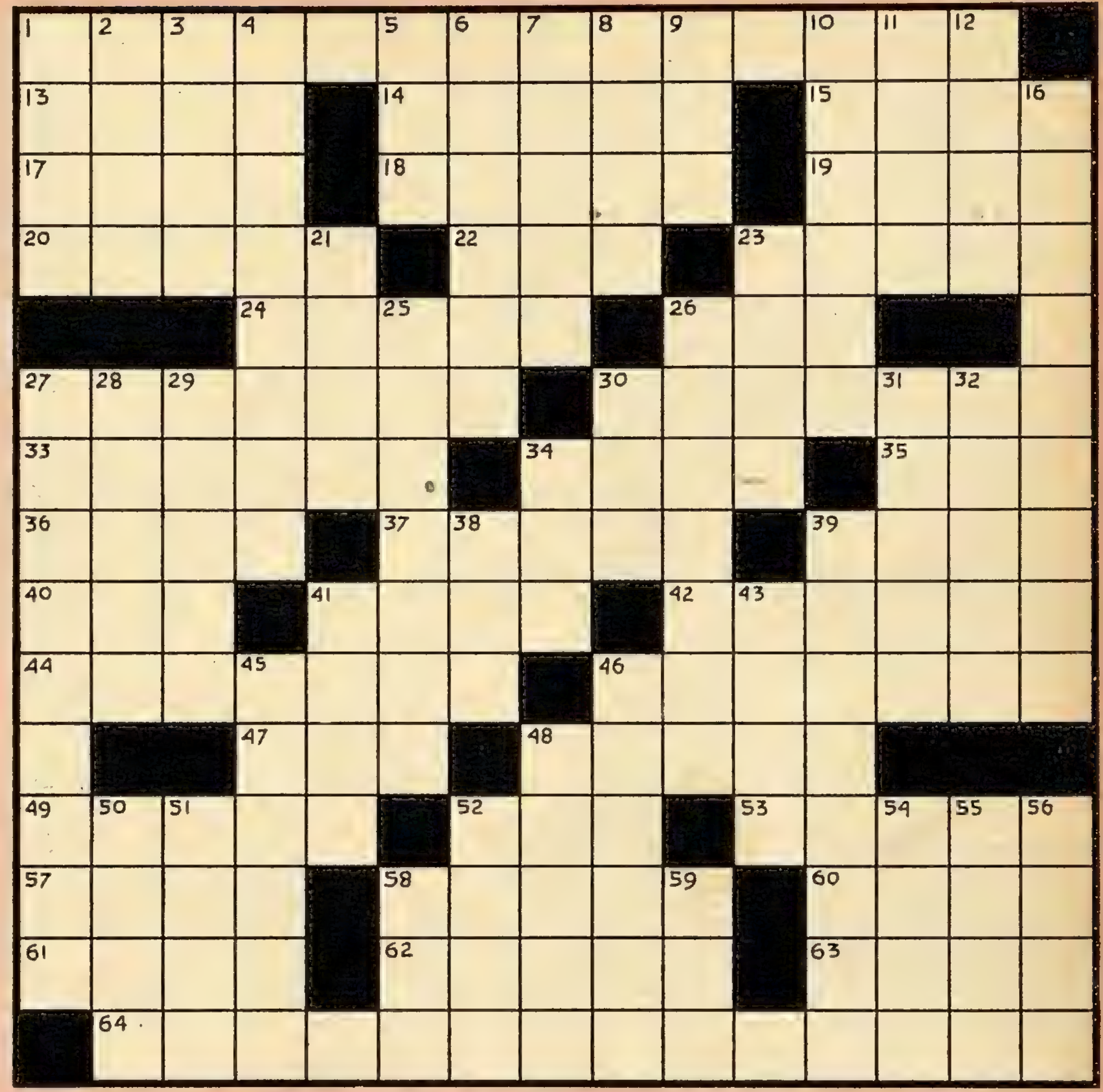
1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever occurs first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

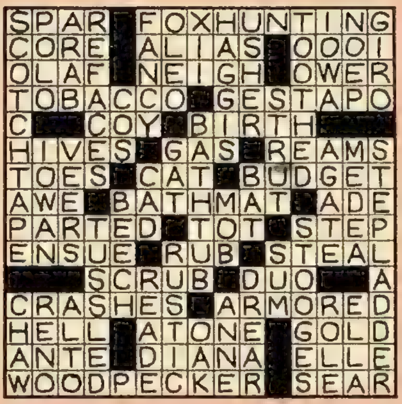
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Medicine men, happy when most miserable, and reason why druggists die rich
13 Would you call above Princes of these?
14 *I, Rice,* am cooler (anag.)
15 Innocence could this be considered sophisticated
17 Containers of well water for the 'illbellies
18 Sweet, but terribly refined
19 *I, Ann,* am a dame (anag.)
20 A real good skate of a gal
22 Put out the king first thing
23 This year has about 354⅓ days
24 Ozark face powder (fem.)
26 dnim s'draugefil a no gniht tsriF
27 Crustaceanettes
30 Call Extra! again
33 Kind of girl who is most diffident
34 Place where you can pick bones
35 We Puttered Around (abbr.)
36 What the surveyor was when she took his measure
37 Arabs have no u's for this tongue but speaq it fluently
39 Atomic ache
40 Sum, es, ——
41 Camp in which the marine got kicked around
42 It's *agreed* motorcars are (anag.)
44 Portion of the cow inhabited by London snobs (two words)
46 Horses of a different color
47 Kind of man who doesn't no a soul around Hollywood
48 "Who, -- ---?" asked the Frenchman after being told he drank too much of same
49 Best thing to do to trouble, worry, and charging bulls
52 World's cheapest power and light co.
53 Winner of Biblical beauty contests
57 Spaghetti dough
58 What the groom could hardly get the bride out of her wedding gown into
60 Spiritual *lane* (anag.)
61 Lie in the past
62 Place Hitler never did get to visit
63 Ice wagon
64 America's leading corn and bunion raisers (things are in the bag for them) (two words)



S	P	A	R	■	F	O	X	H	U	N	T	I	N	G
C	O	R	E	■	A	L	I	A	S	■	O	O	O	I
O	L	A	F	■	N	E	I	G	H	■	O	W	E	R
T	O	B	A	C	C	O	■	G	E	S	T	A	P	O
C	■	■	C	O	Y	■	B	I	R	T	H	■	■	■
H	I	V	E	S	■	G	A	S	■	R	E	A	M	S
T	O	E	S	■	C	A	T	■	B	U	D	G	E	T
A	W	E	■	B	A	T	H	M	A	T	■	A	D	E
P	A	R	T	E	D	■	T	O	T	■	S	T	E	P
E	N	S	U	E	■	R	U	B	■	S	T	E	A	L
■	■	■	S	C	R	U	B	■	D	U	O	■	■	A
C	R	A	S	H	E	S	■	A	R	M	O	R	E	D
H	E	L	L	■	A	T	O	N	E	■	G	O	L	D
A	N	T	E	■	D	I	A	N	A	■	E	L	L	E
W	O	O	D	P	E	C	K	E	R	■	S	E	A	R

August 2 Answer

VERTICAL

1 The rubber in this proves the car is replacing the horse everywhere
2 "Hey, get your dog off my tail!"
3 By which we try to make $29.50 in wages meet $57.50 worth of weekly expenses
4 Fried to the gills in giggle oil
5 Male belonging
6 Roman eye
7 Black Mississippi
8 Grave condition
9 Brief summary of American l'arnin'
10 A flower that blooms for the spring, tra-la!
11 One of the unsweetest things raised in the Garden
12 (sdrow owt) elcitra na — —
16 Men to the manure born (two words)
21 They overlook a lot of shady things that take place around the country
23 Everybody is granted one, so hang on to it to the very end
25 Many movie stars are waiting for some producer to pick them up
26 Id, i.e., one half an idol
27 Just a jerk
28 Kind of gow, common to Scotland
29 These Indian peasants are wows!
30 Rubbery Old Quinces (abbr.)
31 Hep
32 Bark of the barker
34 In a bad case of inflammation of the I's, this may swell and burst
38 Many-footed thing that covers a lot of ground
39 Track game performed while sitting down; old-maid golf
41 Turnip with plasma
43 Why boy met girl on Olympus
45 Big boss, never stops dictating
46 Her husband señors in bed
48 A big acid to people with IX (Trans.: Asset for acid; eye aches for IX)
50 After getting bottled up, some druggists find their existences this
51 Buffalo's bathtub
52 She bee
54 It opens with a Spanish he; closes with a French the; is a French female
55 Ex-heavyweight chumpion (got a thumpion from Joe Louis)
56 Sitin finds mischief for hidle ones
58 Ex-Nip nipper, now trying to shoot down the Zeros in the high cost of living
59 Bit of a negative

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(*Continued from page 86*)

look of his wiry back, the faded red color of his cotton shirt, his nut-brown neck beneath his hat. He squinted at the sky.

"Geez, Mist' Rowen," John turned around and gave me a sly smile, "you still scared of storms? You was a little boy you was scared."

"Shut up," I said, "and keep your mind on what you're doing."

He paddled silently for a few seconds. Then he turned again.

"Geez, the dad got mad that time. Remember, Mist' Rowen? He hit you so hard you don't cry no more."

"When was that?" Lucille asked.

"One time we run into big storm. Canoe begin floppin' around, lightnin' all over sky. Mist' Rowen here was a little boy, maybe ten, maybe twelve years—he starts cryin' and groanin' in canoe. Two brothers and me in one canoe, we get to dock first. Pretty soon I see the other canoe, but only the dad sittin' up paddlin'. I look in canoe. There is Mist' Rowen in the bottom. Geez, his mouth bloody. The dad was tough man. You remember that time, eh, Mist' Rowen?"

I was paddling hard to keep from listening to him, but my eyes smarted with remembered tears. I bent my head and rubbed my mouth on my sleeve as if the blood were still on it. Out of a long amnesia I heard my father's voice. "Damn you, you crazy kid;" he yelled, "sit still or you'll have us both in the lake!" His voice boomed louder and louder inside my head. Then he leaned over and—I stared now at the bottom of the canoe as if my miserable boy's body might materialize there. Our pile of trout stared back at me with round sightless eyes. I slammed my paddle down on top of them.

"HEY, John," I shouted to him, "you're too damn slow! I'll show you how to put a little speed into this boat!"

I slipped off my moccasins and stood up, placing my feet carefully on the sides of the canoe. Lucille straightened, her mouth gaped open. "Wally, please sit down!" she cried out.

"This is called gunneling," I explained, "and it's quite a trick. Takes a perfect sense of balance."

I drove the canoe forward, swinging my arms and flexing at the knees and ankles. "How's this?" I shouted. "This will get us there in no time. Watch and see!" The canoe lurched wildly from side to side.

"Mist' Rowen! Mist' Rowen!" screamed John. "Don't do it! Don't do it!"

As his words came to me I gave a mighty pump forward, and instantly I felt a cold stream of water wrap itself around my throat like a noose of ice. Then something black and thick weighed down on me harder and harder until I thought I would burst from the pressure. This is how it feels when the sky is falling, I thought. . . . But it was I who was falling, falling to the cold quiet depths of the lake.

Lucille clung to the overturned canoe while I swam frantically around searching for John. I dived under the surface innumerable times, but there was no sight of him—he had completely disappeared. Finally I had to give up. We righted the canoe and climbed in.

The rain had come by then and the thunder crashed overhead. I picked up the one paddle we had recovered and, after a last long look around, started for home. Lucille sat facing me, her shirt and slacks plastered to her body.

"What made you do it?" she kept saying. "What made you do it? You knew the canoe was likely to tip."

"But how could I know he'd sink like that? Just vanish out of the world? I couldn't know that, could I?"

"No, darling, I guess you couldn't," she said softly, but her eyes were filled with bewilderment. Bewilderment and something else. Fear perhaps?

WHEN we were back in the city, hundreds of miles away from the lodge, I got myself a job as different from the one at the museum as possible. I became an automobile salesman. Instead of avoiding people, I had to seek them out. I had to develop a personality I could sell, and sell a car along with it. Although I became moderately successful in promoting customers, I never liked what I was doing. My thoughts were constantly on Lucille, where she was, how she was, what she was doing.

I needn't have been so curious, for she was always the same—withdrawn and timid. She was never gay or lively as she had been before we were married.

How does a woman spend those countless hours during the day? Straightening up, she would tell me, marketing, reading, having her hair waved. But still—but still, I thought, that doesn't account for all the time.

One evening I followed Lucille into the kitchen while she fixed the steak for supper.

"And what did you do today?" I asked casually.

"Nothing exciting. Nothing, really."

"Really nothing?"

"Oh—I took a walk."

She bent down to peer into the broiler and her face flushed. From the flame, I asked myself, or from the lie?

"But in the afternoon what did you do? It rained from twelve o'clock on."

"Rested. Listened to the radio."

"What program?"

"I don't remember."

A loaf of rye lay on the breadboard. I picked up a knife and began to slice it.

"That's very odd, isn't it?" I asked. "You listened to the radio this afternoon and yet you can't remember what you listened to!"

"What do you mean, odd?"

"That your memory should be so short."

"Really, Walter, my memory is long enough for anything important."

"That unfortunate incident in Canada. You would call that important, wouldn't you? You would remember that, wouldn't you?"

My knife cut through the fresh bread, stroke after stroke, and the slices fell away in a neat pile. "I

Advertisement

BASEBA
TODAY
13
Roland Coe

"I play this guy *real* deep—he's a very heavy Wheaties eater!"

Are *you* eating like a champion? Include Wheaties in your breakfast. A big bowlful with milk and fruit. Nourishing! Flakes of 100% whole wheat. Three B vitamins, minerals, protein, food energy. Famous training dish. And second-helping good. Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"!

"I should Worry I should care"

Even a millionaire can't have more perfect toilet bowl sanitation than you can. Sani-Flush gives you complete cleanliness and odorless freshness by its thorough, disinfecting chemical action. Cleans away stains and film where germs lurk . . . is quick, easy, sanitary. There's no work. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

Safe with septic tank systems. Effective in hard and soft water. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE
TWICE
A WEEK

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than 60 days prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY
37 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

SNAPS, DEVELOPS, PRINTS PICTURE... ON THE SPOT IN 10 MINUTES

SPEED-O-MATIC
ONLY $12.95

Send for the famous nationally known SPEED-O-MATIC that delivers the finished, clear, sharp picture within 10 minutes of taking it! No negative, picture prints direct on film paper. Camera complete with own small developing tank and even folks who never took a picture before get professional results. No focusing, no guesswork.

See Picture Right Away...

SPEED-O-MATIC is convenient carrying size 3 x 4 x 5. Has 5 lens openings, built in light meter. Takes 2 x 3 pictures (readily enlarged). Film paper complete for 12 finished prints is only $1.00 . . . less than usual film roll developed and printed.

SEND NO MONEY **Fully Guaranteed!**

Send for SPEED-O-MATIC. State how many film packs (12 pictures each) wanted. On arrival pay $12.95 for Camera and $1 each film pack plus C.O.D. postage. (Cash orders sent prepaid.) Carries makers registered guarantee. We are exclusive authorized mail order distributors. Send order for Camera and film today.

Wonder Camera Co., Dept. 39-L, 2445 E. 85th St., Chicago 17, Ill.

suppose that incident remains with you, vivid in every detail."

We confronted each other for a long moment of silence. Finally she whispered, "What is the matter with you? Why do you look like that? What are you thinking?"

What was I thinking? I was thinking how the knife I held could cut across the blue-veined skin of her wrists with less difficulty than across a crust of bread. I was thinking how her streaming red blood would match the painted knobs on the canisters, the plain oilcloth on the table. I was thinking how like a surgery the kitchen actually was, with its white walls and white tiles. Still staring at Lucille I raised the knife. How funny she looked, I thought, her lips working up and down and no sound coming from them. Finally a word came: "Walter!" It was a sob torn from her very heart.

I dropped my eyes to the quivering blade in my hand. "Why, look what I've done!" I murmured. "I've sliced the entire loaf. Now it will get stale."

There was a clatter as she dropped the salad fork and spoon and fled from the room.

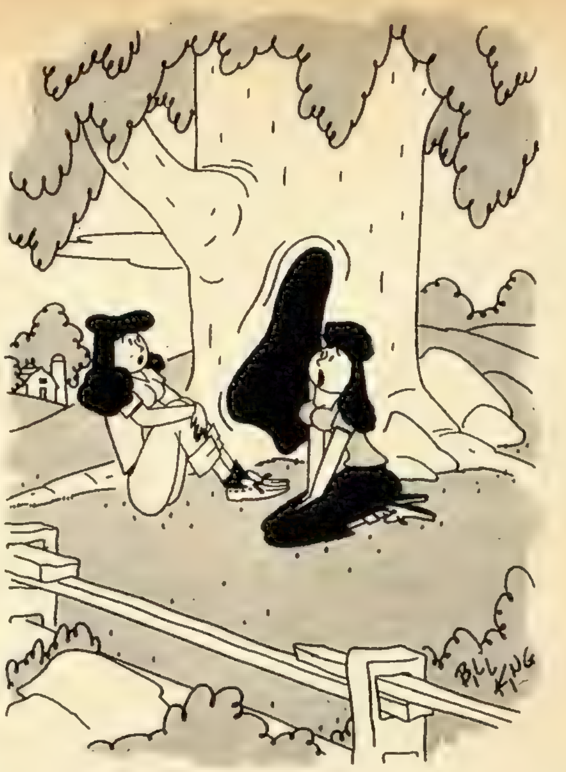
"She shouldn't run out like that," I said to myself, "she'll let the meat burn."

THEN one day a couple of weeks later I read his name in the paper. "Local Marine Twice Decorated," it said. "Returns from Philippines." I realized it would only be a matter of time until he got in touch with her. I had given her so much, but not what he could give. And finally that late afternoon when she came home from a "shopping" trip, it seemed to me that her face was like a mirror bearing his reflection.

She said she'd been shopping, but she had no packages. "It's too late in the season," she said. "I couldn't find a thing." Then why was her face so flushed and satisfied? Why did she sit before the mirror brushing her hair when it was time for supper?

These are the ways by which a man comes to understand his wife is unfaithful. These are the signs which, pointing one direction like a weathervane, mean the wind blows from another. It is the thought of these things that makes one morning different from other mornings, so that on that morning a man rises, shaves, breakfasts, takes up the morning paper with his hat, bestows the good-by kiss, and walks out into the street, his new knowledge like a hair shirt beneath his vest.

I didn't go to work that morning. I walked the streets back and forth, up and down, like a rat in a maze, and I thought of that other day last spring on which I didn't go to work either, but to lunch at the Rolliston Hotel. What had made me do it? Somewhere deep within me, buried by years of fear, there must have been left one small spring of hope, and that strange vibrant girl in the museum had broken into my desert and released this spring. But it could not happen again. This time, if I no longer had Lucille I had nothing at all. If I lost her now I should be a wasteland forever.



"I suppose I'll do like most girls—wait until the wrong man comes along."
LIBERTY

Gradually a solution seeped into my mind. I would take her away. We'd get in the car and drive to the other end of the country. Once I got her away we'd never return here. He'd fade out of her life. We could take a boat trip, I thought. We could go to South America and live. We could go anywhere, but I mustn't lose her. Somewhere far back in my brain I could see a vision of the automaton I used to be—five blocks from the apartment to the museum and back again, head down. At the very thought of it, sweat beaded out on my face.

I went into all the travel agencies on the avenue, mumbling my explanations. "My wife and I . . . contemplating a trip. Panama? Peru? Rio? What are the air-line schedules? What steamers? What staterooms can you give us?" They were very polite; they repeated the timetables and made suggestions; they stuffed my hands with bright-colored folders and booklets.

IT was not yet two o'clock in the afternoon when I walked down the hall to our apartment door and held the key to the lock. Suddenly I heard a man's voice inside and I flattened my ear to the door. "It's the radio, the radio," a part of me kept saying. I heard the man's voice and Lucille's murmur and the name "George," and it was no radio program. Trembling, I strained against the varnished door to listen to them. There came the tinkle of ice in a glass. How bold they are getting, I thought. Yesterday she went out to meet him; today he comes here to her, drinks my liquor, sits in my chair, betrays me in my own home. Something about it all struck a chord of familiarity in my mind. Paul and Ruth—that long-ago summer in Canada. Here I was again, fooled, excess, surplus, someone else in my place, someone else loved instead of me.

Now they were talking again. I heard Lucille's voice break and small uneven gasps as if she were crying. I could imagine his hand stroking her shoulder for comfort. I pressed flatter against the door and her words became distinguishable. She was telling him about John.

"How can I go on living with a madman?" I heard her say. And then, "I'm so frightened, George."

Frightened of me? I who loved her so much and so tenderly? A madman—me? I could bear to listen no longer. I rushed from the apartment house and at the first corner where there was a metal waste container, I stuffed the colored travel folders in. They would avail me nothing any longer. Nothing.

THE next day was Sunday. We packed a lunch and set out for a drive in the country. It was a perfect hazy autumn day, the leaves at the height of their fullness, the sky a clear unclouded blue. I turned off the main road onto the less traveled byways.

"Where are we going?" Lucille asked me.

I shrugged. "Nowhere in particular. Just exploring."

She leaned her head against the seat and smiled.

"In God's name, why are you smiling?" I asked her. "You look like the cat who swallowed the canary. What's the secret?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's such a nice day." These casual words enraged me. She very well knew what was so amusing, I thought, what joke was going to be played and upon whom.

My statement about exploring had been absolutely truthful. I had never been out west of the city before, and yet some queer impulse seemed to be guiding me as I made each turn without indecision. Just a hundred yards ahead of us was the prettiest picnic grove I'd ever seen. Some rough wooden tables and benches were set among a thicket of fruit trees. There was a white cloth on one of the tables and three gaily dressed people around it, eating. A boy had climbed almost to the top of the tallest apple tree and a little girl ran around gathering in her skirt the fruit he shook down.

"There," I told Lucille. "I must have known where I was going all the time."

We parked our car beside the other one and chose a table near the tree which the boy was climbing.

"How are the apples up there?" Lucille called to him.

He grinned down shyly. "The higher the sweeter," he answered.

"*But I didn't say tissues...*I said KLEENEX!"

It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?

Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different.* Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!

I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!

I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft.* And husky! Your *eyes* tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know...*There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU

(of all people!)

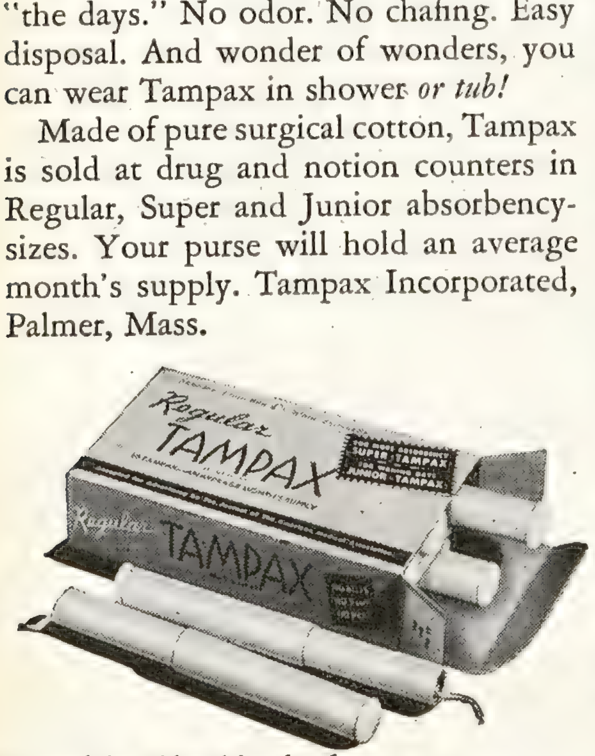
must

use Tampax

If you are an eager, alert Miss or Mrs.—one who likes modern improvements—then this product Tampax is personally and particularly for you. ...It is a form of monthly sanitary protection invented by a doctor to be *worn internally*, so there is no longer any need for using belts, pins or external pads.

Just think of all the advantages! Tampax *cannot* cause a single bulge or wrinkle, even in the sheerest, snuggest dress. The Tampax itself, when in place, is invisible and *unfelt*. And with the patented insertion-applicator, your hands need never touch the Tampax.... Start using Tampax the very "next time" and use it on all "the days." No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal. And wonder of wonders, you can wear Tampax in shower *or tub!*

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbency-sizes. Your purse will hold an average month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

"I think I'll climb up and get some."

"No, you won't," I said. "You might fall. I'll get some for us later for dessert. Let's eat the sandwiches first."

After awhile the adults called to the children and wandered off for a stroll across the fields. We finished our sandwiches and the thermos of cocktails, and I lay flat on the bench smoking a cigarette, warm with the sun on my face, feeling alone and lazy and peaceful.

"Get some apples now, darling."

Her voice shattered my peace. I wasn't alone. Lucille was with me. But I wanted Lucille with me. I couldn't live without her. Or could I?

I felt the bench give a bit as she sat down on the other end. Lucille, who was a hateful, unknowable threat to me. Say it now, I told myself, say it calmly. It takes just four simple words to save yourself. Say, "Go to your lover."

"Walter, get the apples," she said again.

She gave my foot a little push, and reflexively I kicked back at her hand.

"No," I said. "I don't intend to get any apples." I listened to my own words with amazement. Why wasn't I going to pick the fruit? When had I decided not to do it?

"All right, if you're in such a bad mood, I'll get them myself."

When I looked toward the tree she had already clambered to the first branch and picked her way higher.

I SAT up and watched her. Then I walked to the tree and began to climb after her.

"Changed your mind, have you?" she inquired gaily.

"Why, no," I said. "I've made up my mind."

She paused above me and looked down. "What do you mean?"

I didn't bother to answer. I reached to the branch just below her feet and pulled myself up. She stepped to a higher perch and then a higher. I followed. I remember how she peered down and how the expression on her face changed, how her eyes bugged gradually to a glare of horror.

There was no other world then save that of the tree, and the tree was a stage where Lucille and I faced each other, fixed in an awful tableau of fear and hate. I heard my own breath panting through my lips, and then I heard her scream a long agonized animal howl and the crashing breaking branches and the terrible thud. That is the noise the sky makes when it falls, I thought, and then I closed my eyes and leaned my forehead against the rough bark of the tree. . . .

When the other family returned from their walk I was sitting on the ground with her head in my lap. They said things like "What happened?" "Did she fall?" "I heard him tell her not to climb it."

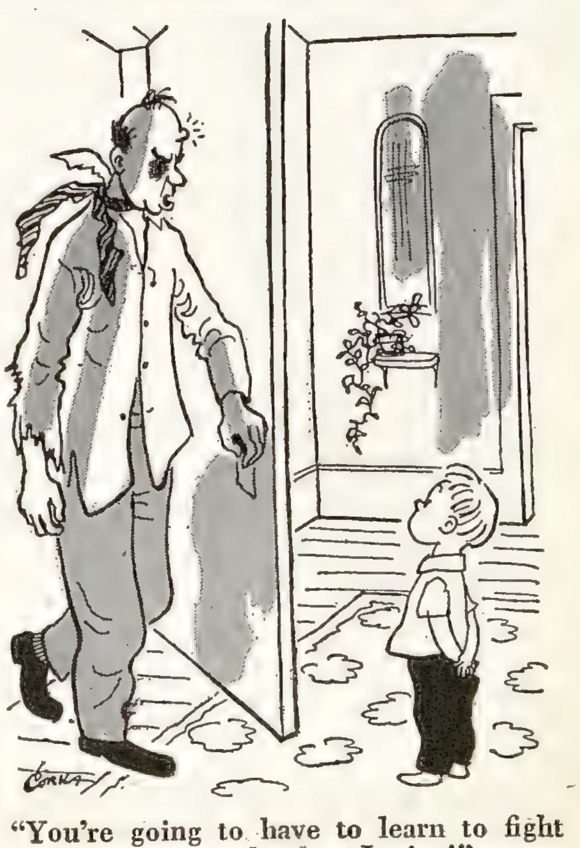
SOME of the men from the office came for the funeral, and most of the neighbors in our apartment, and people like the clerk in the corner grocery who always waited on her, and her hairdresser and a couple of waitresses who knew her at the Rolliston Hotel. I looked carefully through the group of mourners, searching for Sergeant Wyler, but he wasn't there. But of course he wouldn't be, I thought later. When he and I stood face to face it would not be in a room full of witnesses. When he paid Lucille's account, no one would know it save he and I.

IT was the day after the funeral, when I was going through the drawers of the desk, that someone knocked. Three times came that short arrogant rapping of knuckles on the door, and three times my heart seemed suspended like a painted pendulum at one end of its arc. I stared crazily about the room, looking for an escape I knew did not exist. Then the knocking stopped and footsteps retreated.

At the back of my head beat the thought—maybe it had been he!

I telephoned my employer and announced I could no longer sell his automobiles. I stayed at home like a prisoner behind a barricade of chests pushed before the door. I lived on the cereals and canned soups in the cupboard.

No one knocked again and no one called. From my post at the window I could distinguish no regular loiterer in the street below. I grew bored and restless in the three rooms. Often I stood for minutes before I could bring myself to open the closet to get my clothes. It sickened me to see Lucille's dresses hanging there. Sometimes between myself as prisoner and myself as guard I carried on a dialogue:



"You're going to have to learn to fight your own battles, Junior!"

LIBERTY

It is nonsense. No one is after you.

He is.

Why?

Because he thinks you killed Lucille.

I swear it was an accident. The authorities didn't suspect anything.

But he knows all about you. Lucille told him everything. He thinks it was one accident too many.

What can he prove?

He doesn't want to prove anything. He wants to kill you. Didn't Lucille tell you what a hotheaded, jealous brute he is?

Then why hasn't he come?

He's waiting for you to go out.

Nonsense. Nonsense. . . .

And then one morning there was no more food.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later I strode through the empty entrance hall of the apartment building and out onto the sidewalk. I joined the people walking briskly past toward their separate morning destinations. I entered a cafeteria on the corner, and when my tray was loaded, I carried it to a table near the door where I could scrutinize each newcomer. Would I have known him if I saw him? Perhaps not. There was, after all, only the misty memory of that snapshot I had seen once on Lucille's desk.

When I had eaten, and smoked three cigarettes, I could not bear the thought of going back to the apartment.

I turned the corner away from the main avenue and found myself on an unfamiliar street. It led me finally into an unprosperous but neat Italian neighborhood.

I had been walking aimlessly for several minutes when I became aware of a man keeping a fixed distance behind me. I glanced briefly over my shoulder. His figure was thick and stocky but he was too far away for me to distinguish his features. I slowed down and he slowed down. I paused in front of a drugstore window, and several yards away he paused too.

Well, I said, this is it. Curiously my fear had vanished. I felt exhilarated. I took up my stride again, gaining speed until I was half running. I dodged around a corner and through a vacant lot, and when I looked back he was coming through the vacant lot too. I hurried down an alley and up another street and he was there behind me all the time. He made no effort to catch up with me. I began to tire of the game. I must confront him, I thought. I must see him, have it out with him.

I was passing a blackened stone church. A bulletin board in front of it said, HE THAT KEEPTH THE LAW HAPPY IS HE. I ran around the building to the yard in the rear. A church bazaar or carnival must have been held there the night before. Streamers of crepe paper and lanterns still hung crisscrossed overhead. Red-painted stalls stood in a square and a forgotten balloon

Figure Conscious?

the STAUFFER SYSTEM

will help you to keep a youthful, slender figure.

relax while you reduce
without strict diet
without strenuous exercise
without electricity

Consult your telephone directory for the Stauffer Salon near you.

Visit your local Stauffer System Salon for FREE demonstration

COPYRIGHT 1947

Every day... 10,000 women take the Stauffer System Courses

There are over 175 Authorized Stauffer System Salons conveniently located in every principal city in the United States. Special Stauffer System courses, in series, only $1.00 per visit.

Stauffer System
TRADE NAME REGISTERED

Exclusive Stauffer System franchises still available
WRITE OUR MAIN OFFICE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

MAIN OFFICE
250 North Juanita Avenue • Los Angeles 4, California

BUY BURGESS FOR BETTER PORTABLE PERFORMANCE

FOR YOUR PORTABLE RADIO BUY
BURGESS BATTERIES
RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

LAW
STUDY AT HOME for Personal Success and LARGER EARNINGS. 39 years expert instruction—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. G. I. Approved. Send for FREE BOOK—"Law and Executive Guidance"
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 81-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY
GET QUICK, amazing relief by placing Dent's Tooth Gum—or Drops—in cavity of aching tooth. Follow directions. Cavity toothache frequently strikes when you can't see dentist. Be prepared. Ask your druggist for package. Keep handy for children too.
25¢
DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS

QUICK CASH FOR YOU SHOWING NEWEST Christmas Cards!
MAKE MONEY—lots of it—between now and Christmas. Amazing values in PERSONAL IMPRINTED CARDS including 50 for $1. and 25 for $1. Also fast-selling BOXES including our outstanding "BLUE RIBBON" ASSORTMENT. Gift wrappings, etchings. Religious Assortments. Samples sent on approval.
No experience necessary. CHAS. A. BELZ CO.
Dept. P 914 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Kills the fleas *Quickly!* Keeps others off *for Days.*
Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.
Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

bobbed gently on the counter of one of them. He that breaketh the law, I said to myself, desolate is he. I shuddered and wished to move on, but it was too late. His footsteps echoed softly as he rounded the church and I crouched behind a stall and waited. He came into the deserted yard and stood with his back to me. Then he started to circle around the yard, pausing, to my mystification, to pick up a scrap of paper here and there. When he approached my hiding place, I stooped even lower until he went by and then I leaped upon his back, closing my hands about his throat. We fell heavily to the ground and between my knees his back arched and strained. Finally with one desperate lunge he rolled over and I bent panting above a strange old dark face, gray stubble on its chin, broken yellow teeth between its horrified lips. *"Mamma mia!"* he cried weakly and his red-veined eyes swam instantly in a wash of tears.

"Who are you?" I asked. "Who are you? Why did you follow me?"

"I am janitor. I come to clean up yard. What you want?"

I got off him and helped him to his feet. "Mistake," I said. "Sorry." I pressed a five-dollar bill into his calloused brown hand and walked swiftly away.

A MISTAKE! I could have shouted for joy. I could have turned handsprings in the street. I could almost have gone into the church and thanked God. I wanted to share my exhilaration with someone. To talk and smile and be smiled at. I wanted to announce my entry into the world of the living again—not in those words of course—but I wanted a human being somewhere to know I was alive.

Ben Levering—I hadn't thought about him since I'd left the museum, but he would be the one. He was a guard, too, in the American Indian Exhibit and once in a while we'd had a quiet smoke together in the employees' locker room. He belonged to my life before Lucille; there was nothing to fear from him. I boarded a streetcar and rode downtown to the museum.

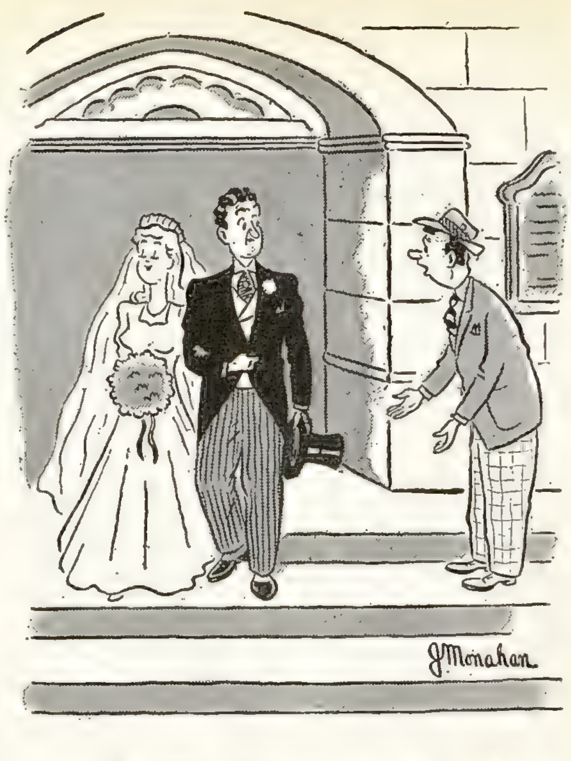
"Well, of all the gol-darned coincidences!" Ben exclaimed when he saw me. "Haven't heard hide nor hair of you in months on end, and all of a sudden twice in one day!" He pumped my hand heartily. "Where you keepin' yourself? I didn't even know what to tell people when they ask after you."

"Someone been asking for me?"

"That's what I meant. Just this morning. Just an hour ago a young chap was in here inquirin' of any of us if we'd seen you."

"Did he say what he wanted?"

"No, he just seemed mighty anxious to locate you. As a matter of fact he said he'd been to some address and found you'd left. I didn't know where to tell him to go—"



"Alice, honey, aren't you carrying our quarrel a little too far?"
LIBERTY

"What'd he look like?"

Ben screwed up his round pink face and frowned. "I didn't notice much. Bit on the heavy side. Serious-lookin'. Discharge button in his coat. Stick around a while and maybe he'll be back."

"Oh, no," I said. "I have to go."

"C'm'on, stick around and we'll have lunch—" he began, but I didn't wait for him to finish. I sprinted down the steps and caught a taxi.

"To the North Station," I ordered. "Quick. I want to make a train."

I CAME to this city where I had never been before and knew no one. I found this room and joined Mrs. Foley's little circle. I got a job at another museum, where I stood all day in a gallery of Gobelin tapestries that hardly anyone ever came to look at. I worked and ate and slept, but all the time memories ate at me, and self-loathing. And for some inexplicable reason I clung to my life. I could not die.

I wish I had. I wish I had been brave enough to cheat him out of what he has come here for. Why hasn't he opened my door before this, I wonder? Why does he prolong our cat-and-mouse game?

A MOMENT ago I left this desk and went to the window. As I stood looking over the rooftops and the smoking chimneys which, thinking I should never see them again, I curiously loved, I saw the frosty stars intolerably fixed and high above me. *Suddenly I knew why I had stayed alive.* I leaned out and inspected the distance to the ground. It is a good fifty feet. Were a man to fall from this floor, he would be dead before he could scream that he was pushed. It will be an accident like all the others. Only I—I shall know the truth of it. This time the sky will not fall.

THE END

BEAUTIFUL BUT SMART

Continued from Page 33

"That's thrilling," she said. "Tell me some more." So I told her about Kansas and my old man who worked like hell with his hands but not with his head, farming, so that we were always broke. And about how I had decided that work was fine, but that you must work smartly. That you must work to enjoy living, and that there must be fun, some real living, in every day.

"Like tonight," I said, smiling at her. And she smiled back at me. We were getting along. And I told her about leaving the farm and working my way through State U with some help from football and then an engineering school, and then—the war.

"Let's dance," I said. She was very small and soft in my arms, and I was bigger than I ever had been. And happier. I thought that perhaps I'd found my girl. I hadn't.

We went to a lot of places. It was four o'clock when our cab pulled up on Park Avenue. She turned to me, there in the cab, and I kissed her, just once but very long, and she said, "I like you, Jim," whispering it.

"I like you too, Peggy," I said. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

She hesitated. "Call me," she said. She got out and I didn't know a single thing about her. Except that she was marvelous.

TINK DOLMAN shook me awake at noon the next day. He'd been a fighter pilot, navy, and he knew the world, and New York and who made it tick. He was my pal.

"On the town again," he said, quite pleased. "Who was the gal?"

I sat up and yawned and there was Peggy's face before me, and there was that good-night kiss.

"Peggy Vardon," I said finally. "Know her?"

Tink was closing a window. He let it stop halfway down, and turned slowly and looked at me.

"Peggy Vardon," he said, marveling. "Why and how and where?"

So I told him all about it. He shook his head. "You," he said, "of all people, you would."

"Why shouldn't I?" I said.

"Look," Tink said, "you're a great big guy, and you look as if you could murder Joe Louis. But you've got the softest heart that ever got put into a guy, and you fall for Vardon."

"Who said I'd fallen for her?"

"Your face, you big dope. Peggy Vardon!" He shook his head.

"Well," I said, "what about her?"

"Peggy Vardon," Tink said, "is perhaps the smartest girl in New York. And the hardest. She hasn't got any heart at all. There are only two things that she cares about, and even with those she's hard."

"What are those?" I said.

Tawn
Cologne
DEODORANT
5 FLUIDOUNCES
McKESSON & ROBBINS
NEW YORK · BRIDGEPORT

Tawn Cologne DEODORANT

FOR MEN WHO GET AROUND!

Active men—men who know the score—find TAWN COLOGNE Deodorant a lifesaver. It's a *liquid* deodorant. That means it's easy to use, yet doubly effective against body odors, for it checks perspiration as it deodorizes. Because it comes to you in a sensible bottle, TAWN COLOGNE Deodorant is priced at a modest 75¢ plus federal tax

TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION 75¢*

TAWN BRUSHLESS SHAVE 50¢

TAWN SHAMPOO 50¢

TAWN HAIR DRESSING 75¢*

TAWN TALC 50¢*

*plus federal tax

McKESSON PRODUCTS ★ AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Enjoy Summertime Warmth All Next Winter!

install a modern MONROE gas heater Now!

Comes next winter, these new, beautifully-designed Monroe Gas Heaters will be hard to find . . . and every shivery day will see dealers so busy, you'll have to wait for installation. So **why** wait till winter comes? Your dealer is showing the complete line of Monroe's latest models right now. He'll be happy to help you choose the right size and style for **your** heating need — whether it's a chilly spare room or a whole house. When icy winds blow again and temperatures take a tumble, just set your thermostat and enjoy the glowing, summertime warmth of your Monroe Gas Heater. You'll be glad you **didn't wait!**

Built with the famous Gasmaster Burner that operates efficiently and economically with ALL gases.

Monroe One of America's finest GAS HEATERS

MONROE STOVE COMPANY • 3256 Milwaukee Avenue • Chicago 18, Illinois

A STOOL NEEDS ALL THREE LEGS!

OUR American economy also has three legs:—capital, labor, management.

Without capital invested in tools and equipment, labor could make only the barest living.

Without labor—the human energy and skill to use the tools and equipment—capital invested in them would be a total loss.

Without management to bring the two together and make the best use of both, neither labor nor capital could prosper.

When any one of these three legs—labor, capital, management—fails to function properly, our entire economy is upset and everyone suffers. When each one of the three carries its full share of the load, the result is greater individual and national prosperity.

Write for our free pamphlet 25-D, a discussion of the functions of labor, capital and management.

SMALL BUSINESS ECONOMIC FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
DeWitt Emery, President
122 West Monroe St., Chicago 3, Illinois

"Business is first," Tink said. "She owns a string of dress shops. She designs her own styles and she beats Seventh Avenue, the garment boys, into making them for her right and cheap, and she sells them right and high. If you don't do what she wants you to, she murders you."

"What's her other interest?" I asked.

"Horses," he said, "race horses. She's got a stable—one of the biggest in the country—the Varwin Stables. If that manager of hers and those jockeys don't bring home winners, she goes over them with claws. They don't work for her any more and they don't work for anybody else—not for a long time. She's poison."

I CALLED her that afternoon. I saw her almost every day through those next weeks, through June.

Tink was right—she had only two interests—her business and her horses.

I went with her to see them run, and she was tight and tense at the tracks. She loved to win, she lived to win, but she never bet. That wasn't her thrill. It wasn't money. It was being up front. She told me about that one night.

We'd seen her horses run that afternoon, two of them, and they hadn't done well. They'd faded in the stretch. Back at the barns she had been brittle, cold to her manager, her trainer. "Have them right next time," she had said. "I want them ready. Do you understand that?"

They had nodded and I could see that, underneath, they hated her. Hated but respected her.

We had dinner at an inn far out, and the July night was warm and soft and there was a moon, a lake. "How about a canoe?" I said.

"I'd love it," she said. "I haven't been in a canoe since I was a little girl."

"Peggy," I said after I'd watched her for a long time, "I'm afraid, very much afraid, that I love you."

She didn't look at me. She watched her fingers bubbling through the water.

"Why are you afraid, Jim?" she said at last.

I had to tell her. "I'm not afraid now," I said, "not when it's—like this. I'm afraid only when you're with people—people who work for you or with you in your business, in your racing. I'm afraid then, because you drive them, because you seem to want only to get things out of them. Because there's no human touch in the way you handle them. Underneath they hate you, most of them. I—I don't see things that way. I don't see people that way."

"Jim," she said, "I'd like to tell you a few things about me. Things that I've never told anyone. Because it wasn't their business." That was the closest she had ever come to telling me that she cared for me. I waited.

"Jim," she said, "I'm only twenty-five. Six years ago I was pinning dresses onto models in an East Side shop. I was a fitter. I was the one they snapped their fingers for and I came out and went down on my knees and pinned and tucked and made things right. It didn't pay much, that job, but it gave me a chance to see where they were wrong and I could be right. If—I could get started."

"The way up is tough in the dress game," she said. "They play hard and they play for keeps and they don't want newcomers. Not girls without backing. I could have had backing, on certain terms. I didn't want those terms. So—I went through on my own. It wasn't easy.

"But I made it. Or I'm making it. And to make it you have to have one thing—you have to have perfection. You can't be just good—you have to be better—best. And to be best you have to have things right. And you have to *make* people do them right. People will do things pretty well if they like you, if you're easygoing, but they'll relax sometimes. They won't strive for that final polish that makes the difference. Not unless they're afraid of you—afraid they'll lose their jobs, their reputations.

"I give them the best to work with," she went on, "the very best. I pay them well and I expect perfection. I get it, usually. My people may hate me but they deliver. There's no room for sentiment in business."

"I wonder," I said, half to myself. "I wonder if there isn't." And then—I didn't wonder any more. Because it was very quiet out there on the lake and the world was far away. There was a beautiful girl in the canoe, looking up at me, and she said, her voice very low, "I love you, Jim."

I didn't wonder about things like business and people and how you handled them that night. Not until another night, a week later.

We had a dinner date that night, Peggy and I. I was to pick her up at six at her office.

"Miss Vardon's busy, Mr. Harper," the girl said. "She'll be through in just a minute." And then another girl, a woman really, came up the corridor from Peggy's room, and she was walking blind, not seeing too well. I knew her.

Her name was Winters, Susan Winters, and it was her job to see that the shipments went out in perfect order. The girl was crying now. I moved inside the rail to her office.

"WHAT'S the matter, Susan?" I said.

She tried to bring up a smile for me and it couldn't come.

"Nothing much, Mr. Harper," she said. "I missed a shipment last night. There were some mistakes in it."

"Shucks, Susy," I said, "we all miss 'em—once in a while. Somebody'll fix it—down the line."

"Perhaps somebody will," she said. "I won't."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I won't," she said, "because I don't work here any more." She

Stop CORNS!

HERE TODAY
GONE TOMORROW
SORE TOES

CORNS STOPPED

Instant Relief

Never wait! Promptly protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll stop corns *before* they can develop. But—if you have corns—Zino-pads will give quick relief. **QUICKLY REMOVE CORNS** when used with the separate *Medications* included. No other method does all these things for you. Zino-pads cost but a trifle. Get a box today.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

BE A REAL ESTATE BROKER
PAYS BIG! **EASY TO LEARN**—Start and run your own business ***quickly.*** Many graduates report making up to $1000 a month. Course of study covers ***Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages*** and hundreds of related subjects. Course offered in home study or classroom—Both G. I. Approved. ***Send post card today for big, new illustrated book from this nationally known school.***

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE
Dept. E-21 15 E. Pershing Rd. Kansas City 8, Mo.

ITCHY
Checked in a JIFFY

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Liberty Magazine is now published once a month and the next issue, dated October, should reach you on or about September 15.

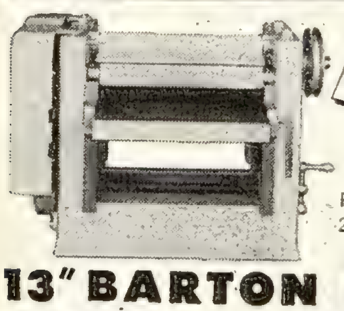
All subscriptions will be extended accordingly. Changes of address should be sent 60 days in advance to

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.
37 West 57 St. New York 19, N. Y.

WORD RATES OF ALL MAGAZINES

"Writer's Market" tells you where to sell what you write. 421 pages of information on what editors want, how much they pay. Also lists radio stations and movie studios. Tips on writing, preparing, selling manuscripts. Reviewed favorably by 250 newspapers and magazines. Officially approved by over 1,000 magazine editors. Send $3.50 to **WRITER'S DIGEST, 20 East 12th St., Cincinnati 10, O.**

CRAFTSMEN • WOODWORKERS • CONTRACTORS



Here is the PLANER you've waited for!

$275
Price F.O.B. Portland
200 lbs. Approximate Shipping Weight

13" BARTON PLANER

- Table—14-in. x 20-in.
- Head—3-in.—3 Knives.
- Bearings—Sealed.
- Power Required—2 H.P.
- Capacity—Thickness, 6-in. Width, 13-in.
- Feed Speed—24 ft. per min.

30 DAY DELIVERY

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER
or order direct from
PALMER D. WEEKS
Distributor
401 S.W. 1st Avenue, Portland, Oregon
Dept. L4

went out and I stood there a while. Then I went to Peggy's office.

She was sitting behind her big desk. She was very lovely, very cool, very smooth, but with that line across her mouth. "Hello, Jim," she said. "I'll be ready in a minute."

"Did you fire Susan Winters?" I said.

She looked straight at me, half defiantly. "Yes," she said. "She missed a shipment."

"How long has she been with you?" I asked.

"Three years," she said.

"And how many has she missed before?" I asked.

"This is the second one," she said.

"Do you know *why* she missed it?" I said. "Do you know whether she was sick, or her family was, or whether she owes money, or is in love, or—what do you know?"

Peggy Vardon looked at me. "I don't know anything about those things," she said. "That's not my business. My business is to get the dresses out. And hers is to see that they go out right. And perfect."

"I guess it is," I said. I turned and went out.

TINK was glad. He said, "I was afraid you wouldn't snap out of it. I was afraid you were hooked."

"I've come out of it," I said briefly. I didn't tell him why. I went to work on my job. I got Susan Winters a better job too. She was very grateful. She had dinner with me twice. We talked about Peggy once or twice.

"I've thought sometimes," she said, "especially recently, that she wants to be more human. But—then she goes back into that hard shell. Perhaps it's because people have taken advantage of her and she's afraid that they will again."

My job wasn't going well. "You work as if it were drill and you were bored stiff," Tink said. "Why don't you get out of here for a while and take a look at things from a distance?"

I told him I couldn't. After a month, my boss said the same thing.

"Take a vacation," he said.

I went up into the country, to Vermont, in my car. I found a small inn. There were trees and a lot of sun and a chance to lie there and think about things. They had a weekly paper in the village. I was reading it one night when I saw the item.

The item said that they were having the yearling sales across the river in New York State, in Saratoga. It said that some of the best year-old horses, racing prospects, would be auctioned off there every evening for a week. It mentioned some names. It mentioned Miss Peggy Vardon of the Varwin Stables. Miss Peggy Vardon would be in Saratoga. I wasn't going to Saratoga. That was over. I waited until Friday, the last day. Then I drove over. If I happened to see Peggy Vardon from a distance, that would be all right. . . .

It is under a roof, the auction ring, the seats, a roof with open sides. And

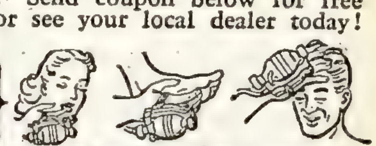
Ah-h-h...that feels good!

massage really satisfies when you apply it properly with
Oster STIM-U-LAX JUNIOR

Correct massage contributes to good health and comfort. The experience of thousands who use Stim-u-lax, the professional-type electric massage instrument, proves its superiority in helping you apply massage safely, easily, effectively. Many doctors use Oster.

Oster's patented Suspended Motor Action imparts the rotating-patting movements of Swedish-type massage to your fingertips, controlled for mild or deep massage. This is what makes the genuine Stim-u-lax more valuable to you. Send coupon below for free booklet — or see your local dealer today!

Try Oster Stim-u-lax Junior on

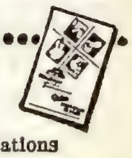


your gums • your feet • your scalp

Oster

FREE MASSAGE MANUAL!

Tear out coupon and mail today!



JOHN OSTER MFG. CO.
Dept. 9-1, Racine, Wisconsin

Send me your free massage manual which explains and illustrates many kinds of Stim-u-lax Junior massage applications based on the findings of medical science.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City______________(____) State__________
Dealers: Write for information

TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"

$175 to $192 month first year regular. Railway Mail Clerks—Mail Carriers—Postoffice Clerks. Many other Government Jobs obtainable for men and women. Veterans get preference. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32-page book with list of positions and information, telling how to prepare for one. **FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. L101, Rochester 4, N. Y.**

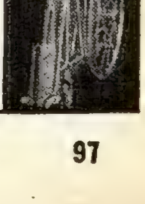
EVEREST & JENNINGS folding
WHEEL CHAIRS
bring independence to the handicapped

Manufactured in California
7748 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46

E & J Folding Wheel Chairs are comfortable, compact and beautifully designed of chromium plated tubular steel. Because they FOLD for automobile travel, E & J Chairs make it possible for handicapped individuals to work, play, go anywhere!

Lightest and Strongest Wheel Chair

Everest & Jennings Wheel Chairs weigh only 34 pounds . . Width open is 24½ inches . . Closed 10 inches. Your dealer can supply you . . . or write direct for catalogue and information about E & J Folding Wheel Chairs.



EVEREST & JENNINGS, Dept. L
7748 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California
NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS __________________________

BRIGHT STAR
GIVES MORE
BRIGHT LIGHT LONGER

BRIGHT STAR
No 10 M
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
GIVES MORE BRIGHT LIGHT LONGER
REG.
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO CLIFTON, N.J. SAN FRANCISCO

always keep a
BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHT handy
for work, play, travel, home use

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO., CLIFTON, N.J.

REPAIR DAMAGED TOILET SEATS
with Plastic Wood

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.

WON'T CHIP OR CRACK
PLASTIC WOOD
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PLASTIC WOOD

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

WING
PATENTED
Adjustable-Folding
ALUMINUM CRUTCHES

Here is the first great improvement in crutch design and construction. WING Adjustable-Folding Crutches have a single shaft of satin-finish aluminum alloy...strong, beautiful, resilient and easy to handle. WING Crutches are *quickly adjustable* for *height* and may be *folded* for auto travel, at the theatre, or for use as *walking canes*. Rubber arm rests are contour designed, handgrips scientifically angled. You'll be proud of your WINGS. Your dealer can supply you... or write for descriptive folder.

MANUFACTURED BY
ALUMINUM FOLDING CRUTCH CO.
416 W. EIGHTH ST. SUITE 1302 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

up in front the ring itself is small, with heavy cotton ropes, clean white, and lights very bright above, and the auctioneer's stand high over everything. In front and to both sides are the seats, three hundred perhaps, each with a name, reserving it for someone who could bid high. It was early. The seats were empty. The stables were out behind. I went out there.

They stretch low and far, those stables, and the lights were bright overhead between the rows of stalls. Signs tell who has brought these yearlings to be sold, who bred them, who is proud of them.

They are good horses, most of them, and they are bred to win. They stand in their box stalls deep in straw, and some poke their heads anxiously through the top opened half of their doors and look and wonder. Others hide inside, scared, frightened. I bought a program. One thing in it caught my eye.

Tonight was the night for the small breeder, the farm that had one, two, perhaps three yearlings to sell.

I went back to the ring. The sale was starting. I stood outside in the blue twilight, out in the small grass-covered oblong of field where they brought the yearlings in to wait their turn for sale. I was glad that I stood there. I saw something.

There were lights bright overhead in this small field too. Seven, eight yearlings waited in that little field. Each had a groom, sometimes a man, sometimes a boy. Trainers busy with a rag, a final polish. And people, buyers, stood by, looking critically, comparing names on programs, making notes. The sale was on. The auctioneer's voice went high, went fast —"Three thousand, four, five, eight," up to ten, sometimes to twenty. Good stock this. It was an hour or more before this horse, this special one, came in.

I DON'T know horses. But this was *one*. This one was big for a yearling. This one was a light chestnut, and he moved loose and free and easy. His head was proud and fine. There was breadth between the eyes and there was power and bone. And there was the boy holding him.

He was about fifteen, I'd say, tall enough and thin, in dungarees, a blue shirt. He watched that horse he held. He talked to him low and quiet. I went over. I read the number on the horse's hip, the identification number pasted there. He was from Virginia; his owner, C. J. Artsmith. There were only two horses sent up by Artsmith. The records were in the program.

The boy stood very close to his horse's head, and talked on and on, the same words over and over: "It's all right, Woody. It's all right." Then someone said, "Hello, Jim," close beside me. It was Peggy.

"Are you buying?" she said, but she didn't mean it. She was looking at her program. She was keeping busy. "This is the horse," she said to the man behind her, her trainer, Metcalf.

"He'll go high," Metcalf said.

Even I knew that. The horse knew it too. And the boy beside him kept those words going, even lower now: "It's all right, Woody. It's all right."

"I'll bid this one myself, Tom," Peggy said to Metcalf.

The chestnut horse moved up. He was next in the auction ring. The towhead gave the lead shank to the attendant who handled the horses in the ring. The towheaded boy stood close to the rail, watching. Peggy Vardon looked at me quickly. Then she went back to her seat. The bidding started.

She bought the chestnut horse for thirty-three thousand dollars, the highest price that any yearling had brought, and the ohs and ahs went through the seats. And they led the chestnut horse out, back to the stables, and his head was very high and now he belonged to Peggy Vardon and his job was to win.

I moved out, under the trees. A group came toward me. They were laughing. "Congratulations, Artsmith," one of them said. "There's one that more than paid its board."

I looked at Artsmith carefully. So he was the boy's father. He was all right, I guess. Big and towheaded like his boy. He was happy, grinning. Peggy was happy. Only the boy wasn't happy—the towheaded kid.

AND then—I had an idea. I went on back to those stables, dim-lighted and deserted now. There was someone I wanted to see.

It was very quiet. I found the stall that I was looking for. Then I stopped suddenly. Because I heard a voice. It said, "It's all right, Woody. It's all right."

I stepped up to the door. "Hello, son," I said. Then there was a move and the boy came closer to me.

He said, "Yes, sir?"

"You like that horse, don't you, son?" I said.

He nodded.

"Did you raise him?" I asked.

"My father did," the boy said. There was dust on his face and places where the dust had washed away, around his eyes.

"But you took care of him?"

"Yes, sir. From the time he was born."

"Tell me about it, son," I said.

"It's just that he's the one, sir, Woody is. You see a lot of them—when you raise them. But there's always *one* comes along that—that just belongs to you, sort of, that you think about, that fits you and—and you plan for." He stopped. The horse came up and stood beside him.

"This one, sir, he loves the open fields. He'd make a great hunter, sir. I love to hunt. It's quiet and big down there and great fields and you have a horse you—you—count on, and it's you and him, sir, sort of." He stopped. "He'd have made a great hunter, sir. He'd have loved it."

"Why didn't you keep him, then?"

You Can Get Quick Relief for Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven important ingredients . . . so safe . . . so gentle . . . so soothing . . . so quick. It relieves the discomfort of eyes that are tired from overwork, exposure to sun, wind, dust or smoke. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Men and Women, 18 to 50

Many Swedish Massage graduates make $50, $75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page illustrated Book FREE—Now!

The College of Swedish Massage
Dpt. 716-11, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11

Here's One Of The Greatest BLOOD-IRON TONICS YOU CAN BUY
If you have SIMPLE ANEMIA!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of blood-iron. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best home ways to build up red blood to get more strength—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy!

Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"We have to sell them," he said. "We raise them to sell and prices are high right now and my father says that you can't get attached to one. Horses are our business. You sell them to whoever pays the most."

"Even when you love one of them," I said. I said it slowly. I hoped that I could make my idea work. I never had a chance to.

I never had a chance to, because there was a voice beside us, suddenly, from the deep gloom, Peggy Vardon's voice. "Oh, here you are," she said, talking to the boy. "I wanted a last look at this baby—before he goes back." The boy looked at her, bewildered.

"Before he goes back, ma'am?" he questioned. She nodded quickly.

"Yes," she said. "I've just had a long talk with your father. We're sending the colt back to your farm. We're going to make a hunter out of him. Your father says you have a way with them, making hunters. I've always wanted a good one or two."

The boy stood there, looking at her as if he couldn't believe what she had said. And then he turned to his horse.

"You're going back, Woody," he said. "You're going back! Oh, gee!" And I turned away. I didn't belong there. Not any more.

PEGGY VARDON was beside me. She was very slim there in the darkness. I took her arm to steady her. A big man, lean, towheaded, passed us, going to the stables. He looked at us, half nodded.

"Who was that?" Peggy said involuntarily.

I stopped suddenly. I looked at her. I'd suspected it, but I hadn't been sure. Now I was.

"That," I said quietly, smiling down at her—"that was C. J. Artsmith. That was the boy's father. That was the man you just had a long talk with about the horse."

Her face went very red there in the light of the ring. "I"—she said—"I—"

MY grin was very happy. I'd had my idea—to get that horse back for that boy—to buy it back from Peggy. I hadn't had the chance.

"Why don't you give up, Peggy?" I said. "Why don't you give up and tell me that you were there by the stall and heard that boy tell his dreams? And that you gave him back his horse—and his dreams—right then and there. Why don't you?"

And she looked up at me and her smile was happy, as if she'd found something, done something that she'd really *wanted* to do.

"I don't know, Jim," she said softly. "Why don't I?"

The stars were very bright that night. We drove a long way, just the two of us.

It was a wonderful night for—shall we say?—sentiment.

THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT
where it shows most

REDUCE
most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. S-D,
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey.

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

RHEUMATISM YIELDS TO DRUGLESS METHOD OF TREATMENT

Excelsior Springs, Mo., July 18—So successful has a comparatively new, drugless method proven for treating rheumatism and arthritis that an amazing new book will be sent free to any reader of this magazine who will write for it.

This book entitled, "Rheumatism," fully explains why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the causes of the trouble.

The Ball Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo., has perfected a system of drugless treatment for rheumatism and arthritis combined with the world famous mineral waters and baths. This new method of treatment is fully described in the book and tells how it may be possible for you to find freedom from rheumatism.

You incur no obligation in sending for this instructive book. It may be the means of saving you years of untold misery. For writing promptly, the company will also include a free copy of the book entitled, "Good Health, Life's Greatest Blessing." Address your letter to The Ball Clinic, Dept. 25, Excelsior Springs, Mo., but be sure to write today.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for Personal Success and LARGER EARNINGS. 39 years expert instruction—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text material furnished. Easy payment plan. G. I. Approved. Send for FREE BOOK—"Law and Executive Guidance"

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW

Dept. 81-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

LEARN AT HOME

TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates.

HIGH SCHOOL NOT REQUIRED

48th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women, 18 to 60. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 379, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

*Name*__________

*City*__________ *State*______ *Age* ____

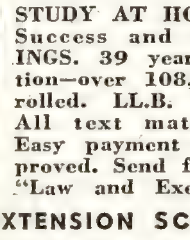
SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE. Write for it.**



SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1938 LAKE LAB.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil** is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7624, Detroit 4, Mich.**

HOW TO SELL YOURSELF

Continued from Page 38

I walked over to the shirt counter to see why they weren't selling. The clerks were going through a "canned sales talk"—emphasizing the custom-tailored fit, the neat collars that stayed in place, and the extra-length tails. There was just one thing wrong. Ninety per cent of the lookers were women. And the canned sales talk was aimed at men.

"These women don't care two cents whether the shirt fits or the collar chokes the poor guy blue in the face," I told the store owner. "They're not going to wear the shirts. They're going to wash and iron them and darn them when the buttons come off."

"Then how would *you* sell them?" May asked.

Well, I hadn't expected to be put on the spot like that, but I walked over and examined the shirts. The buttons were sewed on with three loops of thread and knotted twice. I instructed the clerks to hold up a shirt, take hold of one of the buttons and give it a yank, and at the same time say to the customer, "Madam, these buttons will not come off in the wringer. They *are anchored on.*"

A miracle happened. For the first time in the store's history the entire stock of men's shirts was sold out. That phrase, "They're anchored on," was the sizzle that sold the women.

After a large success at the May store, competitors began phoning my newspaper for "that fellow with the TESTED SELLING SENTENCES that sell goods." Soon I had so many clients that I set up shop under the name of the Tested Selling Institute. Since then we have made up more than 115,000 of these "Tested Sentences that Sell," which proved themselves on more than 21,000,000 customers. We sold three million square clothespins with the sizzle, "They won't roll." "They won't scratch" doubled the sales of long red underwear for Sears.

"Is your oil at proper driving level?" sold thousands of gallons of motor oil for the Texas Company. The question was devised to make use of the tendency of the motorist to give a "no" response without thinking.

Simple words, you say? Of course they're simple. But what a punch when they're used correctly!

The next time you want to persuade someone to your way of thinking, look for the hidden sizzle in the situation. Approach your man from *his* viewpoint instead of from yours. It's his target you want to hit.

The first question that pops into the head of the other person is "What do I get out of this?" Remember that in any legitimate sale BOTH parties *always get something,* so there's always "something in it" for the other fellow. Find that "something" and accentuate it.

You can't always offer the other person something tangible in return for helping you. But there are any number of intangible products you can sell. And these intangibles are more in demand than any product that ever rolled off an assembly line.

Human beings need many things. But there are five things that *everybody* wants:

1. The most powerful human drive, according to Alfred Adler, is the desire to feel important—the urge to achieve superiority. Sell people a feeling of importance.
2. Another human need is the need to be appreciated. Men sometimes leave home looking for this. Women who get this from a man will work themselves to death for little in the way of material rewards. Sell people appreciation.
3. Still another human need is the desire to be liked by other people. We crave approval. People will gladly torture themselves, endure all sorts of hardships, to be able to get this. Sell it to them and you'll have more customers than you can wait on.
4. Human beings are lazy. They need people to do things for them, to make life easier, to save them one step. Someone has said that laziness is the motive behind all evolution. Cater to this need and sell people comfort, leisure, and an "easier life."
5. People want to make more money, achieve security, be successful, get ahead. Help them to be more successful. Show them how their helping you will help satisfy this need.

These are products that people will buy from you at any time of the year.

REMEMBER the invisible sizzles that go with each piece of merchandise, accompany any human situation. Ordinary salesmen sell washing machines, vacuum cleaners, automobiles. "Sizzlemen" also sell comfort, security, a feeling of importance, economy, leisure.

Whether you succeed in selling people your ideas depends to a large degree upon which words you use. Someone has said that "words are the shells of ideas." They are the packages you use to wrap up your sizzles in.

The same situation can be described so as to appear entirely different, according to the words you use.

When a wholesale drug concern made application to the rationing board for additional gasoline coupons for "drug salesmen," the request was denied. Another application was then made, and this time the additional coupons were asked for "medical supplies representatives." This application was promptly approved.

Another rule for using words effectively is that they should suggest POSITIVE rather than NEGATIVE ideas. Particularly avoid fence-straddling words like "if," which

NEW... Easy way makes
BUTTON HOLES
with your sewing machine
2 FOR 1 OFFER
NOW ONLY $1.
TWO ROWS OF STITCHES
FOUR LONG STITCHES TO PAD BUTTON HOLE
SIDE-WAY FINISH STITCH

MEND TEARS, DARN STOCKINGS, ATTACH ZIPPERS, SEW ON BUTTONS

Now button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. New 2 for 1 offer gives TWO attachments in each kit. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions. Test at our risk. EXTRA . . . NEEDLE THREADER. Prompt action brings you eye-saving needle threader. Write today! SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gilt needle threader, deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if not delighted your $1.00 back. Or send cash, and save C.O.D. postage. Special . . . 3 kits for $2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

LONDON SPECIALTIES DEPT. 39 L
8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Illinois

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. Begin a profitable business in spare time. Low cost, easy terms.

LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 North Wabash Avenue, Dept. 799. , Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send me your FREE catalog describing your training course in professional millinery.

Print Name ______
Address ______

Write Stories that SELL

Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an **IDEA** for a story. We criticized her story, gave it a new title and told her **WHERE TO SEND IT.** She got a substantial check **THE FIRST TIME OUT.** That is a **THRILL** many of our graduates have each month. Let 30 years of experience guide **YOU.** Endorsed by Jack London. ***FREE BOOKLET*** **"THE ART OF STORY WRITING"** with explanation of **our personal criticism and manuscript sales service.** No obligation. Write! Hoosier Institute, Dept. 39-L, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk.* More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CORNS REMOVED BY MOSCO

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢ and 50¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY

Can we experience *momentary* flights of the soul? The ancients called it *Cosmic Consciousness*—the merging of man's mind with the Universal Intelligence. Not a religious idea. Learn the simple natural laws for receiving inner joy and power. Write for FREE book *today.* Address: Scribe W.F.A.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose · California

leave the hearer teetering back and forth. And always give the customer the choice between something and something, never between something and nothing.

The sizzle that we worked out for Walgreen's is a good example. The clerk holds up two eggs, one in each hand, and asks, "One or two eggs in your malted milk?" The question, "Do ya-wanna egg in it?" suggests the alternative of "no egg." The sizzle sentence doesn't.

Don't tell your child, "*If* you go to bed, mama will read you a story." This "if" immediately suggests the alternative of not going to bed. Pick him up, start for the bed, and say, "*After* you're in bed, mama will tell you a story."

Here are a few more sizzles which might come in handy:

For those visitors who will not go home when the party is over, don't yawn, look at your watch, or remark how tired you are. Little they care how tired *you* are. Instead, try this sizzle sentence: "What time do you get up in the morning?" This brings to their mind how awful *they* will feel in the morning if they don't go home.

If you think you hear a burglar in the house, don't yell "Help! murder! police!" If it is a burglar, he may decide to silence you before you arouse the neighborhood. Most burglars are as afraid of being detected as you are of them. The best thing is to say sleepily, "Is that you, Butch?" This lets him know he'd better scram, without frightening him into violence.

The response you get from life depends upon which words you use. Having a good "product" is necessary. But it isn't everything. And it isn't enough. Have you ever wondered why so many men that the world calls "geniuses" today lived in poverty during their lifetime and were ridiculed for their efforts? We say that their own generation didn't "appreciate them." This simply means they weren't good salesmen—had no sizzle.

There is a popular idea that if you have something new to offer the world, the world will automatically welcome it and make you rich. Just the opposite is more nearly correct.

Men have been imprisoned, tortured, ostracized, and killed for offering the world new and better ideas. The world has to be "sold."

The best-looking merchandise won't sell itself, any more than the prettiest dotted line can sign itself *without intelligent persuasion* of someone's words.

In conclusion, if you were to ask me now to boil all this philosophy into one sizzling "friend-making" phrase, here it is:

DON'T THINK SO MUCH ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY, AS WHAT THE OTHER PERSON WOULD LIKE TO HEAR!

THE END

Look FOR SMART MEN

Positive Penetrating Action

GROW NEW HAIR!

KEEP THE HAIR YOU HAVE and *Don't let Baldness come to you!*

REMOVES DANDRUFF FLAKES • RELIEVES ITCHING SCALP • KEEPS HAIR WELL GROOMED, CLEAN AND IN PLACE ALL DAY

NO ALCOHOL • NO SOAP • NO GREASE

Look
SHAMPOO
HAIR AID
HAIR TONIC

12 YEARS DEVELOPING AND TESTING

READ THESE SWORN STATEMENTS:

W. L. Hull, Broker, (age 44) says: After using LOOK products 2 weeks my acute dandruff and eczema scalp condition was corrected and new hair began to appear within 30 days.

G. H. L., Los Angeles says: Loose dandruff gone, scalp doesn't itch anymore, new hair started to grow after using my first set of LOOK products.

R. L. Hyet, San Francisco, (age 47) says: I am still using my "LOOK Products" and definitely have new hair growing.

LOOK Smart — FEEL Smart — BE Smart . . . Start Using LOOK Now!

WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL

Price: $6.00 per set plus $1.20 Excise Tax
Total: $7.20 (30 Day Treatment) Prepaid

LOOK HAIR PRODUCTS INC.
Box 9892 Los Feliz Sta., Hollywood 27, Calif.

ENCLOSED IS $ ____ FOR ____ SETS ____
NAME ______
STREET ______
CITY ______ ZONE ____
STATE ______
☐ CASH ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK

RUPTURED?

Get Relief This Proven Way

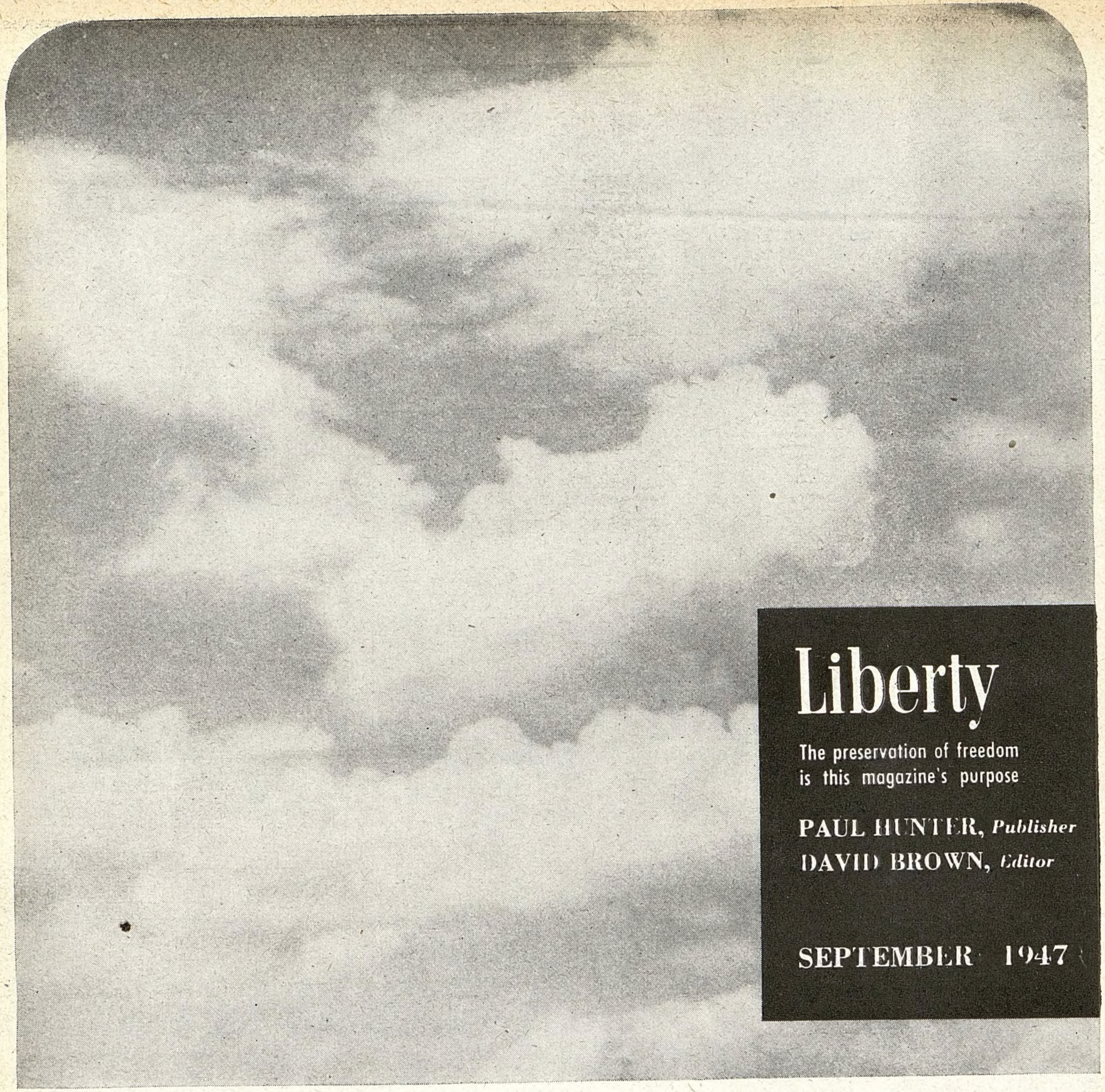
Why try to worry along with trusses that gouge your flesh—press heavily on hips and spine—enlarge opening—fail to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or cutting belts. Automatic adjustable pad holds at real opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip whether at work or play. Light. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Send for amazing **FREE** book, "Advice To Ruptured," and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also endorsements from grateful users in your neighborhood. Write:

Cluthe Sons, Dept. 41, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a FREE trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Caution! Use only as directed. Address

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 463-A Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo 1, N. Y.



Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

SEPTEMBER 1947

Is seeing really believing?

THE recent flurry of air-borne saucers raises an interesting point. Is seeing really believing? And if seeing is believing, does believing really make it so?

Apparently almost everyone saw the aforementioned saucers, and most people believed that what they were seeing was actually there. However, nobody actually found a flying saucer and they eluded our radar.

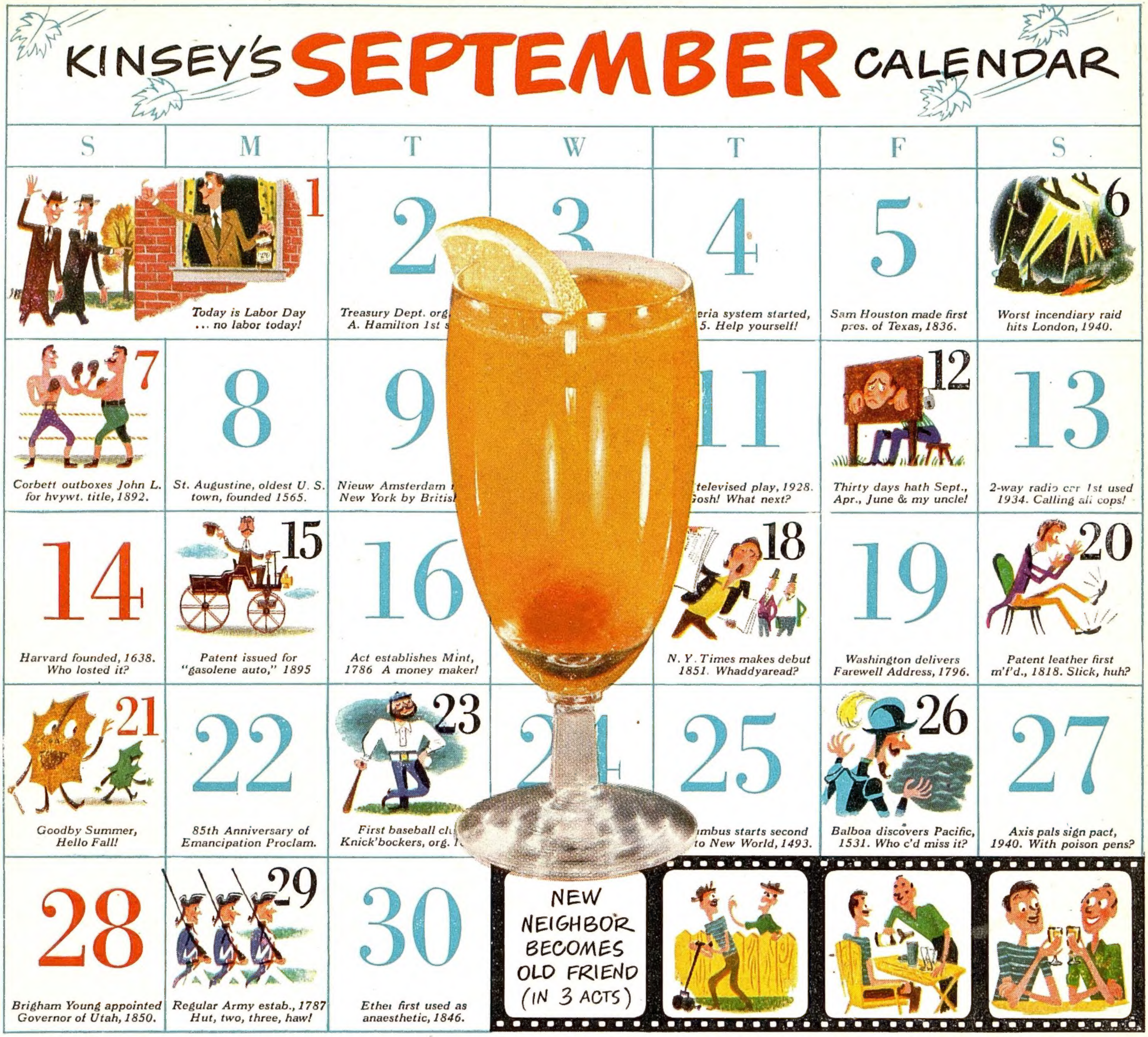
Various explanations were advanced for this strange phenomenon. Mr. Gromyko's theory that the saucers were actually hurled by a Russian discus thrower who didn't know his own strength seems as reasonable as any. So does Walter Winchell's statement that what we saw flying through the sky was the taxpayers' money.

Whatever the real explanation, one thing seems plain: The American people are having a bad case of the jitters. In the darkest days of World War II there was no such panic as there now is among the citizens of the one remaining great power on the face of the earth.

The flying-saucer episode was very bad publicity for Uncle Sam. One would expect the people of the fear-crazed Soviet Union or of our defeated enemies to see things in skies in which not so long ago there were real and terrible things to be seen. Americans need only to keep their eye on the ball and not on the sky—for only by determined, productive effort can the United States fulfill its destiny.

PAUL HUNTER

KINSEY'S SEPTEMBER CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1 Today is Labor Day ... no labor today!		2 Treasury Dept. org A. Hamilton 1st s	3	4 eria system started, 5. Help yourself!	5 Sam Houston made first pres. of Texas, 1836.	6 Worst incendiary raid hits London, 1940.
7 Corbett outboxes John L. for hvywt. title, 1892.	8 St. Augustine, oldest U. S. town, founded 1565.	9 Nieuw Amsterdam New York by Britis		11 televised play, 1928. Gosh! What next?	12 Thirty days hath Sept., Apr., June & my uncle!	13 2-way radio car 1st used 1934. Calling all cops!
14 Harvard founded, 1638. Who losted it?	15 Patent issued for "gasolene auto," 1895	16 Act establishes Mint, 1786 A money maker!		18 N. Y. Times makes debut 1851. Whaddyaread?	19 Washington delivers Farewell Address, 1796.	20 Patent leather first m'f'd., 1818. Slick, huh?
21 Goodby Summer, Hello Fall!	22 85th Anniversary of Emancipation Proclam.	23 First baseball cl Knick'bockers, org. 1	24	25 mbus starts second to New World, 1493.	26 Balboa discovers Pacific, 1531. Who c'd miss it?	27 Axis pals sign pact, 1940. With poison pens?
28 Brigham Young appointed Governor of Utah, 1850.	29 Regular Army estab., 1787 Hut, two, three, haw!	30 Ethei first used as anaesthetic, 1846.	NEW NEIGHBOR BECOMES OLD FRIEND (IN 3 ACTS)			

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Of all the drinks that go with Fall, Kinsey Sours are best of all!

September's just the time to discover how wonderful whiskey sours can *really* be . . . if'n' when they're made with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. Here's how:

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar . . . 2 oz. of Kinsey Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass. Fill with soda, and decorate with slice of lemon and cherry.

Quite a delight! But then, Kinsey's superbly smooth, delicious flavor makes *any* drink taste better. Try it *tonight* and see for yourself!

KINSEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

KINSEY
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
J. G. Kinsey

Since 1892

BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

With the
KINGS of SPORTS
it's CHESTERFIELD
Adolph Kiefer
Bobby Riggs
Nat Holman
Sid Luckman
Stan Musial
Lloyd Mangrum
Ted Williams
A
B

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

A Always Milder
B Better Tasting
C Cooler Smoking

The Sum Total of Smoking Pleasure

Chesterfield CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.